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VOL. II.
NO. I.
DECEMBER, 1893.

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORA TORY

FORMERLY MONROE

TREMONT ST., COR. BERKELEY, BOS

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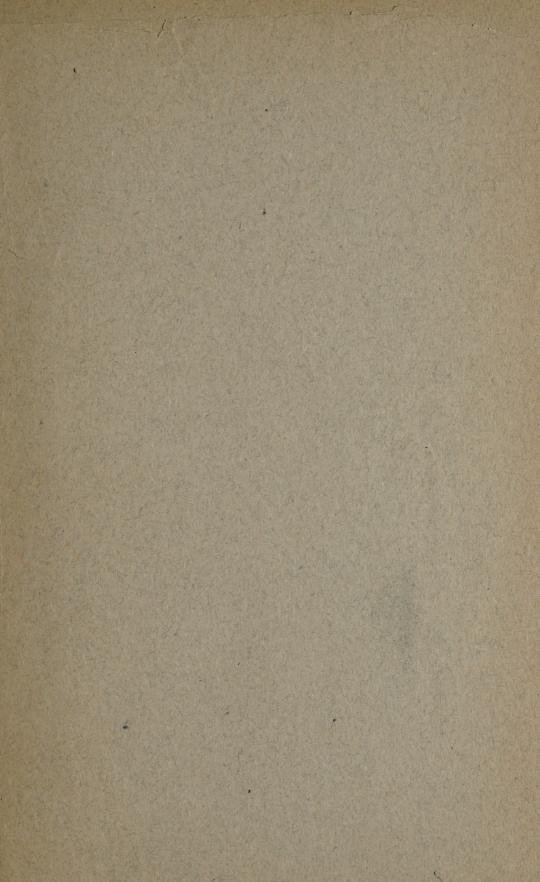
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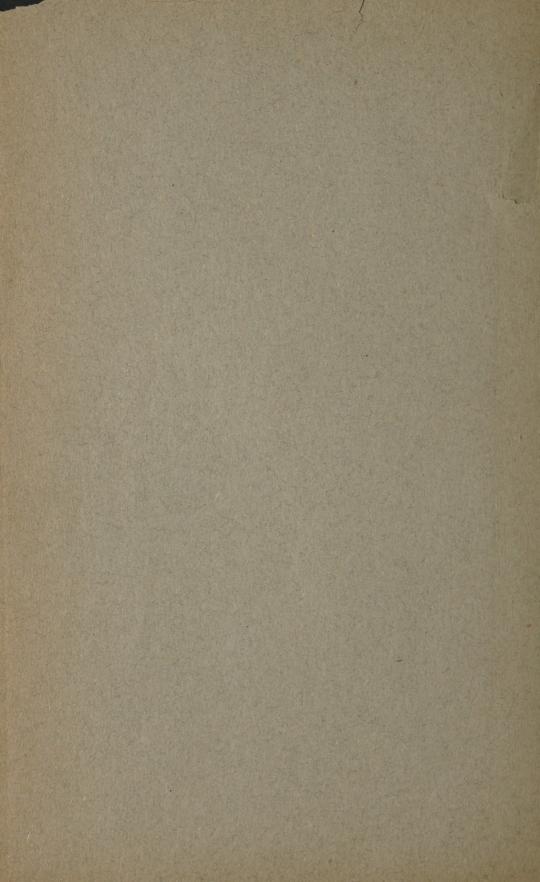
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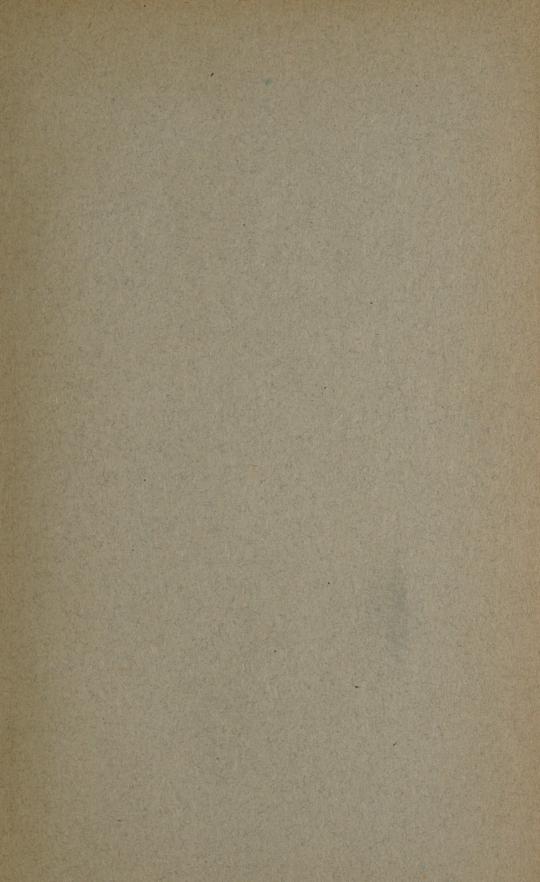
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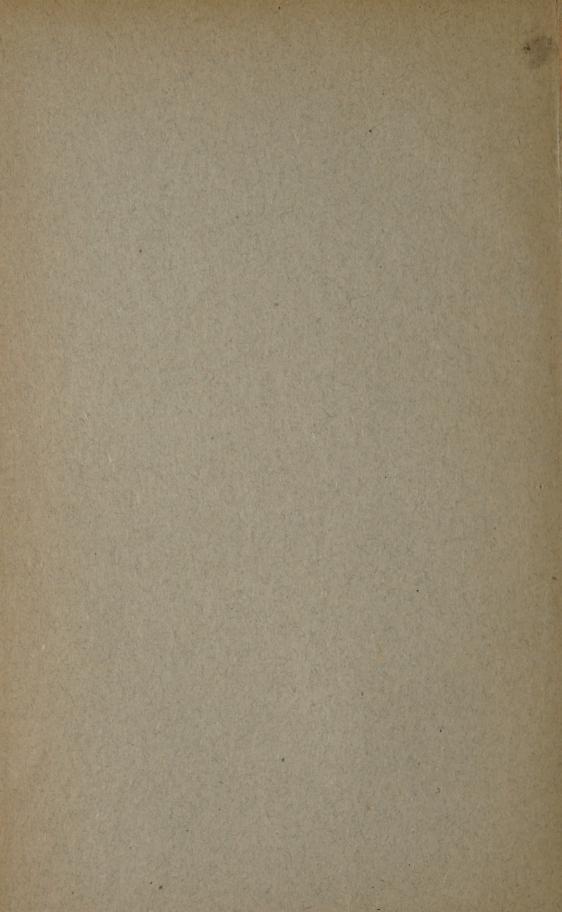
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EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE

VOL. II.

DECEMBER, 1893.

No. 2

EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

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EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY

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An Authorized Exponent of President Emerson's Philosophy of Expression.

CECIL HARPER MANAGING EDITOR

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No Advertisements Received.

A Magnificent Opening.

The Largest in the History of the College.

Notwithstanding the wide-spread financial depression and consequent retrenchment of all unnecessary expense throughout the country, we open this year with the largest attendance in the history of the Emerson College of Oratory. This increase is not without significance. It is not due to advertising, for we do not advertise. As our new pupils come almost entirely through the influence of our graduates, we gratefully regard the steady growth of the College from its modest beginning in Pemberton Square twelve years ago, to its present phenomenal size as a vote of confidence in the superiority of its methods. Our students being developed on all sides, physical, social, intellectual, moral, go out better equipped for the work of life, and others recognizing this superiority desire a similar equipment.

Address of Welcome by Prof. Southwick, Opening Day, Oct. 17, 1893.

You have made it manifest that you are glad to see us. Soon these teachers sitting upon my right hand will severally give assurance that they are glad to see you. Their circle is not quite complete this morning. There is one face which has for me a peculiar inspiration, not here, but it will be seen here before many days. Mrs. Southwick, to-day, is giving a private lesson (laughter) to a very promising young (Renewed laughter and applause.) I bring her greetings and blend her welcome with my own to the juniors, to the post-graduates, and especially to the freshman class, to the new-comer, to whom we may say, in those words of Scripture which I read in the book of Ruth (laughter), "Thou hast left thy father and thy mother and the land of thy nativity, and art come unto a people which thou knewest not heretofore." We always feel especially tender toward this our youngest class, - in universities and colleges denominated the "Infant Class," — in other words, the Baby (laughter). Now, we are very proud of you, for you are a fine baby; you are a large baby (laughter); you are a handsome baby (laughter). Of course you are better than any one else's baby (renewed laughter); and, like other babies, you will, doubtless, rule the household. (Laughter and applause.)

But our business this morning is to assign lessons and to prepare for work. We cannot pause even to felicitate ourselves upon this brilliant opening,—the largest in the history of the college,—this great gathering here in this

year of wide-spread business depression. It is inspiring and deeply significant. But I want a few minutes for a plain and brotherly talk to those who are just entering the college, or are reentering the ranks for further training. I want to say a word upon the outlook, and that word is both a congratulation and an appeal, and is the outgrowth of a chance remark made to me on Saturday. I rejoice with and for you that you are here. With the most absolute conviction I say, - and my feeling is shared by all who have been here, — you are privileged, you are blessed, in the fact of coming. Many have made great sacrifices to come. Opportunity, it is said, knocks once at each man's door. If he hearken unto that knocking all will be well with him, and place, power, and plenty will be his. If he hearken not she passes by, returns not, and he will importune her in vain. In the privilege you are to enjoy there may be for some that fateful tapping. Will ye open wide the door? My word is not regarding purpose, although purpose underlies attainment of whatever sort, and underlies character itself, although purpose is the eternal condition of success. I assume the purpose in your coming here to attain, in the unfolding of your personality, an adequate expression. Expression and impression are equal. If you think outside of yourselves and feel the needs of others, you realize that to help others, to impress them with truth, every channel must be open, that that truth may flow freely from the great source of all truth, through your personality, into the souls of others. In developing the power of expressing, you develop the power of impressing, of ministration. And I feel that ye enter life "not to be ministered unto but to minister."

But purpose, definite intention, is not all. Your coming is not a goal but merely a portal of entrance to the

course yet to be run. The handmaiden of Purpose is Habit, and Purpose depends upon her faithful 'service. The vital question now is not, have ye talent or have ye ambition or have ye aspiration or lofty intention, but will ye give that steady use to the right means by which Purpose may win her victory? Life is cumulative in all ways, and habit not only gives facility but becomes automatic — impels or withholds despite our will. It is no clock-work, to be set into motion or brought to rest by a finger-touch. It is the stick which shows which way the current is moving, and it is the current itself which gives that floating stick direction, and determines its destination. old judge once said to a youthful murderer: "Young man, once in your life you sowed a certain act, and you reaped a habit; you sowed a habit and you reaped a character; you sowed a character and you reaped a destiny." Thus habit becomes a master. "I find then the law," cried Paul, "that to me, who would do good, evil is present." How many, with the sweat of despair upon them, have prayed to be delivered from "the body of this death!" The act leaves its impress. You may drive a nail into a board. That is simple. You may pull the nail out again. That is simple. But you cannot pull out the nail-hole.

Let us illustrate in the simplest way. You are taught to raise the arm slowly, thus, cultivating expression of that subtle law of reaction and opposition in our bodies which tends toward grace and unity. You can understand that movement, you can know all about it and master the rule, and the movement in a few minutes. Why do we enjoin constant practice? Because you must live and move and have your being habitually according to the law of grace, if you would be graceful upon occasion. You cannot acquire grace by knowing a rule, either physical grace or spiritual grace, nor can you establish character by rule. Exercise of emotion or faculty increases its power as well as its spontaneous activity. And the principle shadowed forth in the simple exercise I have given, universally true, may change character itself, permanently, to a higher type. The aim of education is the incarnation in men of the noblest ideals. If we are true to the right means we may, in the wisdom of a perfect faith, leave the results with God.

The first habit early to be called into activity, and bearing its hundred-fold of blessing, is the habit of helpfulness. It is the spirit of this College. Now, dear freshmen, do not say to yourselves, "I will wait and see about that. I will see if everybody is going to help Help somebody yourself, and the helping and the attitude of help will fill your soul with fragrance. It is not him who has done most for you whom you most love. It is him for whom you have done or tried to do the most. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." When will the world realize that this is the profoundest of philosophy, not a pleasant sentiment? You study oratory. The more you know about it the more absolutely certain will you be that the attitude of helpfulness is essential to the development of the power by which alone you can attain any great success. I plead for the immediate enthronement of that spirit of helpfulness which will establish a habit which more than any one habit bears the spirit of men Godward. It is the spirit upon which all great oratory grows. The great orators of the world are reformers; they look abroad and see the needs of men, and the genius within them reaches and towers, fed ever by the spirit of that command, entering the hearts of men through divers channels and in every age, and warming them into the likeness of the Divine: "Thou shall love thy neighbor as thyself."

I plead for your sakes; for your suc-

cess as orators, as well as for the opening of the windows of your souls to the inviting of that "peace which passeth all understanding," to take and hold the attitude of helpfulness. Help your classmates. Help these teachers. They will work for you. They are consecrated to help for you. But class and teacher are as the two blades of shears,—neither can work without the other, and both require the rivet of a vital helpfulness. (Applause.) It is not so much the material act you perform at this time or that, as it is that the attitude of the spirit be helpful.

"Thoughts do not need the wings of words
To fly to any goal.
Like subtle lightnings, not like birds,
They speed from soul to soul.
Hide in your heart a bitter thought,
Still it has power to blight.

Think Love, although you speak it not,
It gives the world more light."

To light up with cheer a heart in despondency, to fire with courage and purpose, is to create beauty in the world. It blesses others and it doubly blesses you. Upon others it is an effect, in you it is the nourishing of the power of the conqueror with the tranquillity of the saint. (Applause.)

Shall I descend to a practical suggestion here? You have thought of many - I will give you one. Juniors and post-graduates! You want to make these new-comers feel at home. Don't wait a fortnight and give them a reception, — although that in itself is all very well. Go and see them in their boarding places this first day of school, and start them in their work, and make them feel that they have helpers. Their registration slips will tell you where to find them. This is a very simple matter for you, but it will mean much to them, if you go at once. Think back a year or two, and see if I am not right.

But you "haven't time." Possibly true in a few detached cases, but absolutely false in the cases of the many, although they may think otherwise. Here again the *habit* of filling wisely the time at our disposal is essential to success. "Haven't time!" All nature is laughing at you. In the minute you take to frame this excuse she whirls you thirteen miles around the axis of the earth, and more than one thousand around its orbit, while the ray of light which strikes your lazy eye has come more than eleven million miles! Yes, Nature uses her moments with vast effect, but there is no friction and no fussing. (Laughter.) We deceive ourselves in this matter. The busiest man is found to have the most time to serve you. He who has no important occupation is readiest to plead lack of time. And he believes it. (Laughter.) You pour out the liquid that is in a bottle. Now, the liquid is gone, but the bottle is not empty. It immediately filled with And so the hours will inevitably be full of trifles light as air, which will seem large to us simply because there is nothing larger to measure by. Failures to perform the duty nearest at hand usually demonstrate not your lack of time but the feebleness of your will.

Beside the habit of helpfulness and the habit of making time count, I want to say to-day, at this time of beginning, a word regarding the critical habit. Do not misunderstand me, and infer that we do not criticise nor believe in criticism. I plead with you to establish the habit of using criticism constructively, and in fear of the Lord. Any fool may find fault, and the proneness to find fault is usually in direct ratio of his folly; but it requires the greatest knowledge of physical, psychological, and artistic laws, the keenest intuitive perception, the broadest sympathy, the richest experience; it requires scholarship, patience, generosity, faith, to criticise in a way to show, not solely the forms of truth, but to so quicken the spirit of the beholder that he may live the truth. The tendency of the purely critical spirit is toward censoriousness and misanthropy; the bitterness of pretentious demerit seeking to cover its own failure with a mask of superior wisdom. When touched with jealousy, it flows with the darker poison of venomous attack, fatal only to the higher nature of him who uses it, and usually harmless to its object. Indeed, there are not wanting ancient and modern evidences that no form of advertising is quite so effective as malignant and persistent abuse. It was Shakespeare's demi-devil who said, "I am nothing if not critical." When you want to criticise ask yourselves these questions: First, "Do I know enough?" Second, "Is my motive to help?" or, "Am I irritated?" or, "Is my motive, - my away-inside motive" (laughter). — "to impress others with what I think I know?" (Laughter.)

But the importance of the thought at this hour of beginning rests in the fact that our whole growth in power and usefulness is bound up in the chain of tendency which we establish in this regard. Let your criticism, under all circumstance, be constructive. The critical attitude is devitalizing, it is disease, the slow-wasting consumption of power. It makes the victim feel that there is nothing to be done or worth doing. Critics do not do anything; they utter no trumpet-call to the spirit of man to come up higher. Let us keep open wide the windows of the soul, and know that all great talents have their beginning and end in love and enthusiasm.

I cannot pause to more than mention the habit of concentration, for I have already taken much time For this I have no apology, for next to purpose itself habit is of chief importance in determining the verdict of the future, for it becomes a well-worn path for easy accomplishment either good or bad. Did you ever pay interest on borrowed money and draw it upon capital invested? If so, you know how the problem of life increases or grows

lighter in difficulty through the usury of habit. "The future of yesterday is the present of to-day." And with this word I stop, again with special greeting to the new-comers who have joined our fellowship in its search for truth. You are entering upon a new experience and the joy of new knowledge, new thought. We welcome you to our fellowship. We shall move with you step by step in the New Philosophy of Expression. You will be among the pioneers in disseminating the new gospel in oratory. You will each find your appointed place, for you feel your duty in the world, "not to be ministered unto but to minister"; your work is the search for Truth in the Spirit of Love. You will become animated with the spirit of our founder, him in whose name our work is carried on. And we, his younger disciples, will work for you, with the earnestness of spirits quickened by years of contact with this influence. To us he stands for the outstretched palm and the hand pointing ever upward - the Spirit of Love and the Search for Truth. Such influences, friends, are in the most vital and subtle way formative. They lift the soul to aspiration, they warm the Such has been the heart to help. privilege of these teachers, such their inspiration, and such will be their And when the evening shall memory. come and all mortal things grow dim, before their fading vision still shall shine the outstretched palm, and the hand pointing ever upward.

Baby Ruth.

Among the many pleasing events that it has been our privilege to record in the columns of the Magazine none has given us more genuine delight than the announcement, which we know will be received with similar feelings of joy by each and all of our readers, of the birth of a daughter to our beloved friends, Professor and Mrs. Southwick.

The little stranger is to be called Ruth - not after the infant mistress of the White House, but after a certain Israelitish maiden whose pure and beautiful life is recorded in a document older and more revered than even the Constitution of the United States, and a copy of which is to be found in every Puritan household in New England. Papa and Mamma Southwick bear their grave responsibilities lightly—the Professor's hair has not grown gray nor his love for his larger family in Boston abated; the fair matron has lost none of the "airy fairy grace" and bright buoyant spirit that have ever been such a source of inspiration to the students of the college, while little Ruth — ah! little Ruth — she, with the royal prerogative of all babies, is mistress of the household and from the broad acres and lofty towers of Mont Vista is "monarch of all she surveys." We understand that the innumerable requests that have been preferred to bring the little stranger to the college for a visit to her host of unknown and expectant friends are being favorably considered by her happy parents.

HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK.

A Sketch by Albert M. Harris of '92.

When the writer first came to the Emerson College of Oratory, then on Bromfield Street, he elbowed his way through the great throng in the office, until he met a young man who looked as though he might belong there, and boldly inquired for Professor Southwick. The Professor was seated at his desk, surrounded four deep by a circle of new-comers, but at the sound of this voice, he thrust his long, sinewy arm out through the circle for a welcoming hand-shake, saying, as he did so, "How are you, Mr. Harris, — we are very glad to see you." He had never met the writer nor seen a picture of him, but

said afterwards that "somehow he had an intuition that that voice and that

name belonged together."

Our college secretary and senior Professor, Henry Lawrence Southwick, whose picture is presented in the frontis-piece of this number, is not one who has risen from "a log cabin to the White House," nor "from ensign to emperor," but one who, with ordinary educational advantages in early life, has so improved his opportunities, so focused his extraordinary natural abilities, as to rise, step by step, without aid from any freaks of fortune, to the position he now holds in the educational and social world. It is refreshing to turn from the recital of success achieved, almost by accident, to the story of a young man who started as thousands of other young people have started; who has gone out into the world and met men and women as we shall have to go and meet them; who, in short, has trodden the way before us, and demonstrated that success need not be the child of fortune, but the legitimate result of earnest work and manly principle.

Mr. Southwick was born in Boston, June 21st, 1863. His father, a retired physician, took great interest in his boy's early education, sending him first to the Public School, and then to the Dorchester High School, from which he graduated with the highest honors, in 1880, being chosen valedictorian of his class. Young Henry had early displayed marked proficiency in literary and rhetorical lines of work; and, continuing his studies under private teachers, he decided, with the advice of several experienced friends, to adopt journalism as his profession. The step was a wise one; and in this choice, and his manner of procedure after the choice was made, Henry Southwick exhibited those traits of character which are to the young man who possesses them unfailing heralds of success.

called upon Mr. John H. Holmes, at that time managing editor of the Boston Herald, and applied for a position. Of course, the reply was as usual. Holmes was disposed to favorably consider the application, but there was no vacancy, and no telling when there would be one. "But," said the young applicant, "I wish to learn this business; and if you will let me come here for a few months, I will try and make myself useful. If, later on, I prove to be valuable to you, you will employ me, — if not, I shall have the experience, and shall be content." — "Then, come to-morrow morning," said Mr. Holmes. Mr. Southwick, soon after, received a position on the staff, which he held for several years. He was, at different times, exchange reader, correspondent, reporter, and special writer; and this experience and discipline has proved of inestimable value in his later

During these years of active journalism, Mr. Southwick found much time for historical study, and, in 1881, wrote an essay, entitled "The Policy of the Massachusetts Colonists towards Quakers and Others whom they Considered as Intruders," which essay received the Old South Prize, offered by Mrs. Mary Hemmenway, Col. T. W. Higginson, and others.

Although used to speaking in debates and on school occasions at Dorchester, Mr. Southwick's maiden effort in the oratorical line, before a Boston audience, was on Washington's Birthday, 1882. Other speakers on the same platform with him were Mayor Green, Mr. Justin Winsor, Rev. James Freeman Clarke, and Hon. Charles Carleton Coffin. A few years later Mr. Southwick was invited to lecture in the Old South Course, where he appeared contemporaneously with John Fiske, Edward Everett Hale, and Ex-Governor John D. Long.

Oratory and rhetoric had, for some

time, been especial studies with Mr. Southwick. He had had the benefit of private instruction, and was an indefatigable reader of all elocutionary publications, and learned, at least, "very much about the subject." In order to have a more practical working knowledge, and in hopes of gaining help in his public speaking, but little dreaming that he would ever become a teacher of the art, Mr. Southwick entered the Monroe Conservatory of Oratory, at that time occupying modest quarters in Pemberton Square. Here he came under the personal instruction of President Emerson, and, quick to perceive the large possibilities awaiting young men thoroughly qualified to make professional use of the work, Mr. Southwick resolved to devote to it his entire strength and talent. The position with the *Herald* was resigned, though with great personal regret, and like many a student since, Henry Lawrence Southwick signed his name to the registry blank of the Conservatory, and began the regular course of instruction, which he completed, together with the postgraduate work, about the time that the Conservatory became a College, and removed to Wesleyan Hall, on Bromfield Street.

In 1887 new honors came upon him in the form of an engagement to teach for several weeks at Bates College, Maine, to which place he was recalled upon two successive years, until the pressure of other work made it impossible for him to continue longer in that In the spring of 1887 the sickness of Professor Hayes, of Harvard, created a vacancy in the department of Elocution and Oratory at the Martha's Vineyard Institute, which Mr. Southwick most successfully filled. During the fall of the same year, while carrying on his post-graduate studies, he lectured before the teachers of Providence and Pawtucket, and built up a large private class in those places. The following spring Mr. Southwick was elected Master of Reading and Oratory, at the William Penn Charter School, of Philadelphia, at a salary of \$2,800 a year; and in September, 1888, introduced the Emerson System in the Quaker City.

The next spring (May 30, 1889), Professor Southwick was united in marriage with Miss Jessie Eldridge, the brilliant and well-known dramatic reader and teacher; and about the same time accepted a call to Boston, from President Emerson, although the Penn Charter School offered him substantial inducements to remain in Philadelphia.

In the fall of 1889 he began his duties as Secretary, and Professor of Dramatic Expression, in the Emerson College of Oratory, where his success is too well known to need comment. He still carries on the work in summer schools, having charge of the department of Reading and Oratory, at the National School of Methods, and the Virginia School of Methods. He is also widely known as a lecturer and reader, having appeared very frequently during the past few winters in concert with Mrs Southwick. Professor Southwick is President of the Dorchester High School Alumni Association, to which position he has been four times reëlected. He is also President of the Emerson College Alumni Association, President of the Old South Historical Society, a member of the Boston Press Club, and also a member of Mount Lebanon Lodge F. and A. M.

Professor Southwick has a strong and impressive individuality. Once seen he is never forgotten. With wonderfully keen perceptions and phenomenal memory, he seems to know the needs and wishes of every pupil, and with few exceptions, "calleth them all by name."

As a teacher of Shakespearean interpretation and rendering, Professor Southwick has no superior. One would think he had lived next-door neighbor to most of Shakespeare's greater characters, and had more than a speaking acquaintance with the lesser lights. This familiarity with the great poet shows itself in ordinary conversation. A few moments with him rarely fails to bring out a quotation or two, short, spicy, and marvellously apropos, lending a peculiar charm to his expression.

And what a father he is to the whole great school! Not a pupil but would go to him as quickly as to father or mother, for somehow he has the atmosphere of knowing just what to do in all cases. Conservative to the last degree in advising others to run risks, he is always ready himself to take the greatest hazard, when his faith is firmly established. The Southwick home, in Danvers, Mass., is a model of comfort and beauty. The fine artistic taste of both Professor and Mrs. Southwick has, if such a thing is possible, run riot at Mont Vista, and surrounded them with varied beauties and solid comforts. And now, gentle reader, if you will in imagination, come in with us from Mont Vista, on an early morning train, leaving baby Ruth Southwick and the lovely home behind, we will bring you to the College, and leave you to share, with the Professor and his wife, the hearty morning greetings of the throng of Emerson students; only saying, as we leave you, that although Professor Southwick has not risen from "a log cabin to the White House," or "from ensign to emperor," yet he has risen from a humble station to a throne in the hearts of his legion friends, brighter than that of any sceptered monarch, and lasting as the echo of a noble deed.

FOUR DISTINGUISHED VISITORS at the Emerson College of Oratory during the Fall Term.

MR. MAZOOMDAR.

In introducing Mr. Mazoomdar President Emerson said:—

There was a man sent from God

whose name was John. No matter what the name was; that is of comparatively little significance. That he was sent from God was of the greatest significance. I believe we have a man visiting this country who was sent from God, not from his having learned any particular facts concerning God, — not that alone — but inspired, directly inspired, by the Spirit of the Most High, to bring a word to us and to carry a word elsewhere.

That man, through his kindness has come here to-day. I invited him to Though exceedingly busy, he consented to do so. I told him I did not care so much what he said, but I wanted his presence here. It is the presence of a man's spirit that affects I said, in short, we wanted to feel the benediction of his presence. You have read so much about him in the newspapers, that I do not need to tell you anything externally of him. And now we have the pleasure, the honor, and the help that comes from listening to Mr. Mazoomdar, of India, who has this morning so kindly visited us.

Mr. Mazoomdar said: --

Ladies and Gentlemen: When Dr. Emerson kindly called upon me three or four days ago and asked me to say a few words to you, I hesitated not merely because I am exceedingly occupied, but because I cannot pretend to any of that culture in which you are receiving your training. I come from a country where nature is wild, overpowering, oppressive. The heat of the sun, the roar of the torrents, the rage of the storm, the height of the mountains, the depth of the forests - all these in India are overwhelming. haps these great facts, the overwhelming presence of nature, beget in the Indian great intervals of self-forgetfulness. He forgets himself in what he sees around him. He forgets himself in the great, over-arching sky, and, above all, he forgets himself in that

Spirit, eternal, unsearchable, unspeakable, who is always manifesting Himself through the shadows of what He has made.

In the East, and in India especially, you find a great deal of poetry as profound, as brilliant, as imagination and austere self-sacrifice through long intervals of contemplation and communion, can weave, in an ecstasy of God-visions. I say I come from a land and people where your culture has not penetrated. Yet, dear friends, is it not a wonderful thing that all the religions of the world, all the prophets, all the lawgivers, all the systems of worship, came from the East, without an exception? The uncultured East, the wild Orient, the fierce genius of those lands has given birth to what is greatest, most inspiring in humanity. To me, therefore, the soul of oratory lies in impulse. Where the impulse is (Applause.) profound, the expression is profound. (Applause.) Where it is all artifice and mechanics and imitation, it is as the sounding brass and the tinkling (Applause.) Where the soul cymbal. thinks, feels, perceives in silence, words come from above and shape themselves into language. Where the soul is barren, the inner eye blind, the inner ear deaf, not all the vocabularies of the world will teach you how to make your impression. (Applause.) Cultivate impulse. Possess feeling. Learn the eloquence of being silent. yourselves in things greater than all books and all teachers, greater than yourselves. Impulse is always the effect of perception. When you see a great beauty, it produces an impulse. When you hear a great song rolled out by thousands of voices, with the accompaniment of an organ, whose song is like a storm in the forests, it produces a great impulse. When you hear the thunder crashing through the dark skies above, you tremble. Perception results in impulse. And what is perception? The effect of great objects seen, heard, felt, realized in the soul. What is the great object in the universe, the greatest of all objects? What is the great beauty, the supremest of all beauties? What is the great song, the profoundest of all music? What is the great religion of Christianity, beyond all songs and philosophy? It is the presence of the living God. All beauty, all the soul of all the harmonies, all the light of all the intelligences, all the messages of all the prophets, all the love of all the fathers and mothers, are concentrated in the presence of God. And when that God is perceived, we must feel; when His unspoken echoes strike the organism of the soul by their spiritual beauty, influencing and exalting it, the result is eloquence, oratory, poetry, prophecy, divinity in man.

T have spoke

I have spoken, I think, for the last twenty years more in my own vernacular than in the English language, and my vernacular is sweet as a medium of thought and feeling. I never cultivated oratory. I have read few books. I have been trained under nobody. But to me the great Eternal Spirit is real. When I see Him, I can declare Him. When I feel Him, I can express Him, and I can make men and women tremble and thrill. Young men, and young women, dear friends, hope of your country, the message-bearers of the future, behold God! Realize Him. Forget yourselves in Him. All the universe is full of Him. Let Him make His abode in your soul, and then you will speak words, think thoughts, and express feelings, which will turn your country into what it has never been, an abode of angels. The angels' song poured forth at midnight was simply the expression of the faith of those peasants who were watching in far-off Syria; and I venture to promise you this song you, too, shall hear, and you, too, shall sing: "Glory to God in

the highest, on earth peace, good-will toward men." God bless you! (Applause.)

II.

PARKER PILLSBURY.

In introducing Mr. Pillsbury one morning President Emerson said:—

Did you ever think how much the influence of one man is sometimes exercised upon others? - if you influence a person's mind for good, how many people you reach through that one mind? When I was a youth I heard that there was to be a certain convention in a certain village. I had a curjosity, from remarks I heard dropped, to go to that convention. There I saw and heard, for the first time in my life, two of the most remarkable men in this country. One was William Lloyd Garrison, the other was Parker Pillsbury. As a youth, scarcely out of my teens, I listened to those men who spoke there so calmly upon vital subjects. They spoke for conscience. They spoke for eternal right. They enabled me to see how much wiser and better it was to follow what I saw to be true, what I saw to be right, than to take any road that would lead to fame or fortune. The words dropped by those two men have remained with me ever since. They have influenced my life for more than thirty years. My life would have been different if I had not met those men and heard them speak. I do not remember what they said. Their words were of little moment. The great thing was, they spoke as if from God, to my conscience! Their whole influence was to make me feel that I should follow my conscience. I went out from that meeting with the full determination, whatever came up in my life, if I could only find what conscience said I would follow that!

The men of that age who were in

active life have nearly all passed away. William Lloyd Garrison has gone on to his reward. One is left of that generation, and I have invited him here this morning. He is passing on towards ninety years of age. He does not look it, but he is eighty-four years old. And he speaks to us as a voice from another generation. The thousands and thousands whom he addressed in those earlier days are now in another world. It seems to me as though he speaks from the other world. A great orator, widely known, widely felt, and everlastingly felt, was the man whom I now introduce to you, Parker Pillsbury.

Mr. Pillsbury then said: —

Ladies and Gentlemen: After such an introduction how can I speak to you but under the profoundest embarrassment! I have spoken to audiences numerically much larger than this, but I am inclined to think, at this moment, that this is the largest audience I ever had the honor to address; and I can but devoutly pray, in the language of the old poet, whom I hope you know already,

"Oh! do thou my voice inspire!
And touch my lips with hallowed fire."

If I could, I would like to introduce each and every one of you to a much greater stranger, perhaps, than I am; I would, if I could, introduce you each and every one of you, to your own individual selves. I was once visiting my never-to-be-forgotten friend, Henry D. Thoreau. He was returning from the post-office with his hands full of letters, and he said that he had just met the village editor — it was in the time of the war. He spoke, and he, the editor, had exultantly said that he had "heard that morning from every Northern State." Said Thoreau, • "I asked him how long it was since he had heard from himself." And that was a genuine Thoreau-ism. (Laughter.) Suppose I should ask that question of all of you. What answer could you give?

I cannot detain you long from your much more important studies and exercises, but I would like to say to you, that you occupy a position in the world at this moment unlike that of any other class of persons of equal number within my knowledge. We are entering, and have already entered, a new era. have entered upon a period that demands new men and new women; and I am glad, in looking over this audience, that here is one place, at least, where women, for the time, have the majority. (Laughter and applause.) And I hope to see the time when that majority will be morally and spiritually, as well as intellectually, much greater than it now is. Woman, from this time onward, is to hold positions and relations entirely unlike what she has held in the past.

(Applause.)

But what I wanted to say to you was — I would like to enforce particularly the remark of your and my distinguished friend, Professor Emerson — I hope the incoming of woman will be also the beginning preëminently of the reign of conscience. (Applause.) The antislavery movement demonstrated to the world that such an element existed. But it had been almost lost. Certainly the Declaration of Independence did not introduce the reign of conscience, for we soon trampled its sublime principles under our feet. And I do not think of anything which ever was logically consistent and conscientious in anti-slavery times, unless it was the position of the Baptist church, and that, too, on a doctrine, or dogma, which did not seem to me then, and which does not seem to me now, to be preëminently important. They carried their faith in the matter of water-baptism to such an extent that they not only would not sit at the sacramental supper with persons who had not been immersed, - baptized by immersion, — but they would not sit at the table with, nor invite to their pulpits or sacramental tables, such as would

sit at the Communion table with unbaptized persons. And that really was the only logically consistent principle I saw during all those years. That was carrying the question to a logical result. And I believe with the outgoing of the anti-slavery movement, that kind of logical consistency also disappeared. (Laughter.) And to-day we are undertaking to carry on this vast government - because we call it a government, though it is rather a misnomer (laughter) — but we are undertaking to carry it on with that element entirely left out. And I know of no way to restore it — it seems to me there is no way, no other name given under heaven whereby conscience can be restored, but the name of woman! (Applause.)

So then, you see, with rights will come also responsibilities. And you will see, too, that the word Man, as including the human races, is taking entirely new meanings, entirely new definitions; and I am not certain but, as John the Baptist came to herald the incoming of the dawn of the Christian millennium — I say I am not certain but my friend, Professor Emerson, is the forerunner of the greatest dispensation that the world has received or can receive. (Enthusiastic applause.) Now, then, who am I, that I should stand here, bearing such a relation as this imposes on me, to have my humble name spoken in such a presence as this, as it has been spoken here this morning, in that I have been really the "voice in the wilderness" for him, my friend! Think of it! Can you think of it?

Oh! there is a great truth in this creation of man in the divine image; this likeness of man to the great source of all life and all being. If we could be introduced to ourselves in such a way as that we could feel ourselves really, divinely, the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty! My friends, most of you are young. I mean by that, almost back of some of

you are the feelings expressive of the soul in childhood. Oh! if I could have had a vision like this when I was back in my childhood, I know not what I might have been now; but I am sure I would not have been the failure that I feel myself to have been. But to have lived long enough to influence the mind of my friend here, as he has witnessed this morning - why! what myriads on myriads live to fourscore and four years and never accomplish a deed like that! See, then, the power of the influence in one single human being. See the possibilities of each and every one of yourselves, in introducing you to yourselves. Why! what would it be but simply making you acquainted with your Father, and my Father, with your God and my God? Why! what are all the trifles of this world in comparison with that? Why! here we sit, holy, hallowed, divine in ourselves, as the cherubim and seraphim that sing this morning before the throne of heaven! Can we appreciate our position? Can we comprehend the meaning of it all?

And now ye are of yourselves, each and every one of you, a power divine. We read of the great Nazarene, the Galilean. And what did He say to those who followed Him immediately? "Ye have seen the works that I have done and greater works than I have done, shall ye do." Do you suppose he meant it? Could he have meant it, that greater works than he had done they also should do? Hear that voice this morning speaking to you, and understand that you are placed in this world to outdo the great Galilean himself, or else fail of accomplishing his own purpose, and his own words. have had some revelations, some visions, in a slight degree, of these possibilities, perhaps more in the last ten years of my life, than ever before. I am left almost alone of my own coadjutors. Everything is true that was said just

now in that regard. Some of you have seen and heard of my old and venerated friend, Theodore D. Weld. Of all the men and women I found in the antislavery field in 1840, as lecturers or as editors, — of all that I found in the field in 1840,—he and myself stand alone. And I have not heard from him for two or three years; and the last time I saw him he did not recognize me; his family were unable to make him understand very clearly who I was. And he is all there is left of that most remarkable band of men and women. Am I not, then, almost wholly alone? But, to have lived to this moment, to have lived to look into your faces this morning, and utter these few words in your ear, is compensation for all the ills I have suffered in all my four and eighty years. And to think there are those who appreciate my work — as I am sure this morning there are, and those not a few, judging from the demonstration here - why, it is the beginning, as it seems, of a great progress in the course of my rewards and my rest.

I cannot talk to you longer this morning. I hope the few words I have said will have at least as much effect on you as those words spoken so many years ago in the hearing of my friend; and that you will be able to say in the future, that on that morning, on that cold November morning, in Boston, "I heard words that sent me on in my course;" and that you will be able to speak with the same pleasure and the same satisfaction that my friend has spoken here to you this morning. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

III.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

It is with some hesitation that I recite for you two or three German dialect selections, said Mr. Adams to the students one Friday morning last month. I am aware that the author's proper place is at his desk and not upon the platform. And I also realize the fact that it is very much like bearding the lion in his den for an author to attempt to render a production before a school of oratory. However, I perceive that the audience is composed largely of the fairer sex. Please bear in mind that I say the fairer sex, not the weaker sex. (Cheers.) I will disarm your criticism at the start by offering a brief tribute to woman, by my Teutonic friend, Jacob Strauss, entitled, "The Oak and the Vine."

Mr. Adams then read "Mr. Schmidt's Mistake," an Irish selection, "Leedle Jawcob Strauss," and "The Longhandled dipper that hung in the well." His work was heartily appreciated and should he visit us again we can assure him of a warm reception.

IV.

LELAND T. POWERS.

On Tuesday, Oct. 24th, the students of the Emerson College had the pleasure of listening to one of the unique character impersonations of Mr. Leland T. Powers. The program for the afternoon was a condensation of Dickens' Christmas Carol, in which the artist presented a living Scrooge, Bob Cratchitt, Tiny Tim, Old Fezziwig, and each of the other dramatis personæ, fleshly and ghostly, with a distinctness of individuality and delicacy of finish that left nothing to be desired. response to two irresistible recalls Mr. Powers recited My Ship and an original selection - very droll - the name of which was not announced, but which might not unappropriately be entitled Tom, or The Over-Confident Lover.

VISIBLE SPEECH.

BY-PROF. CHARLES W. KIDDER.

There were a number of lectures in the Post-Graduate Visible Speech Class last year which were so helpful that quotations from a few of them were used before the classes this year. The instructor in charge of the department has received so many requests for privilege to copy his notes that space is allowed in the Magazine for them, in the hope that they will prove helpful to others. The first lecture used was given without notes, and so has to be reported in substance rather than in exact form.

Visible speech may be compared with music. In music there are whole notes. half notes, quarter, eighth, sixteenth, etc., and the staff on which to show their relative positions. In visible speech there are symbols for the various vowels, consonants and glides, and the diagram on which to locate them. In music there is the rest, the hold, the trill, the slur, the staccato mark, the accent, etc. In visible speech there is the stop, the hold, the trill, the abrupt, the exploded breath, and the click; and then there are the various marks for suggesting pitch, accent, emphasis, careless speech, etc.

It is possible for the student of music to strike a certain note mechanically for the purpose of bringing out its pitch, length, and force. A whole composition might be rendered after the same fashion; but we could not say that the performer had lived up to the highest ideals of music. Each note should represent a sound to the mind; each selection should speak through the mind, heart, and soul of the musician to the inner life of his hearers.

"Though perfect the player's touch,
But little if any he sways us,
Unless we feel his heart throb
Through the music that he plays us."

It is possible for the speaker to take the positions mechanically, to make a mere talking machine of himself, but it is by no means necessary for him to do so. The symbols should make "visible to the eye of the mind, as definite objects of thought, the various sounds

produced in speech."

One who has had much experience in normal school work, said: "A department of education must have a clear and sufficient value for the mass to be educated, before I can feel it right to advocate its being introduced into general schools, already too much dissipated in effort and time, in theoretic attempts. I want to show, as briefly as possible, the essential and broad value visible speech has. A certain authority on language has said: 'The influence of man on language is reciprocated by the influence of language upon man; and the mental tone of a community may be vitiated by a yielding to the use of loose, coarse, low, and frivolous phraseology. Into this people fall by the mere thoughtless imitation of slovenly examples.' 'Prima facie' the writer of course refers to the significance of words. But as I have dwelt upon this matter, the application of this sound philosophy has broadened wonderfully. The incarnate word, made alive with the voice and personality of the speaker, affects in every way, and its most positive and lasting effect is its most subtle effect.

"A clear-cut, perfectly articulated language is classical; and as we can always see effects best when massed, just exercise your imagination to the extent of picturing a whole race, one and all, everywhere, enunciating every word in a perfectly clear-cut, classically moulded form. Does not your intuition at once suggest the result of such a condition? It is an almost, if not entirely worn out truism, that grammar, to be taught successfully, must not be taught, which paradoxical saw means simply that it must be lived. The child that lives in the influence of good language will use good language; even if he acquires some hybridical forms he will be developing a standard that will, of itself, induce him to lop them off. Now, the

living form, the spoken word, is just as potent in its influence. There is a sound basis for provision in educational curriculums for the study of enunciation. Education means not alone the acquirement of certain things and agility of brain power. Education means the development of the entire being in its highest possibilities. Language, the greatest means of expression to the soul, is of most vital importance.

"... When I dwelt upon the effect of the study and practice of enunciation upon character, the subject stood in a new light to me. Instantly distinct and representative characters came to my mind, and as we often picture a personality for an unseen person, whose voice we hear, so I can never help idealizing tones for pictured personalities. We could not possibly think of Christ as speaking slouchily, lazily. No; His tones fell distinct, clear-cut, and mellow as the softened chimes of a priceless clock.

"Clear-cut language is an art, an accomplishment, a refining influence most subtle, and thus most positive. . . .

"A scholarly and popular writer, critic, and historian of our own time and of this section, says: "Words are available for something which is more than knowledge. Words afford a more delicate music than the chords of any instrument; they are susceptible of richer colors than any painter's palette; and that they should be used merely for the transportation of intelligence, as a wheelbarrow carries brick, is not enough.' And while this was written to glorify the poet's art, we must remember that the spoken word is the living word, and most potent in its effect.

"Visible speech has a vital, educating influence upon character that it is not safe to neglect, and the coming generation will be lifted to a higher tone of life through the subtle re-action of a living language."

DR. ROLFE ON "THE POET AND WHAT WE OWE TO HIM."

[We are Permitted to Make the Following Extracts from Dr. Rolfe's Lecture Delivered on the 19th of November:]

What is poetry? Ruskin, in his "Modern Painters," says: "It seems to me, and it may seem to the reader, strange that we should need to ask the question, What is poetry? Here is a word we have been using all our lives, and, I suppose, with a very distinct idea attached to it, and when I am now called upon to give a definition of this idea, I find myself at a pause. is more singular, I do not at present recollect hearing the question often asked, though surely it is a very natural one, and I never recollect hearing it answered, or even attempted to be answered. In general, people shelter themselves under metaphors, and while we hear poetry described as an utterance of the soul, an effusion of divinity, or voice of nature, or in other terms equally elevated and obscure, we never attain anything like a definite explanation of the character which actually distinguishes it from prose."

conclusion that "poetry is the suggestion, by the imagination, of noble

Ruskin goes on to say that he comes "after some embarrassment," to the grounds for the noble emotions," and "the noble emotions," as he adds, are "those four principal sacred passions—love, veneration, admiration, and joy (this latter especially if unselfish), and their opposites—hatred, indignation (or scorn), horror, and grief—this last, when unselfish, becoming compassion."

Christopher North (Professor Wilson) pronounced poetry to be "the true exhibition, in musical and metrical speech, of the thoughts of humanity when colored by the feelings, throughout the whole range of the physical, moral, intellectual, and spiritual regions of being."

Peter Bayne says: "After all that philosophers have said, the essentially correct definition of poetry in the concrete is, the Beautiful in sight wedded to the Beautiful in sound."

These may serve as samples of the many attempts (for, in spite of what Ruskin says, there have been many) to give a concise definition of poetry. None of them are quite satisfactory as definitions; and the same may be said of Matthew Arnold's *dictum* that "poetry is the criticism of life," which both includes and excludes too much.

I shall not add one of my own to the list, for I cannot frame one that suits me, but shall content myself with pointing out, in a familiar way, what seem to me some of the characteristics of the poet, and also some of our obligations to him.

In the first place, the poet has a clearer eye and a finer ear than his fellow men; he sees and hears what they do not see and hear. Of the mass of men it may be said that having eyes they see not, and having ears they hear not. Even the things that strike their senses are not clearly discerned. The panorama of nature passes before them; but how imperfectly do they scan the changing picture! How are the lovely details of the shifting scene lost upon their slow and dull perceptions! How little of its varied beauty do they catch before it is gone from their view!

A painter perceives the "points" of a landscape quicker and more distinctly than an ordinary observer—and so with the poet. He sees, at one lightning glance, the complete beauty of the general effect, and the separate charms of each minutest feature.

And more than this — he sees not only what other eyes dimly discern, but his finer vision pierces yet deeper to things which they neither see nor suspect. He perceives that common things have other relations than they have ever discovered or imagined.

Things that to others seem detached and isolated are to him connected in myriad ways — things whose separation is world-wide are united invisibly, as two continents by the electric cable that lies beneath the dividing sea.

In this, in a great measure, does the refining power of the poet consist. is these new relations which he brings to view that raise the object in our estimation — that give it an interest and a significance which it never had before — in a word, that refine it. The chemist, by discovering new and unsuspected properties in some substance for which men had never found any use, gives value to what had been commercially worthless. So does the poet in the vilest things see a meaning and a value which he has only to point out to us to make them precious in our eyes also.

Nor have I told the whole even yet. The poet sees not only the object as it really is, and all the fine threads that unite it to the objects around it — sees not only all that it is in itself, and in its varied relations to other things, but all that it has been in the past, all that it will be in the future.

The wind blows over the man of prose, but it tells him no story; he knows not whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth; but to the poet it tells where it has been wandering all the day, — riding the blue waves, -

"Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray, And swelling the white sail."

And he knows, too, where the airy truant is going — to rock the wood-bird in its nest, to ripple the moonlit lake, and to play with the tresses of the trees to kiss the sleeping child, and to cool the burning brow of the sick man as he wearies out the hours on his couch of pain. And still on — "Go," he says, —

Thee to thy birthplace of the deep once

Sweet odors in the sea air, sweet and strange, Shall tell the homesick mariner of the shore;

And listening to thy murmur he shall deem He hears the rustling leaf and running stream."

In the springtime, even before the first bud has started, he sees through the leafless trunk the silent flow of the sap, and all the foliage and the fruit which through summer and autumn its wondrous alchemy will elaborate; and down in the black earth he sees the bloom and the fragrance that are to beautify the lily and the violet of the coming May: he watches each particle as it proceeds unerringly to its preappointed root, and all the mystic changes through which it is to pass before it flushes the rose or flavors the grape.

The French novelist tells us how his hero became the victim of his own habit of philosophical analysis. Decomposing everything, reducing everything to its final elements, his mind became morbidly compelled to carry on the process continually. Crawling over his rich tapestries he saw the worm that had spun their silken threads. Everywhere, in his furniture, in his carpets, in all the articles of convenience and luxury around him, he saw only the traces of destruction and decay — death, death, grinning ghastly through all the forms of beauty into which labor and

taste had wrought it.

Very different from this morbid analysis is the insight of the poet. In the things around him, he may see their past history, their source, their transformation, but not destruction or decay. Indeed, to him there is no death. What seems so is but a part of "that circle of eternal change which is the life of nature"; or, as another poet has expressed it, –

"Thus the Seer, With vision clear, Sees forms appear and disappear

[&]quot;Go; but the circle of eternal change, Which is the life of nature, shall restore, With sounds and scents from all thy mighty

In the perpetual round of strange,
Mysterious change,
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth."

[The lecturer then went on to explain that the poet also "feels more vividly than other men," his sensibilities, like his perceptions, being more delicate; again, that he has "an unchanging youth of heart—a freshness of feeling that is never lost or lessened"; and added to this he has "the power of expression—the power of telling, in distinct and musical language, all that his more delicate perceptions have discerned, all that his more sensitive heart has felt." The poet is also "the true practical man; his is the truest utilitarianism." The true poet "has always been as ready to act his poem as to sing it," and "the great poets of a generation have been the men who felt most deeply the meaning of the present"; but they have "seen the ideal no less clearly than the actual, and therefore could not rest in the present."

Again, the poet is "the most patient, the most persevering of men," indifferent to immediate popularity or what the world regards as "success"—as, for instance, Milton and

Wordsworth were.

Among our debts to the poet is the fact that he "opens our eyes and ears to the grandeur, the beauty, and the harmony of nature." We come to see nature through the poet's eyes, and it is a new revelation and a new delight to us.

The lecturer then went on as follows: —]

We are also indebted to him for giving expression to our feelings towards nature. They are our feelings, as I have said, though we have not known how to utter them; or, if you will not admit this, they are emotions which are awakened in us from sympathy with his expression of his feelings. ever be their source, whether in us or in him, we are indebted to him for their embodiment in fitting and harmonious words. And this is no insignificant obligation. We know how much of our enjoyment of the beautiful in nature is increased by sympathy, how the pleasure it gives us is heightened in congenial companionship; and the poet is ever a congenial companion - one who is welcomed even in those confidential dual conferences within whose most exclusive precincts any other third party would be an intolerable intruder. Especially do we feel our obligation to him in scenes of peculiar grandeur and sublimity, where common words seem a

mockery of the emotions that overwhelm us. How naturally at such times do we accept the inspired words of the poet as our own, letting him give voice to the pent-up feelings which all the poor resources of language at our command are so powerless to express! Under the awful shadow of Mont Blanc, Coleridge's grand hymn comes to our memory, if not to our lips — not merely as a masterpiece of literature associated with the locality — not objectively, but subjectively, as the only adequate expression of our hearts. We make it our own, just as we do the hymn in which our voices join in the Sabbath service, and which gives wings to our heavenward aspirations.

We are further under obligations to the poet for adding a human interest to nature, and thus doubling or multiplying many-fold its charm and attraction You remember how Tennyson, for us. in "The Talking Oak," promises the loguacious veteran of the forest that he will make him forever renowned, and I need not remind you how one of our own poets has thus given enduring fame to a chestnut tree in Cambridge. It was a common tree enough, by no means a remarkable specimen of its kind; but the single line referring to it in a poem (Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith"), and linking it with a simple story of humble village life, threw a halo of sentiment around it, and endowed it with nobility above all its kindred. And when it was cut down by a prosaic city government in widening a street, it seemed an act of sacrilege hardly less flagrant than the felling of Shakespeare's mulberry tree, whereby the Rev. Francis Gastrell gained for himself an immortality of infamy. And wherein did this latter tree differ from other mulberry trees that its destruction was reckoned a crime? Simply that a poet's hand had planted it in the garden of New Place; and this has sufficed even to make the distinction hereditary, and a scion of that tree, now grown to goodly size, is to-day the chief attraction in Shakespeare's

garden.

In making one of the most popular excursions in Scotland, you sail over Loch Lomond and land at Inversnaid, where the coaches are waiting to take you to Loch Katrine. There is a little waterfall at Inversnaid, which would hardly attract the tourist were it not associated with Wordsworth's exquisite poem of "The Highland Girl." is, many stop here expressly to see it, and those who cannot do that, try to get a hurried glance at it while the coaches are being loaded. None but plain, prosaic folk are to be seen there nowadays, with a sharp eye to making the most out of the guileless traveller; but for him the vision of that sweet Highland girl haunts the place, and gives a fascination to the

"fall of water that doth make A murmur near the silent lake,"

which nothing in the actual landscape could produce; and, as he turns away, he carries, as the poet did, the picture with him:—

"For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold,
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall,
And thee, the Spirit of them all!"

The coach takes our traveller to Loch Katrine, and as he sails over the lake in the little steamboat, he begins to feel the contagion of a new poetic interest. The lake is lovely in its setting of woods and mountains, but it is "the Lady of the Lake" that every one is thinking of. They talk of her as if she had been a real person. There is Ellen's Isle, and there is "the beach of pebbles bright as snow," the veritable "silver strand" where Fitz-James first saw the lady. There—

"With head upraised, and look intent, And eye and ear attentive bent, And locks flung back, and lips apart, Like monument of Grecian art, In listening mood she seemed to stand, The guardian naiad of the strand."

And still in imagination we see her there; and so long as the poetry of Scott shall endure will she continue to be "the guardian naiad of the strand."

Our tourist lands here, and again takes coach for the ride through the Trosachs. This famous mountain pass is far less striking in its way than some in our White Mountain region; but it is within this same poetic domain to which the genius of Scott has given a glory such as "never was on sea or land." It was through this pass that the Knight of Snowdoun came to Loch Katrine; and through it he returned under the escort of Roderick Dhu, as far as Coilantogle Ford, the scene of their deadly combat. So potent is the spell which the poet's imagination has cast over the whole ground, that everybody talks of the events he describes as if they were matters of sober history, and not of mere romance. The gathering of the clansmen in response to the summons of the Fiery Cross, the fight of Fitz-James and Roderick become as real as the Battle of Bannockburn hard by; and, as I have said, a tragic human interest is added to what would otherwise be nothing more than a pleasing bit of Highland scenery. We feel the difference, when we get out of one of these districts which have been transformed and glorified by the magic of the poet, into an adjacent one, where the natural attractions of mere scenery are not inferior, but the ideal charm is wanting.

Even history is dependent to a certain extent upon this creative power of the poet. "History," says Macaulay, "should be a compound of poetry and philosophy, impressing general truths on the mind by a vivid representation of particular characters and incidents. While our historians," he adds, "are

practising all the arts of controversy, they miserably neglect the art of narration, the art of interesting the affections, and presenting pictures to the imagination. . . . The instruction derived from history thus written would be of a vivid and practical character. It would be received by the imagination as well as the reason. It would be not merely traced upon the mind, but burned into it. Many truths, too, would be learned which can be learned in no other way." Another critic has remarked that, "in the history of a battle our question should be, not who fought? but what fought?" It was well said. It is the conflicting principles, the antagonistic ideas, that we should strive to see — the spiritual forces that work out such fearful phenomena - as we see the subtle electricity behind the flash of the lightning and the roll of the thunder.

In the Æneid, when the Greeks have entered Troy by the stratagem of the wooden horse, and are burning and plundering the long-besieged city, Venus would make Æneas see the hopelessness of further resistance. "I will lift the vail," she says, "which darkens your mortal vision"; and straightway he sees the great gods aiding the Greeks in the work of destruction, — Neptune upheaving the foundations of the walls, Pallas, with her Gorgon shield, and vengeful Juno leading on the victorious foe.

Even so does the historian, if he have the poetic vision, see the angels and the fiends that are contending in the great struggles of humanity — sees how the triumph or the defeat of the one or the other promotes or retards the progress of the race.

But it was not the historian as poet that I had in mind when I referred to the dependence of history upon poetry, but the poet as historian. I venture to say that to most of us the portions of English history that we think we know best, and that seem most real to us, are the portions included in the plays of Shakespeare. And when we visit old-world scenes of historic events, it is often the poet rather than the historian to whom we feel most indebted for the interest they excite. When we stand in Wolsey's Hall, at Hampton Court, it is Shakespeare's Wolsey whom we think of; and the visionary throng that fills the magnificent apartment is that which the poet assembles there in his Henry VIII. History merely writes the obituary of the dead past; Poetry calls it back from the grave, and makes it live again before our eyes.

Poetry is indeed sometimes more potent than history itself. Historical criticism has almost annihilated the Swiss Tell. Little is left of the hero now but a shadowy mythical ghost. But we may say to the phantom, as Brutus says to the ghost of Cæsar, "Thou art mighty yet!" No criticism can exorcise the heroic spirit from the scenes of his legendary exploits. He haunts the waters and the shores of Lake Lucerne as of old, and will continue to haunt them till the end of time.

So in regard to more ancient times, is not the world that Homer depicts more real to us than much that we find in the old historians? At present it begins to look as if there were more of genuine history in the Iliad than has been supposed; but whether there is much truth in it or little, or none at all, does not matter to us here. The life which the poet describes is a life quite independent of any substratum of historic verity.

I have said that we are under obligations to the poet for refining and idealizing our conceptions of nature. He does the same for our *inner life* in all its phases, giving form and expression to our highest thoughts and deepest feelings. There are times in our lives when we instinctively turn to the poets for sympathy. In our most ex-

alted moods, when we rise above all material and sordid considerations, and in our tenderest as well as in our saddest hours, poetry seems our natural speech, the only appropriate medium for the utterance of our thoughts and emotions.

Even morality and philosophy sometimes find their most complete and eloquent expression in poetry. What orator or preacher will attempt to describe "the quality of mercy" in other words than Shakespeare has put into the mouth of Portia?

And the mention of Portia reminds us that the poet not only makes for us a new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth beauty, but he creates a new world of ideal beings, to delight and instruct and inspire us. This is his highest and noblest function. His very name signifies Maker. He makes for us models of ideal excellence, which, nevertheless, we see to be within the possibilities of our human nature; and he makes them so admirable and attractive that our ambition is stimulated to the endeavor to imitate and rival them. "When I read Homer," some one has said, "I feel as if I were twenty feet high!" And who does not feel his whole nature enlarged, elevated, inspired with a grander, nobler life in the ideal world that Shakespeare opens to him?

A MORNING TALK.

By PRESIDENT EMERSON.

Reported by ALBERT F. CONANT.

I find the following question on the desk:-

"Does developing our power to communicate an author's thought to others increase our power in creative and original composition?"

What are you doing when you are communicating the author's thought to others? Is not your mind acting just as his mind acted when he wrote?

is not that your voice is acting as his pen did, but that your mind has the same activity that his mind had while writing. Is his mind creative? Then your mind, if you do as he did, is creative. Did his mind create objects of thought? Certainly. Great writers never write about anything that their minds do not see while writing. never write from memory. position writing is a good thing; but that alone will not develop the highest order of creative thinking. alone will not bring forth original thought nearly as rapidly as communicating the author's thought will. I am aware that this statement seems a little

broad, but I will stand by it.

When I sit down to write a composition I do not read; I compose. I am taking advantage of my own unenlightened powers. When I communicate another's thought, I am using his powers of mind. His powers become I have introduced into the activities of my brain the activities of his brain. I have opened the same channels of feeling in my soul that were open in his. I am not imitating him. I am communicating him. His thought is passing through my mind. How does light pass through a pane of glass? Light, analytically, is the vibration of luminiferous ether. If at any point between us and the sun that vibration should cease, would the light reach us? Does a ray of light as a substance start from the sun and come to us? No. At the sun's surface there is a motion. That motion is repeated just as when you drop a stone into the water. And the motion that we see is communicated by the water that is next to where the stone fell to the water nearest to it, and so on. The water does not advance. Just so it is with light. The light is communicated to our eyes by the vibrations of the luminiferous ether. So all that ether between the sun and us

must be set in motion. So when I communicate another's thought, my mind must be set in the same motion that his was in when he wrote it. And if you could look into the minds of the audience, you would see their brains were vibrating in just the same

way.

When you are reading the words of Jesus Christ in the beatitudes, you do not get anything perhaps; but if you communicate the thoughts of Jesus Christ to others then your brain acts, just as His brain acted, when He spoke those words. And you never can communicate one of His thoughts to another unless your brain does act just as His acted when He spoke the words. this way the reader partakes of the mind of Christ. Suppose a clergyman is standing behind his pulpit reading the Bible, reading the word of God. Now you do not get one bit of the thoughts unless his brain at the time of speaking is acting in just the way as was that of the inspired writer. There is no grand way that will represent good Bible reading. Never, until your brain acts just as the author's acted two thousand years ago can you communicate His thoughts to others. In this way only can we take into ourselves the activities of the mightiest minds of the past. What will develop the highest energy? Communicating the thoughts of the greatest authors. We may remember the thought, we may write about it, but that does not help us much; it is only by communicating it that the development comes. That is what you are here for. To develop your power by bringing your brain into the same activities as were those of the greatest minds. One of the greatest thoughts of Shakespeare, having passed through your brain but once, and formed itself in speech so that it has communicated the same activity to other minds that was in the mind of Shakespeare when he wrote it, has made

a road for itself. It has left its wake. A ship passes along the water. See the wake of that ship. There is a wake that never subsides when a thought has passed through the mind to others.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

STUDY OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Extract from Stenographic Report of President Emerson's Saturday Lecture.

Last Saturday I spoke to you on the "Introduction to the Evolution of Expression." To-day I shall speak upon something which I may properly term an "Introduction to the Study of Physical Culture." When we speak of physical culture, our first thought is of health, and it would naturally seem to devolve upon us to define what health is. But I always avoid attempting to give definitions; that is to say, I avoid trying to give final or exhaustive definitions; for a man may give a definition that suits him to-day, with which tomorrow he may be wholly dissatisfied. We can give only approximate definitions; we are obliged to leave ultimate things undefined at last. For the present occasion we may say, Health is the condition of power in every organ of the body. If I should say that health is a natural condition, there might be a question as to whether disease is not as natural as health. But certainly disease is not the condition of power. We educate ourselves to the end of developing power in all parts of our Therefore we should think of everything that relates to education in the light of power; for power, when that word is used in its last analysis, is the end to be obtained. When so used it joins with everything that is highest, being an attribute of God himself.

We will begin by speaking of the general importance of health. Long

life is desirable, other things being equal. What are the other things that should be equal? First, Nobility of purpose; second, Charity; third, Wisdom. These rest primarily upon good We do not say that good health. health always insures these; but we do say that these qualities of mind and heart cannot be maintained without health. Nobility of purpose cannot be really developed (let alone maintained,) without health. A man may resolve to do a certain thing, and yet, unless he can execute that intention, it does not become a purpose. Purpose is developed by doing the thing; that doing makes one's determination a part of himself, and then the purpose becomes incorporated. Again, a person may hold the theory, that universal charity is a very desirable thing. He may say to himself, "I will be charitable. have read of the three Christian virtues, Faith, Hope, Charity, and that the greatest of these is Charity. I will exercise charity." But how difficult it is to exercise and develop charity in one's character unless he has health. If a person is for a long time under the control of disease, his tendency is to become selfish. He is constantly nursing himself, that he may be able to contend with disease. He is perpetually absorbed in a warfare with disease; and what opportunity has he to exercise charity? A person who is in good health, and does not possess charity, is depraved in character; but a person in ill health may have what would, under other circumstances, be a very noble and exalted nature, and yet, because of his physical condition, fail to exercise that beneficence which belongs to a holy and elevated character. Ill-health is mean; disease is contemptible, and tends to make the person it possesses contemptible. We are to fight against disease for moral reasons as well as for intellectual and physical reasons.

Again, growth in wisdom, I said, should accompany long life. This is a point I would like to discuss for a moment. Can a person grow in wisdom after he is thirty or forty years old? There may be no question in regard to this in your mind, but to many it is a question. Twenty years ago, I heard a person in Boston say that a man's intellectual powers begin to fail when he is thirty-five. That man then was about thirty. (Laughter.) To-day he is very considerably over fifty years of age, and if you call on him you will find he will hardly agree with that statement; and if you read the books and articles he wrote then, and compare them with what he writes to-day, you will be convinced that his mental faculties did not begin to fail at thirtyfive, for one page of his writing to-day is worth half a dozen of what he wrote twenty-five years ago. He is still going on, and gaining all the time. The Greeks had no such idea, but thought while a man conducted himself well he was still on the sunny side of middle life, regardless of the number of years he had lived. In the Iliad you will find old Nestor spoken of as the wisest man that went with the Greeks when they devastated Troy. He was the man of counsel under all circumstances. Not merely the man of philosophy; not merely the man given to "wise saws and modern instances," but he was the man who on the instant would solve knotty problems. He is spoken of as being very old; and yet, right in the midst of a battle, when a difficulty arose, the generals appealed to him. Something must decided upon in a moment, — it was a matter of action. Nestor decided for them, and the results were most happy. And that gives us an insight into what was peculiar in the life of the Greeks, - Health. They were the healthiest, as well as the handsomest people that ever existed on earth. And so, Nestor, in consequence of having good health, had been able to grow wiser and wiser throughout his long life. Not that every man will grow wiser simply because he is healthy and lives a great many years in this Wisdom depends not only upon health, but also upon the right use of health. A few days ago some of you said to me, - and I thought the remark very pertinent, - "The trouble with most of us is, that we think we must learn everything before we are thirty; and that what we learn after that will be of comparatively little value." Whereas, the fact is that before thirty one never learns more than how to begin to learn. We begin to come in contact with the problems of life after that time more and more, and then it is that we develop wisdom. We get knowledge before, we get facts to contemplate; but the time when wisdom is developed is when we become active in the pursuits that belong to us, as men and women, by coming in contact with other people.

I studied this idea some years since, with great earnestness. I felt, with Byron, that "my youth is gone." Youth has its pleasures. I am no longer a youth, and the pleasures of youth have forever passed. But really they have only given way to infinitely higher pleasures. It would be a source of misery to me if I felt the time had come when I could not grow wiser. What I may learn in the next twenty years is primarily dependent upon my keeping in good health. The enfeebled brain will not take new impressions, and it becomes enfeebled when it is not properly supported by all that the word "health" comprises. But so long as the brain is in good health, if the individual uses his brain, it takes impressions more easily as time goes

Why, if you look at a field of wheat, you will notice, in the early part of its growth, how the stock and the leaf stand out. You notice little but promise. By and by you will notice the grain beginning to develop, and after that you will notice it seems to develop much more rapidly than it did when it was simply in the promise. So I have seen men of sixty-five years of age, and even older than that, ripening in wisdom and power much more rapidly than in youth. This is possible. I do not say it is general. I am sorry to say it is not general. As I go about the country, I occasionally meet with persons whom I used to know thirty years ago; and, when I fall into conversation with them, I find they "stuck their stakes" thirty years ago; and they have remained by those stakes all through the years. They have struck against those stakes, and have rebounded backward instead of forward. So many people do this, that it is quite a general impression that it is necessary to the constitution of man. stances could be given where men have added to their wisdom and knowledge, and have exerted their greatest influence after they were eighty years of age. England is to-day putting to the front a man who is a noble example of this, notwithstanding the fact that the French call him "an old grandmother." Bless God for the "Grandmother." (Laughter and applause.)

You must not lose sight in these illustrations of what I am trying to impress upon you, and that is, — the importance of health. It is your best friend. With it you may become all that it is possible for human nature to become in this world. And can you think of what that is? of what it is possible for the individual to become? Who can tell? Who dare place a limit to the potential power of one man or of one woman? We say, the time of kings has gone by. That is true in a secular sense, but it is not true in a spiritual sense. In intellect and royal purpose there are kings and emperors

in the world to day. There are men to-day who rule thousands and millions much more absolutely than any eastern emperor ever ruled men. They rule by the power of their minds. They rule millions of people who are unconscious of being ruled by them, who do not even know that their rulers exist, — for their influence goes out like a breath wafted by every breeze to the remotest parts of civilization. They are penetrating the minds and purposes of people like a subtle fluid. The first time I heard Henry Ward Beecher lecture was more than thirty years ago. At the close of his lecture an old lady, who knew nothing of his history, but who had come to listen to the lecture, was led up to the platform to be introduced to the speaker. She understood that Mr. Beecher was a minister, and, of course, the good old lady wanted to be introduced to the good minister. She said: "Mr. Beecher, I understand that you are a preacher of the Gospel." "That's what I try to be," said Mr. Beecher. She said, "It seems to me that you must have a large congregation." - "Yes," said Mr. Beecher, "the back seats of our church reach clear to the Rocky Mountains." (Laughter and great applause.) Nor were they bounded by the Rocky Mountains. His thoughts were path-finders travelling not only to the mountains but across the seas. His sermons were translated into foreign languages every week. The world of to-day thinks not as it used to think, feels not as it used to feel, simply because that emperor lived. It is within the power of every man and woman present to become an emperor in the realm of thought and noble purpose.

One said to me yesterday: "There are so many graduating from the College that it does not seem as if there would be room enough for them." When I replied that the demand far exceeds the supply the person seemed to be astonished. Why, when you go out

thoroughly equipped with character and ability, you will find that you are in demand wherever you go. That is not You will create a demand. At first there was no great demand in Egypt for Moses. It was because he did not then know how to create a demand. He knocked down an Egyptian, and ran away. There in the land of Midian he stayed, preparing himself by communing with Nature, and Nature's God for forty years. Then he went down into Egypt again, and there was something in the man that created a demand for him though there was no demand for anybody else. Why was there a demand for Moses? Because he had something in him. The people were under oppression, slumbering under the voke, never struggling to throw off slavery; but when he came and spoke to them there was something in the very tone of his voice that made every Israelite feel, "There is a higher life for me. There is a manhood for me. There is something grander than toiling here under the burdens of Egypt," and they followed Moses over sea and mountain, until they were born into a nationality, and became a beacon-light for all succeeding ages. Moses was a man great enough to create a demand for himself and what he could do.

There is no limit - none - to human possibility. Oh, that you may realize this possibility! But to do so you must have health. You must have what Christ said he came into this world to bring. He said, "I am come that you might have life, and that you might have it more abundantly." Oh, yes! It is abundant life, abounding, pulsating life that we want and must have in order to realize what is within Oh, how inspiring the thought! Talk of the inspiring hopes of heaven. Look not outward for heaven. Look not to vonder skies for it. When they tell you, "Lo here, or, lo there," go not from the centre of your being, for "the kingdom of heaven is within you."

There is as much need for excellent health in great mental energy as there is in great muscular energy; in fact, there is more need. A man can perform manual labor, and use his muscle and work all day and strike heavy blows, with less health than he requires for high mental work. This truth is realized in a very special degree in the orator. It is necessary that all his mental powers should act constantly and unifiedly while he is addressing an audience. A person may write well with less health than is required for him to speak well. He can write for a moment or five minutes. Then, when his mental energies have declined, he can wait and rest them. But the orator has not a moment in which to rest his mind. Not a second. Not a fractional

part of a second.

When I was studying theology this great truth was taught, that God acts only when He is, and where He is, and because Nature goes on constantly, it proved that God is immanent in every part of her. Now we can apply that thought, sublime as it is, to the orator. There are no results without his constant mental action. The very moment that his mind ceases to act as an orator, in that moment the result ceases. Nothing can sustain this mighty engine of power, the brain, but the blood which should be carried to it in one steady flow. Not that I would for a single moment be understood to teach that thought and spirit have their origin in brain or in heart, or in any given part of the material system. But brain and heart and the material system furnish the conditions through which mind works. Some souls in this world possess not only the "harmonies of the spheres," but the "wisdom of God"; but their discourse "is jangled" and "out of tune." Why? Because this instrument, the body, that should furnish the

proper conditions, is out of tune. That must not only be put in tune, but kept in tune and ready at all times.

There are seeming exceptions to this point that I have made, but they are only seeming. You will say, perhaps, "I have known a man to speak well while he was not in good health." That is a seeming exception. What is the cause of it? First, it may be because the effort is spasmodic. He can for once speak well, and must then wait a long time before he can speak well again. There is another reason for an individual, who is in comparatively feeble health, sometimes speaking well, and that is, that by long training before he was ill, he developed the power of mental concentration. He has polished his mental faculties until now it takes little force to cause them to run smoothly. A person should be so disciplined that he can actually summon every particle of his vitality, and put it into thought, and charge that thought home. Men have done that and dropped dead the next instant. I once saw a man, who was far on the road of consumption, pleading for thirty minutes as though he were a Hercules, and then he dropped as though he had been struck down by a blow, and he had to wait twenty-four hours before he could speak another word. These are only seeming exceptions to the rule that health is the supporting power that enables a man to speak in a way to influence others.

Health results in the happiness of its possessor, and in the happiness of all with whom he associates. If a healthy man speaks there is health not only in his thought, not only in his voice, but in a subtle way it seems to be distilled all through the man. He fills the audience, at least temporarily, with health, and lifting them for a moment into the sphere of health, he lifts them to its result — happiness. An audience is much more susceptible to truth when

in a state of happiness than when in a state of grief. Grief discolors every-Happiness lets truth shine thing. through transparent windows. Health is a medium not only through which to speak the truth, but through which to receive the truth. Men came from all parts of the world to study two prominent pulpit orators that lived here in America at one time, to try and ascertain the secret of their power. travelled all the way from Oxford to learn the secret of the power of these two men, and they concluded that it was "reserved power." (Laughter and applause.) More brilliant speakers could be found. ideas were only fairly abreast of the age. But when you met the men, there was something in their speech, something that came from the personality of the individual, beyond what could easily be accounted for. not say they were not transcendent in what these Oxford gentlemen said they were. But I do say there was one thing they wanted to look at in both of these men: they were both men of extraordinary health. One of them said when he was more than seventy years old — in fact only a week before he died, "I have so much health I don't know what to do with it" No matter what ailed you, when you went to hear that man preach, when he commenced preaching you didn't know but you were well. You felt comfortable, and you were in condition to receive anything he had to say. You were born into another era of thought because of that man's life. And that man would never have done it had he not been able to say to the young men of Yale College, "Young gentlemen, the first thing in a successful preacher of the gospel is a stomach. The second thing is stomach. The third thing is stomach." (Great applause.)

Perhaps I should not leave out of consideration the effect of health upon

the magnetic influence of the speaker. During my whole life I don't think any one ever heard me speak of magnetism as a means of influencing an audience. Why? Because the word has been so surrounded with superstition and humbug that it is hardly safe to mention it. Yet, when we stop and think soberly, there is no question that there is such a thing as magnetic power, and that it may be unconsciously exerted by an individual. Magnetism is everywhere in the organic world. We cannot go out of the realm of electricity or out of the realm of magnet-As we come into this animal kingdom, to which you and I belong, we find higher and higher expressions of it. Let us stop and think for a moment of what magnetism is. We will attempt no definition nor any approach to a definition. But we will say, it is not merely a physical force. It may work through physical organisms; but not through these only. It may work though the mental organism, through the intellectual powers, through the social powers, and through the spiritual as well. When I speak of the magnetism of a man, I mean that force to which his head and heart and body all contribute. There are persons whose physical condition is very good, and whose mental condition is as good as it can be when associated with such a character; but the man's moral condition is so low that it makes his very magnetism poisonous. There are persons who are said to be in good physical health, whose magnetism will sicken everybody who comes in contact with them, because their magnetism is so influenced by their moral status. When you say that a man has great magnetism over an audience, and you mean by that that he draws the same class of people Sunday after Sunday, you are saying that he is a true soul, because without a true soul, magnetism that might hold people spell-bound for an

instant will keep people away from that spell the second time. You may breathe such bad air that you will be almost asphyxiated with it, and stay under its spell till some one takes you out of that atmosphere; but you are pretty sure not to go into that atmosphere again. So there are men who have a certain amount of physical magnetism, and who will hold others for the time being; but when they have once escaped them do not return. Instinct teaches them better.

I would never use this word "magnetism" without some guard put around it, that it may not be misinterpreted. When your great-great-grandfathers were little boys, if anything curious happened in the world, if any person seemed to exert extraordinary power, they laid it to the devil. They said. "So-and-so has made a league with the devil; that is the reason he can do such things." In these days they give it another name, with the same degree of wisdom they once placed it upon the devil. Instead of "possessed of the devil" they now say "possessed of strong magnetism." (Laughter.)

Health, without which no high result can be attained! — how precious! How much to be desired! How should it be prayed for! How should its possession be labored for! How vigilant every man or woman should be in the pursuit of it, and in retaining it!

You have heard of the gold mines. You have heard of the vast wealth in the heart of the earth. You have seen and known of men going long distances and selling even their lives to procure it. And what is gold compared with health? What are rubies compared with health? What are diamonds compared with the sparkle of health in the eye? And you need not go to foreign climes to find it. You need not go to Florida or California nor to the Adirondacks to find it. Behold, like the Kingdom of Heaven, it is within yourself,

potentially. Where other men have lived healthily you can live healthily. I am not now speaking to those who are under the heavy hand of a fatal disease, but to two classes, — one class, those who are well and know they are, and another class who are "not very well," and know that they are not. (Laughter.) The latter have great ability in revealing to others the fact that they "are not very well." (Laughter and applause.)

Let us run over, as a kind of summary, the realms wherein we are to study obedience to the laws of health. What is the first realm? The body. Health is developed, first, by proper exercise of the body. We will enter into no detail upon this point to-day. All the details are to follow hereafter. This lecture is an introduction only. What is proper exercise? I will only define it by this: Proper exercise is an exercise which so develops the body as to bring it into the possession of the higher expressive power of the soul; to bring the body into such a condition that the noblest thoughts, purposes, and sentiments of the individual can be easily expressed through it. That is the ultimate point toward which we will work. We say that health is an end, that beauty is an end. True, but these are not the ultimate ends; they are only incidental. The ultimate end is the expression of the noblest thoughts. purposes, and sentiments of the human soul through the body. We will educate the body to that end. To reach that, we have to climb up the steps of health and beauty. If you are teaching a system of physical culture, the ultimate end of which is beauty, you will not reach beauty. But if you are practising a system, the ultimate end of which is expression of the highest thoughts in man, — the soul, you will reach beauty, and you will reach health on the way. "The greater contains the less" is a maxim, and holds in this

as in other measurements. Rest must be considered, and always is considered as associated with exercise.

When we speak of physical exercise, we do not forget the voice. The development of the voice, the right use of the voice in the highest expression, is necessary to the health of the body. The ancients understood this very well. The Greeks, who believed that a man's right to live in Greece depended upon the prowess of his arm to defend his home, taught music and singing as a means of physical development. The voice must be taught to be expressive; its teaching conduces to health. High expression brings high health. I say that without mental reservation or qualification.

In the second place, sufficient nourishment must be given the body. That includes food and drink of the proper kind and proper quantity. When speaking of things that a man should eat or drink, we are to look to what will build up the brain as well as the body.

May I step aside and appeal for just a moment? I am almost through, but I cannot leave you without making an appeal. Oh, young men, don't use anything, don't take anything into your being, that will not make your train stronger and healthier. You cannot afford to do so. You must not excuse yourself for being less than the highest that it is possible for you to be. cannot bear for a single moment to think of going through this world and being less than you might be; of having less power, less wisdom, less weight of character than you might have. You know how many things are sold in the market that tend to hinder young men. I will say nothing about alcohol. You have heard so much about it that you know it is injurious. You have read more about it perhaps, and heard more lectures than I have during the last ten years. Let me speak of another foe more insidious than rum.

and some of you who are present use it — I know of more than one person in this College who uses it. You do not know that I know it, but I do. You use tobacco, and I know it. know what that morning smoke means. I know you take it. I have said nothing to you individually, and I shall say But, O my God, I would nothing. like in the name of the love I bear you to say Stop, oh, Stop! I love you so much that I cannot bear that you should be less than you may be. I see your virtues, and I believe in them more than you do. I see your noblest purposes, and I believe in them even more than you do. I see the great goodness of your hearts. I have tested it, and I trust it. I would trust you anywhere in life, except with the smoke of that tormenting tobacco. Don't use it. I have no sarcasm for you; I have no bitterness for you. I have not an unkind thing to say of that indulgence. They tell me it is soothing, and I don't dispute it. They tell me that a man if he has once used it doesn't know, especially if he is overworked or in trouble, how to get along without it. I read an elegant article the other day where a man said, "A good smoke is a soul of solace." I beseech you to go without the solace. There are other kinds of solace. Sweet conversations with noble souls are more soothing than Sympathy with the noblest hearts is more soothing than that. Trusting in right and truth, and expression of that trust, brings more serenity than that. I appeal to you in the name of the love I bear you, and beg you not to use it.

Young women, much responsibility is upon you in this matter. Let the protest of your pure souls rise up-

against the pernicious habit.

No matter whether men will hear or whether they will forbear, I cannot afford to forbear to speak the truth. There is a coming day when I shall have spoken for the last time, and when you will have uttered the last word in this world, and in that moment you will perhaps cast a sudden reflection back upon life's activities, and you will not then ask, Have I influenced this man or that from evil, but "Have I tried? O God, have I tried?" "Inasmuch as you have tried to do it unto one of the least (the command seems to embrace that thought), you have done it unto me." "Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing."

There are many points that I would mention; but I will just speak of six conditions of health, and then I will

leave you.

I. Proper exercise of body, united with rest.

II. Proper and sufficient nourishment.

III. Baths. I wish I had time to talk with you on this, but I have not.

IV. Free and full inhalation of the purest air.

V. Right habits of mind, including proper objects of thought. This is necessary to health. We can easily prove it, only time will not permit us now.

VI. And last, for the highest health we must have right attitudes of heart. There never was but one recipe that was full and complete and absolutely perfect, given for that attitude of the heart that should insure the higher health of the body, and that is: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself."

IN MEMORIAM.

ARTHUR L. STROUT.

By Grace E. Jones.

As we come together again in glad meeting, the absence of one face and the want of one influence throws a hush over our most joyous greetings. What is the loss of the Class of '92 is no less that of the entire school, for in Arthur L. Strout each and every student lost, not only a fellow student and companion, but a helpful, loving friend.

Though he left the school last February, for San Diego, Cal, in search of physical health and strength, with hundreds of "God-speeds" from anxious hearts attending him, he was not to return to us; but on June 13, from that beautiful land passed to that most beautiful land far beyond the Golden Gate.

In realizing our own sorrow, the sympathy we feel for those, his nearer and dearer friends, in their greater loss, could find but faint expression in words. Surely they must feel the current from our hearts, that sets so strongly toward them with all the help that human hearts can give.

His was a life of wonderful power. Being lifted up in our midst he truly drew all men to him. By instinct he found the needful and distressed, and the friendless knew him for their friend. He was not so much our schoolmate as our elder brother—the one always ready, with helpful hand and loving heart, to do any service, high or low. Nothing was above or below his notice, which pertained to a fellow-man. It almost seemed he knew not self, but only humanity. The measure of the love that he received was but the necessary response to the love so constantly poured forth. For humanity is as a mirror which most truthfully reflects a man's own likeness: and to be much loved it is most needful that one love much.

We cannot see him now, we cannot hear him now,—the ready hand, the quick humor, the cheering smile, the patient face, the tower of might, are gone beyond our knowledge, but the sweet influence will remain with us,—no power can deprive us of that, which, instead of fading away, will be but

more widely diffused day by day. "All mental and moral force is a positive good. It goes out from you whether you will or not." And it is so subtle a thing that we fully realize neither the source nor the effect, so silently the change is wrought.

Such a spirit cannot live in any community, for any length of time, without every individual soul in that community being lifted into a higher, purer, more life-giving atmosphere than was his before. "All life, lived well, makes

heaven."

While we each, as individuals, have a deep personal sorrow, we, as a school, have sustained a loss that never can be estimated. Though the school must ever be more than it could have been without the benediction of his presence, even for so short a period, still it can never be wholly what it might have been with the continued influence of his powerful personality.

Yet we must feel that his love and sympathy are still with us: and perhaps, nay more than perhaps, he now brings his larger powers and usefulness to our up-lifting. Then there is no breaking of our circle: it is but bound the more completely by the loved one who is still with us, though not seen

by mortal eyes.

MABEL COOK GRIMISON.

By Anna L. Whitehead.

We look among the faces this year for the ones that have grown so familiar to us in the past, but many are gone, — some into the world to give hope to despondent hearts and light to seeking minds, and some to that other world where sin and suffering are not, and eternal peace reigns. Of these is one who, though with us only till Christmas-tide of last year, yet left many warm friends and sincere admirers.

Mabel Cook Grimison came to our

college for that priceless treasure, health. She was already under the heavy hand of consumption; but with the indomitable will that characterized all her actions, she hoped and worked till very near the end.

She went home at Christmas, expecting to return to college in January, but a few days after her arrival was taken ill. At first she struggled against the growing weakness, and on some days seemed brighter; but the sudden illness and death of her father, to whom she was devotedly attached, was a great sorrow to her, and from that time she sank rapidly.

A few days before the end came, she was taken to her uncle's in Philadelphia, and on Monday, March 27, she seemed drowsy and thought she could sleep. She sank into a seemingly refreshing slumber from which she never

awoke.

"Fold her, O Father, in thine arms, And let her henceforth be A messenger of love between Our human hearts and Thee."

SOCIETIES.

Southwick Literary Society.

A most delightful meeting of the Southwick society was held on Thursday afternoon, November 23. The new officers took their places, and the customary reports were read and accepted. Prof. Harper then spoke of the college Magazine. His remarks were very earnest and met with warm approval from the college. Prof. Trine endorsed these remarks most heartily - as did all the students by their enthusiastic applause. A well-rendered octette was followed by extemporaneous speaking by three members. This was entirely different from the usual program, and met with marked approval. The questions were prepared by the president and each speaker chose one and immediately spoke on it. Miss McDiarmid was the first, her theme being the rather ambiguous one "That's it!" After several bright introductory remarks, she said: "Sometimes the use of 'that's it' is considered slang, but there is one place where it is not, where it sounds sweet in every ear and brings the assurance of work well done, and that is when the president says it from this platform."

Mr. Armstrong, the next speaker, being absent, a motion was made that Mr. Chase take his place. His theme was "How to be poor." He said, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of an needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven." How blessed then to be poor! You must pardon me for taking this matter seriously but it brings serious thoughts to my mind. This Benefit Loan fund is a grand project, it is needed as you know, and if those who have it in charge will come to me, I will use voice, heart, and pocket-book in its aid."

Mr. Gaylord was called for and introduced his remarks by alluding to the benefit that comes from speaking before an inspiring audience. He said: "It is not that we stand before an audience to see how well we can speak but how well we can set them to work. I have found that audiences are very susceptible to intellectual truths, but we must reach their hearts; not only make a point, but hold it up, follow it up till it burns in their souls subject is 'Telling tales out of school.' As this is in school, I have no right to tell you any tales, but there are some told by our president that we all love to hear. They are, 'Well done!' That's it!'"

The next number was Whitcomb Riley's poem, the "Literary," read, by request, by Mr. Grilley. He responded to two encores by telling some of his popular stories. "A Letter of Introduction" completed the afternoon's program. The several characters were Mr. Edward Roberts, an absent-minded

literary man, Mr. W. T. Worcester; Mrs. Roberts, Miss Sadie Allen; Mr. Willis Campbell, an inveterate tease and fond of a joke, Mr. T. A. Curry; Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. L. A. Clarke; Mr. Wesgate, an Englishman very enthusiastic over anything American, Mr. E. G. Crane; Bella, Miss Loretta Greene. The parts were excellently taken and the play carried through with ease and good spirit.

Southwick Debating Club.

The Southwick Debating Club, which has always received a smile of hearty approval from the Institution, opens this year with most flattering prospects. The officers are Emanuel L. Swigert President; John E. Duffey Vice President; Charles D. Workman Secretary; Arthur C. Smith Treasurer. Already the work of the club is most auspiciously begun with a membership of more than thirty and the prospect of enrolling almost the entire male membership of the college.

The result of the work in debate and extempore speaking is marked as perhaps never before. A project is now being completed to arrange a schedule of joint debates with other debating clubs

We trust this may become, as it now has the prospect of being, one of the most potent factors of the institution. Here are put in practice the principles which are daily taught in the classroom.

The Athena.

The Athena is the name of a club recently organized by the ladies of the college for the purpose of developing clearness and force in debate and extemporaneous speech. The following are the officers for the term: Miss A. G. Davis, president; Miss Grace Eure Jones, vice-president; Mrs. Alice Dana-Keyes, secretary; and Miss Irmagarde Rossiter, treasurer.

TWO NEW BOOKS ON THE EMERSON SYSTEM.

We have lying on our table two new books which have been inspired by the Emerson system of teaching Oratory. The first is by Miss Mary A. Blood and Mrs. Ida Morey Riley, associate principals of the Columbia School of Oratory, Chicago, and is entitled The Psychological Development of Expression. It is an original presentation of the philosophy underlying the sixteen steps in the evolution of expression, together with an admirable compilation of selections, illustrative of the steps and chosen from our standard English and American authors both for their literary excellence and also for their adaptation to expressive purposes. Many of our readers will remember the grand work done by Miss Blood while a teacher of Bible Reading and Analysis in the Emerson College, and also Mrs. Riley as a member of the distinguished Class of '89 which has furnished so many teachers to our own College. We most cordially recommend this the first fruit of their literary collaboration. The work is in four volumes, strongly bound in green and gold, and clearly printed on calendered paper. Published by the Columbia School of Oratory, Chicago.

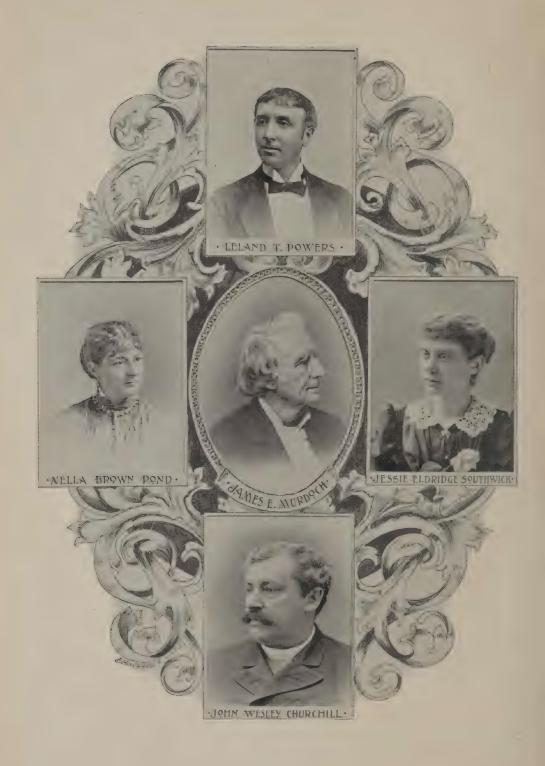
The other work is by Miss Margaret A. Klein, of Baltimore, Md., is entitled The Step-Ladder, and is intended for juvenile pupils in elocution who are not yet prepared for The Evolution of Expression. As so many of our teachers form children's classes, this book will supply a long-felt want. The Step-Ladder has four steps — life, love, purpose, and thought - with a clear and attractive explanation of each step. The children will be pleased with the pieces and yet they are classics, every one of them, for good literature is not necessarily difficult to understand. Indeed, just in proportion as literature disregards class distinctions and addresses itself to the universal human heart does it make itself immortal. Many parts of the Bible, Shakespeare, Bunyan, Scott, Macaulay, Dickens, Longfellow, Whittier are just as popular with children as with their parents. Miss Klein has devoted much time to the study of literature, and her wide reading and excellent taste are reflected on every page of her little book. Published for the author by A. S. Barnes & Co., N. Y.

Both of these books may be obtained of our genial and obliging Book-Agent, Mr. J. E. Grigg.

HELD OVER.

Although the present number of the Magazine has been allowed to overrun the usual size by eight pages, several interesting articles, including the personal items, the report of the library committee, and a sketch by Mr. Worcester, are unavoidably held over till January.





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No Advertisements Received.

OUR FRONTISPIECE.

A Group of Famous Readers.

It is our privilege this month to present to the readers of the Emerson College Magazine an excellent half-tone of five of the most brilliant readers that have appeared before the College. the centre of the group is the veteran actor, author, and reader, Mr. James E. Murdoch, whose efforts in behalf of the Union soldiers during the late war are remembered wherever his name is known. On either side are Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick and Mrs. Nella Brown Pond, the flowers of New England, whose names are so fragrant in so many homes throughout the land. At the top of the page is Mr. Leland T. Powers, whose artistic impersonations are the delight of his numerous and large audiences, while at the bottom is the genial face of Prof. John Wesley Churchill, of Andover, whose miscellaneous programs have delighted thousands of hearers. We confidently believe this memento will be highly appreciated by all who have ever been connected with the College.

Richelieu.

Faculty Cast - Prof. Southwick in the Title Role.

For the past two years the members of the faculty aided by some of the advanced students have presented Sheridan's comedy of "The Rivals," devoting the proceeds to some worthy object in connection with the College. On both occasions everything that taste, talent, and labor could accomplish to present the play in artistic and attractive form has been cheerfully done, and the efforts of the performers have been crowned with the most gratifying of all rewards — large and appreciative audiences. This year the play presented will be Bulwer Lytton's Richelieu with the following

CAST.

Louis XIII., King of France.

Mr. Fredric A. Metcalf.
Gaston, Duke of Orleans, Mr. Waldo T. Worcester.
Count de Baradas, Mr. Charles W. Kidder.
Cardinal, Duc de Richelieu,

Mr. Henry L. Southwick.
Chevalier de Mauprat,
The Sieur de Beringhen,
Joseph, a Capuchin,
Francois, a Page to Richelieu, Mr. John B. Weeks.
Huguet, an Officer of Richelieu's Guard,

Mr. Albert M. Harris.

De Clermont, a Courtier,
First Secretary,
Second Secretary,
Third Secretary,
Captain of the Guard,
Julie de Mortimer, Ward to Richelieu,

Mr. Albert M. Harris.
Mr. Charles I. Schofield.
Mr. Clinton Burgess.
Mr. Frank J. Stowe.
Mr. George E. Tracy.
Mr. Arthur B. Price.

Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick. Marian de Lorme, a Spy, Mrs. Lola Purman Tripp. Soldiers, Conspirators, and Attendants.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

Act I. Scene I - A room in the house of Marian de Lorme.

Scene 2 — A room in the Cardinal's palace.

Act II. Scene I — De Mauprat's house. Scene 2 — Same as Act I., Scene 2.

Act III.— Chamber in Richelieu's Castle.

Act IV .- Gardens of the Louvre.

Act V.— Apartments of State in the Louvre.

The performance will be given in full costume with scenery and stage effects in Union Hall, Boylston Street, on Wednesday afternoon, February 8, at a quarter before two o'clock. As the capacity of the hall is limited, persons desiring seats will do well to secure them as early as possible. The company have been in rehearsal for a length of time, and the brilliant success of the past is a guarantee that no efforts will be spared to render the entertainment worthy of the most refined and intelligent patronage. The proceeds will be devoted to the Library Fund.

OUR BOOK AGENCY.

Among the several new features of this year, none has proved a greater convenience to the students than the establishment of the Book Agency by our enterprising friend, Mr. J. E. Grigg, who has now a large line of works, embracing not only the various text books used in the College but also standard works of science and literature. There is also to be found on his shelves a full line of blank books and stationery. And this leads us to say that it is owing to Mr. Grigg's thoughtfulness and taste that we now have a special Emerson College notepaper with the name of the College neatly engraved in a blue gothic letter. It is said that a person of refinement is known even by the quality of his stationery. If this is true—and we think it is — no one will make a mistake in using the Emerson College note-paper.

BENEFIT LOAN FUND.

From the beginning the Emerson College of Oratory has been noted for its spirit of helpfulness. Its magnificent success is due to the incarnation and practical application of this great principle, which is constantly manifesting itself in new ways. The last harvest from this garden of the heart is a movement which first blossomed a year ago, but which bore some very substantial fruit during the past term, - a movement fragrant with the spirit of love, and which originated with the present Junior Class when they were Freshmen.

One morning the following resolution was presented before the Emerson College of Oratory, and accepted: —

Resolved: - That a Fund for the aid of needy and deserving students of the Emerson College of Oratory shall be established, to be instituted and sustained, regulated and governed by the following

ARTICLE I. Section 1. — This fund shall be styled "The Benefit Loan Fund."

Sec. 2. The fund shall be raised and sustained by three entertainments a year, - one during each ART. II. Sec. 1. The talent for such entertain-

ments shall be chosen from the pupils and faculty

of the Emerson College of Oratory.

ART. III. Sec. 1. A committee consisting of three members shall be elected, of which the Secretary of the College shall be one. The other two shall be chosen each year—one from the Senior, one from the Post Graduate Class, at the first regular meetings of said classes.

Sec. 2. This Committee shall have the entire charge of the Benefit Loan Fund, and all business which may be connected with it, inclusive of the

mangement of the entertainments.

Sec. 3. This Committee shall be invested with full powers of investigation regarding the application of any one for a loan from the Fund, inclusive

of the right to refuse a loan to any, or all applicants.

ART. IV. Sec. 1. The applicant for assistance from the Benefit Loan Fund must have been a member of the Emerson College of Oratory for at least one term immediately preceding the time for which he desires the loan.

Sec. 2. The applicant must be able to prove to the satisfaction of the Committee that it is neces-

sary that a loan shall be made to him.

Sec. 3. The applicant, in consideration of the loan, shall give his note, payable as follows: If the applicant be in the Senior Class, one year from date; if he be in the Junior Class, two years from date; if he be in the Freshman Class, three years from date. Notes shall not bear interest until expiration of time specified on their faces. If at the end of that time the note is not taken up, it shall bear interest not exceeding six per cent. per annum, until paid.

Sec. 4. The applicant, in presenting the note, must do so in full faith to take it up by or before the expiration of the time for which it is drawn.

ART. V. Sec. I. The Benefit Loan Fund Committee shall have full power to annul or amend any or all the rules herein stated.

The Committee of the Co

The first entertainment of the Benefit Loan Fund was held on Thursday, December the 7th, in Odd Fellows Hall, when the following program was presented:—

- I. PIANO SOLO—"Minuet" . . Paderewski
 MISS KING.
- 2. Reading $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{``Nydia, the Blind Girl} \\ \text{of Pompeii''} \\ \text{Mrs. Southwick.} \end{array} \right\} Lytton$
- 3. CORNET SOLO "Facilita". . . Hartmann Mr. Blanchard.
- 4. "A BACHELOR'S DILEMMA" Theyre Smith (By special request.)

 $D_{R}. \ J_{ACKS} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} A \ \ mild-mannered \ \ old \\ gentleman \ \ with \ \ literary \\ ambitions. \end{array} \right\} M_{R}. \ T_{RIPP}$

- $\begin{array}{c} \textbf{Capt. Pigeon} \left\{ \begin{array}{c} \textbf{A} \text{ bluff old sea} \\ \text{officer with matrimonial intentions.} \end{array} \right\} \textbf{Mr. Kidder} \\ \end{array}$
- 5. Song—"Sunset" Dudley Buck
 Miss Purman.
- 6. READING Sketch from "Travels Abroad"

 Mark Twain

Mrs. Southwick.

- 7. CORNET SOLO Selected Mr. Blanchard.
- 8. Reading $\begin{cases} \text{"He and She"} & ... & Arnold \\ \text{"Swiss Goodnight"} & ... & Griffith \\ \text{Mrs. Southwick.} \end{cases}$

The program was exceptionally well rendered, and the large and intelligent audience unusually appreciative. Both artists and audience seemed to be inspired by the loving purpose that had brought them together. The committee have the pleasure of reporting that the receipts were \$106.50.

Secretary Dickinson's Lectures on Psychology.

In addition to the various courses of lectures which have been delivered before the College in the past, the students will this year have the privilege of listening to a course of lectures on Psychology by Professor John W. Dickinson, Secretary of the State Board of Education. This work will be of incalculable advantage to all students who contemplate teaching. To develop

the human mind we must understand the human mind, its activities and manifestations. Among the many excellent teachers of this subject we know of none who has the power of presenting his thoughts more clearly and systematically than Mr. Dickinson.

Marriage of Prof. Tripp and Miss Purman.

An event of great interest to all students and friends of the College occurred at All Souls' Church, Roxbury, on Dec. 20, 1893, the occasion being the wedding of Prof. Walter B. Tripp of the College faculty and Miss Lola Purman, a graduate of the class of '91, daughter of Ex-Congressman Wm. J. Purman of Florida. The bridal party entered to the strains of a wedding march played by the organist, Mr. Albert F. Conant. The ushers, Messrs. Walter Newell, Albert Harris, Gardner Crane and John Weeks, led the way. Then came the maid of honor, Miss Fay Purman, sister of the bride.

The bride, leaning upon the arm of her father, who also gave her away, followed. At the chancel rail they were met by the groom and his best man, Mr. Carroll Purman, the bride's brother.

Rev. I. J. Lansing, pastor of the Park Street Church, performed the ceremony, assisted by Pres. Charles Wesley Emerson.

The bride wore a gown of cream-colored broadcloth, trimmed with otter fur and guipure lace, and wore a hat to match. She carried an exquisite bouquet of bride's roses.

The maid of honor was attired in light green crepon trimmed with velvet and medecis lace. She wore a hat to match and carried a bouquet of pink roses.

Prof. and Mrs. Tripp will be pleased to receive their friends at I Coolidge Avenue, Dorchester, the first and third Monday evenings in January, February and March.

Our manners should be as Christian as our character.

We do not know how hungry the world is for thought.

To live well with others is genius.

Around every person there is a sacred circle: respect that circle.

HOW TO TEACH READING.

BY PRESIDENT C. W. EMERSON.

[The following article from the New England Journal of Education was reprinted in the Emerson College Magazine last year and by special request is again reprinted.]

In considering the problem of how to teach reading we naturally begin by discussing the method which should be used in teaching the youngest children in the primary department of our public schools. It is the office of the teacher in this grade to give the mind of the child its start in the direction of literary culture. To be able to do this successfully something more than learning and talent is required. The teacher must possess the genius for teaching legitimately; that is, teaching in accordance with the laws of the human mind. When we consider that the whole future career of the child depends upon the method by which he is introduced into the world of learning, we realize what a tremendous responsibility rests upon the teacher of the little children. we may better consider this subject I will give what I deem a comprehensive definition of learning to read. Learning to read is: 1. Learning to bring the concepts of invisible objects into the presence of the mind. 2. Learning to associate these concepts with their signs in written or printed language. 3. Learning to express these concepts through speech to others. We must go back a step, and learn how to bring a visible object into the presence of the mind.

A thing may be in the presence of the senses and yet not be in the presence of the mind. The teacher must first learn to bring an object which is in contact with the senses of the child into the presence of his mind; that is, to call his attention to that object; in other words, to cause his mind to act upon that object. Let the teacher hold before the pupil some object, for ex-

ample, a watch. Let her tell him a story about it — one that will enlist his feelings — and his mind will at once begin to act upon the watch. Let her now put the watch out of sight and ask the child what he is thinking about, and he will tell her, provided she has been successful in her experiment, that he is thinking about the watch. "Can you see the watch?" He will say, "No." Again let it be placed before him. "Can you see the watch?" "Yes." Let her now remove it from his sight, and again ask him if he can see it. By this method he can soon be taught to see the watch in his mind. The next step is to take advantage of the law of mental association. A saddle placed upon a log brings into the presence of a boy's mind the horse upon which he has seen that saddle, and he sees the absent horse as clearly as he sees the present saddle. He soon demonstrates the truth of the mind's action by mounting the saddle and driving his mental horse. If, in the child's mind the word horse can be as intimately associated with the animal as the saddle is, as soon as his eyes see the word his mind will see the horse. The object of the teacher should be not merely to make the child understand that the word stands for the thing it signifies, but to cause his mind to see the object the instant he sees the name. Thus the mind is constantly dealing with things, and not with words as words. The next step in teaching reading should be to teach the pupil to associate words with the activities of objects. The child must first see the object acting (either in reality or in picture), then the word which represents that *activity*. Keep this question constantly before you: When the pupil looks upon the printed page does he see words or things?

A question may arise in regard to the length of words first taught to children. Within reasonable limits the length of the word does not signify; for it is not the number of letters that the child should be taught to look at, but the word as a whole. Letters should not be taught until the child can read words freely. This brings us to the oral side of the subject; viz., how to teach expression. The teacher says to the child, "Read to me," and he reads, merely because he is told to read. He has no motive other than obedience, and the result is he is a slave, and he shows it by the slavish voice in which he reads. If, on the other hand, the teacher places the right motive before the child—the motive of making the children around him see what he sees, think what he thinks — he is no longer a slave; his mind is free, and he shows it by opening his mouth vigorously and reading with a will. I have never yet seen a child who would not speak out freely if he was really interested in communicating his thought to another. His desire to communicate will tend to gradually develop his enunciation. To sum up the whole matter: 1. Never allow the child to use a sign unless his mind is seeing that which the sign signifies. 2. Never ask him to read one sentence or one word unless you can first inspire his mind with the desire to impart his thought, his knowledge, or his state of feeling to others. Be guided in your teaching by these rules and you will revolutionize the matter of reading and speaking, so that when a pupil takes up a book to read he will not think words; he will think the things behind them. One so taught is not shut up within the covers of the book; he is not confined by the walls of the room. The walls are dissolved; space is annihilated; time is no more. Things that transpired hundreds of years ago are transpiring in his mind now. He reads ancient history and dwells with the heroes of Greece and Rome; he hears the sound of battle,

the clash of arms, the cry of the onset, and the shouts of victory. Everything of which he reads is present and real, for he has learned to live while reading, in realities, of which words are but suggestions.

WHAT IS LITERATURE?

An Extract from a lecture by Prof. D. Dorchester, Jr.

The prime requisite for the successful study of anything is a conception of what it is. This is true of literature. Many definitions have been made but none are satisfactory. A consideration of these, however, will broaden our understanding and make more clear our

conceptions of the subject.

Hallam states that literature is used "in its most general sense for the knowledge imparted through books." According to this use of the term any book of mathematics, or statistics, any scientific text-book, any treatise of whatever description, should be considered a work of literature. Such would be altogether too broad a use of the word; literature would not be distinguished from several other departments of knowledge. Hallam himself used it in a more restricted sense, and excluded from his conception of literature, history, "save where it had been written with peculiar beauty of language and philosophical spirit."

Charles Lamb writes of "books which are no books," and includes under this caption catalogues and directories, scientific treatises, the works of Hume and Gibbon and Josephus, Paley's Moral Philosophy, etc. It stirred his anger "to see these things in books' clothing, perched upon shelves like false saints, usurpers of true shrines,—to reach down a well-bound semblance of a volume and to come bolt on a withering Population Essay,—to expect a Steele or a Farquhar and find Adam Smith." Lamb goes to the other extreme in his restriction of the term

books to works of literature properly so called.

De Quincey's distinction is more scientific and helpful. "There is," he says, "first, the literature of knowledge, and, secondly, the literature of power. The function of the first is to teach; the function of the second is to move. The first is a rudder, the second, an oar or a sail. The first speaks to the mere discursive understanding; the second speaks ultimately, it may happen to the higher understanding or reason, but always through affections of pleasure or sympathy. . . . What do you learn from 'Paradise Lost?' Nothing at all."

"What do you learn from a cookerybook? Something new, something that you did not know before in every paragraph. But would you, therefore, put the wretched cookery-book on a higher level of estimation than the divine poem? What you owe to Milton is not any knowledge, of which a million separate items are still but a million of advancing steps on the same earthly level; what you owe is power, that is, exercise and expansion to your own latent capacity of sympathy with the infinite, when every pulse and each separate influx is a step upwards - a step ascending as from Jacob's ladder from earth to mysterious altitudes above the earth."

Let us try to make our conception of De Quincey's thought more definite and clear. "Paradise Lost" does not belong to "the literature of knowledge," because it does not add anything to the world's stock of information. In the wide range of Milton's imagination are two systems of cosmology, the Copernican and the Ptolemaic. Milton's genius is shown in the construction and operation of a universe in which these diverse systems exist side by side, without mutual interference, and even with an appearance of consistency. He has added nothing to the store of physical

science; indeed, from a strictly scientific point of view, his cosmos looks somewhat incongruous; a universe constructed according to the outlines given in the "Paradise Lost" would go to pieces. Milton's theology, too, is that of John Calvin; the links in his "great argument," by which he expected to "justify the ways of God to men," are the propositions common to Puritan theology. Judged by the broader, saner and more moral systems of religious truth to-day, the theology of the "Para dise Lost" seems hard, literal and narrow.

"Paradise Lost," however, belongs to the "literature of power"; it has power because it portrays a struggle between the forces of good and evil, which have the universe for their battleground, and eternity for their issue. In that struggle, mankind is not only interested, but suggestively involved. On the screen of Milton's imagination every man may discern represented his own battles, the heaven or hell within him, the principalities and powers that make for his righteousness and those that make for his wickedness, the conditions of final victory or defeat, the Paradise that may be lost and the Paradise that may be regained. Any work that thus reveals us more fully to ourselves, and carries us out of ourselves. any book that puts us into larger and more suggestive associations, and links us sympathetically to the Infinite belongs to the "literature of power."

Take an entirely different illustration. About two hundred years ago Izaak Walton wrote a treatise on "The Compleat Angler." Now that book is as popular to-day as when it was first published. What has given it such a long life and power? Not surely its subject alone, because that is repulsive to some people who find the book charming; not on account of the information it gives in reference to the subtle craft of angling, since many more ambitious

books of the present day surpass it in this particular. But Izaak Walton breathed into this book such a devout spirit, such a love of nature, such loyalty to truth, such a child-like delight in song, such an abounding charity, that his book has a perennial freshness

and beauty.

De Quincey says that "the very highest work that has ever existed in the literature of knowledge is but a provisional work, a book upon trial and sufferance. Let its teaching be even partially revised, let it be but expanded, nay, even let its teaching be but placed in a better order, and instantly it is superseded. Whereas the feeblest work in the literature of power, surviving at all, survives as finished and unalterable among men. For instance, the 'Principia' of Sir Isaac Newton was a book militant on earth from the first. In all stages of its progress it would have to fight for its existence; first, as regards absolute truth; secondly, when that combat is over, as regards its form or mode of presenting the truth. as soon as a La Place, or anybody else, builds higher upon the foundations laid by this book, effectually he throws it out of the sunshine into decay and darkness, by weapons even from this book he superannuates and destroys it, so that soon the name of Newton remains as a mere nominis umbra, but his book, as a living power, has transmigrated into other forms. Now, on the contrary, the 'Iliad,' the 'Prometheus' of Æschylus, the 'Othello,' or 'King Lear,' the 'Hamlet,' or 'Macbeth,' and the 'Paradise Lost' are not militant but triumphant power as long as languages exist in which they speak or can be taught to speak."

"The knowledge-literature, like the fashion of this world, passeth away. But all literature, properly so called, for the very same reason that it is much more durable than the literature of

knowledge is . . . more intense and electrically searching in its impressions."

"And of this let every one be assured, that he owes to the impassioned books which he has read, many a thousand more of emotions than he can consciously trace back to them. Dim by their origination, these emotions yet arise in him, and mould him through life like the forgotten incidents of childhood."

De Quincey's insight is profoundly true when he finds the chief concern of the literature of power to be the emotions of man,—that its appeal is not to the intellect but to the heart of man. "Out of the heart are the issues of life." We are apt to glorify deeds; the events of a day seem to us all important; but behind all deeds, beneath all the changes on the face of society, beneath all revolutions even, is the silent and subtle flow of human emotion, many of whose springs are in the "literature of power," Wordsworth expresses nearly the same thought, with more fullness, in his letter to John Wilson: "You have given me praise for having reflected faithfully in my poems the feelings of human nature. I would fain hope that I have done so, but a great poet ought to do more than this; he ought, to a certain degree, to rectify men's feelings, to give them new composition of feeling, to render their feelings more sane, pure and permanent, in short, more consonant to nature and the great moving spirit of things."

One of the best descriptions of literature is one given by that great French critic, Sainte-Beuve, in answer to the question, "What is a classic?" Literature consists of a whole body of classics and a classic, as Sainte-Beuve defines him, is an "author who has enriched the human mind, who has really added to its treasure, who has got it to take a step farther; who has discovered some unequivocal moral truth, or penetrated

to some eternal passion in that heart of man where it seemed as though all were known and explored; who has produced his thought, or his observation, or his invention under some form, no matter what, so it be great, large, acute and reasonable, sane and beautiful in itself; who has spoken to all in a style of his own, yet a style which finds itself a style of everybody,—in a style that is at once new and antique, and is the contemporary of all the ages." Morley, in his excellent comment upon this detailed statement of Sainte-Beuve, says: "Literature consists of all the books — and they are not so many - where moral truth and human passion are touched with a certain largeness, sanity and attraction of form." Having cleared up somewhat the path of our investigation, we are ready for a more concise, a better working defini-

tion of literature. I consider that to be literature which expresses thought and feeling in a beautiful manner by

means of language.

Literature, like every form of art, is concerned, primarily, with the ideas and feelings of the human soul. "A book's a book although there's nothing in't," but a book is not literature unless there's something in it,—unless there's "the seasoned life of man preserved and stored up" in it. One reason why so few books deserve to be classed as literature is because so few people that can write put thought and feeling into their writing. They have no message; they have not active, inquiring eyes themselves, and, consequently, lend no "more precious seeing" to the eyes of those who read; they do not make truth appear saner or more attractive; they supply us with no living energy; they do not knit us more sympathetically to the world, to humanity, or to God. Mr. Howells, in his recent Scribner paper on "The Man of Letters as a Man of Business," has expressed a similar thought. "I wish," he writes, "that I could make all my fellow-artists realize that economically they are the same as mechanics, farmers, day laborers. It ought to be our glory that we produce something, that we bring into the world something that was not choately there before; that, at least, we fashion or shape something anew; and we ought to feel the tie that binds us to all the toilers of the shop and field, not as a galling chain, but as a mystic bond also uniting us to Him who works hitherto and evermore."

"Genius," says Hazlitt, "is some strong quality in the mind, aiming at and bringing out some new and striking quality in nature." Genius works also in the human soul, in "whatever is most profound and mysterious in the heart and thought of man, in all his sentiments and all his passions." This remark of Hazlitt's admits of almost infinite illustration. Take the case of "If I did not see the heather at least once a year," he once exclaimed, "I think I should die." Out of his strong passion, not only for the heather but for everything connected with the land of the heather, and indeed the whole romantic past, grew his poems and his novels. Before Scott wrote, Scotland had lost her kings and parliament; she was despised by the rest of the world and was herself despondent. Doctor Johnson saw in the Scottish people nothing but a race of harpies and parasites, and Englishmen generally had the same view. But Scott lifted the veil from "the land of rough heath and shaggy wood," and threw a charming radiance over Scottish scenery, Scottish history, manners and char-The Highland chieftain returned in his glowing tartan and tragic passion, the old moss-trooper and Border Knight, "cannie" farmers, vain lairds, gloved gentlemen, heroic figures and lowly peasants were presented in such living worth and beauty that Scotland began to be thronged with tourists and to become the admiration of the world.

The "meditative rapture" of Wordsworth was the "strong quality in his genius" that enabled him to discover in Nature "a living presence,"—"to stand at the meeting point where inflowing nature and the soul of man touch each other, show how they fit in each to each, and what exquisite joy comes from the contact." The presence of this quality may be discerned in the "Daffodils," the "Cuckoo," and other poems.

"He was a priest to us all
Of the wonder and bloom of the world,
Which we saw with his eyes and were glad."

From the days of Homer until now, there has been in literature these two principal subjects: "the wonder and bloom of the world," and the problems of life — love and hope, joy and sorrow, toil and rest, peace and war. And whoever has written a work of literature has brought to the treatment of these themes a strength of thought and feeling, an insight that has enabled him "to bring forth things new and old," to speak with authority," and not as the imitators and compilers...

But strength of thought and feeling, clearness of vision are not sufficient to make a work of literature; it must be expressed in language in a beautiful manner. Literature is essentially artistic in its character; all its creations are distinguished by a certain completeness The poems of Shakeand beauty. speare and Milton do not hold their present lofty position so much because of any new truths or facts that they announce, but because of the beauty manifest in the selection, arrangement and presentation of those truths and facts. "The form of every piece of genuine literature," says Mabie, "is as much part of its substance as the substantial structure of trunk and the delicate network of branches are part of the There is a common life back of

the rose and the daffodil; it is a difference of form which gives each a beauty which is not for the eye alone, but is also a distinction of creation. What we call style is, in every true work of literature, not a part of the work, but the substance of it. Those wonderful phrases which we chance upon in Shakespeare, and which suddenly thrill us with a sense of perfection; those phrases into which the infinity and morning freshness of life are somehow distilled — these are not a part of Shakespeare; these are Shakespeare. The thought may be an old one, but this sudden flash of it into our souls is its reflection in Shakespeare's magic glass. In secondrate writers, style may be, and often is, a matter of artifice; for this reason they remain second rate; in first-rate writers, it is always a matter of instinct and character, because it is always an expression of personality, and personality is the creative principle. In this deep and vital sense, form or style is the distinctive quality of literature; that which separates it from all other forms of writing. For it must be remembered that of the great volume of past and contemporary writing only a very small part belongs to literature, and that which takes its place in this category is stamped with some perfection of form. The variety of form is very great, and the evolution of a new form is always possible."

In the production of all that is beautiful in nature and literature harmony operates; and harmony, as Aristotle defines it, "is the union of contrary principles having a ratio to each other." These contrary principles are those of uniformity and variety. The highest manifestation of beauty in nature is the human body, in which there is an equal balance of uniformity and variety, an equal ratio between them. When in the representation of the human form there is a harmonious combination of its parts, a simple harmony of suc-

cession in its softly undulating surface and outline, a correspondence of attitude and expression to thought and emotion, an impression of the beautiful will be produced. The representation of mere uniformity, the putting of like with like, will not impart a pleasurable effect, neither will the accumulation of different things; only when the unity of thought shines forth in the diversity of things will beauty be disclosed.

Language is a means of representation; words are begotten in much the same way that the works of art are produced, words are images, or suggest images. The literary artist is not satisfied simply to express his ideas clearly, much less to give a confused description of them, his chief concern is to vitalize them,—to body them forth by means of images, and thus appeal to the senses and the passions. When a single word is not adequate, a simile is invented in which, as in a glass, the whole thought is revealed.

"O Cassius, thou art yoked with a lamb That bears anger as a flint bears fire," etc. —

Multiplied similes strengthen the meaning, as though the mind found it difficult adequately to express its content; — as in Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark." There is still more force in metaphor as a means of expression, because it actualizes the spiritual, and spiritualizes the actual. In the use of such figures of speech a beautiful harmony is realized by "the union of the contrary principles of uniformity and variety."

A similar beautiful harmony may be discerned in a work of literature considered as a whole; — as in the following poem translated from the Ger-

man:—

A child sleeps under a rose-bush fair, The buds swell out in the soft May air, Sweetly it rests, and on dream-wings flies To play with the angels in paradise: And the years glide by. A maiden stands by the rose-bush fair,
The dewy blossoms perfume the air,
She presses her hand to her throbbing breast,
With love's first wonderful rapture blest:
And the years glide by.

A mother kneels by the rose-bush fair, Soft sigh the leaves in the evening air, Sorrowing thoughts of the past arise, And tears of anguish bedim her eyes: And the years glide by.

Naked and lone stands the rose-bush fair, Whirled are the leaves in the autumn air, Withered and dead they fall to the ground, And silently cover a new-made mound: And the years glide by.

Since beauty is an essential characteristic of every literary work, it is easy to separate as not belonging to literature all text-books, treatises, dictionaries, cyclopædias, manuals, chronicles, because their aim is to furnish information merely; their whole concern is instructive and not a beautiful presenta-There are some books, however, such as Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic" and Prescott's "Conquest of Peru," that combine both. Motley, especially in his preparation of his magnificent history, went to the original sources, laboriously collated from state documents the details of that heroic struggle, and added much to the world's stock of knowledge respecting that eventful period. But Motley has given us something more than a record of stirring events; he has made dry historic facts live, giving them an amplitude of form and a depth of coloring that fascinate and thrill us. In so far as his history appeals to the imagination and the emotion, rather than to the discursive intellect, in so far as his history is *beautiful*, it belongs to literature. Even in physical science the principles of classification cannot be easily applied to all cases, no hard and fast line can be drawn between the animal and the vegetable kingdoms; some species seem to belong as much to one as to the other; but, in general, science maintains the integrity of its classifications, thus facilitating clearness of conception and

promoting the growth of knowledge. Similarly, certain books can be cited that seem to belong as truly to the "literature of knowledge" as to the "literature of power," but these will be found to be exceptional, and should not confuse the distinctions that are so generally and clearly indicated.

THE VOICE IN RELATION TO INTELLECT.

Extract from Stenographic Report of President Emerson's Saturday Lecture.

I wonder if it is true; I wonder every day with the same degree of wonderment, if the interior, invisible man molds the expression of the outer man. I wonder if it is really a fact that if a man thinks rightly, he will act I wonder if action is the stream that flows from the fountain of being, so that by the action we may know the being, and conversely, if we could know the being we would know the action. Or is man divided into two distinct and independent parts, the inner state of being and the outer expression? If so, to be an orator he must first learn what the state of being is, and then he must learn to represent it in the outer voice and movement. But if the reverse is true, and the outer voice and movement follow according to nature's law from the inner state of being, then all we need is to have the inner state of being what it ought to be and the outer expression will certainly communicate that state to others.

In this institution we believe in the latter idea; that the outer expression in every sense, so far as voice, bearing, movement are concerned, is the direct outflowing of the inner states of being. We hold it to be rank heresy against Nature's laws to teach that you are to find out first what the inner states of being are, then to find out what movements of body, what tones of voice, will represent those inner states of

being, and finally be obliged to adapt one to the other before thought and feeling can be communicated to others. What a task is laid upon men in that case!

Let me illustrate it simply. Suppose you are entering a sick-room. body of the invalid has become a medium for the most excruciating sensations of pain. Every jar upon the floor sends a pang of pain through the entire person, making every nerve thrill with agony. You go to the chamber door. I watch you as you enter. How carefully you step upon the balls of your feet! How delicately you transfer the weight of your body from one foot to the other! How comes it that you move so gently? Because your heart throbs in sympathy with the sufferer. What are you assuming in that What am I to assume in tread? describing it? That there is something within you that causes you to move gently across the floor. Now suppose, on the other hand, that I stop you at the door of the sick-room, and say to you, "Sir, remember that if a person wishes to walk across the floor of a sickroom he must raise one knee very high; he must first touch the forward part of the ball of the foot, and then as he is about to touch the heel he should press the other foot forward and so on; he must also have a continuous movement of the body. Now, Sir, please take care and don't jar the patient's nerves." You all see the absurdity of this. Everybody does.

In these lectures I am trying to trace the path over which states of being flow to the fruition of expression in the *Voice*. Next term I shall take up a similar course of lectures on Gesture. But for the present I am confined to the matter of the Voice. I wish to start with you to-day where I left off last Saturday. You will remember that I drew your attention to a diagram of the cerebrum, the spinal cord, and

the sympathetic nerve. I commented on what a great writer has said, "that there is no place in the cerebrum for the emotions; that the emotions are confined directly to the sympathetic nerve." You remember that in closing last week I tried to emphasize the idea that brain does not think, that nerves do not think, but that behind brain and nerves is the operator, the human soul. No human mind has been able to analyze or describe the relations between the operator and the instrument through which he operates. I believe that the human mind has always kept ahead of material Science has prophets, and prophets appear ages before the scientist comes forward to demonstrate what the prophet has foretold. As yet we have no perception of the human mind from material science. It has to do with the manifestation of mind, but the mind itself dwells where science cannot touch it. No human eye can see it. You cannot contemplate it. It is too dazzling. I assume this truth in all my teaching. I say this, lest you may mistake my meaning, and think of the brain as the source of thought. not the source of thought but it is the organ of thought, the instrument through which the mind works. writer has gone so far as to say, "As the liver secretes bile from the blood, so the brain secretes thought." He who said it is great in science, but when a man tries to live on a material plane, he generally brings confusion into his own mind. Let us examine his own statement. He says, "As the liver secretes bile from the blood, so the brain secretes thought." From what? From what? He does not tell us. Bile is in the blood. But is thought in the blood? Is that a red pool of thought? He does not say so. would be misguiding. He does not tell us from what the brain secretes thought. If he did, he would have been obliged to confess a fountain in

which thought circulates, and in that way the immortal soul would have been referred to. If he had said, "The brain secretes,"— to carry out his scientific phraseology, — "the brain thought from the Over-soul," he and I would have no chance for disputation. This is only a preface to what I am about to say and I shall not for the present at least, refer to this point again, but I wish it to be clear in your mind as you travel with me along the paths of modern science.

From the brain there issue special nerves controlling different portions of the body, one of them controlling the tongue. This is a cunning nerve, for it controls that wonderful instrument the tongue in a way that ye know not of. It controls it by its own inherent power; a power that allows of no dictation from the judgment. It is intellect itself, thrilling that nerve, and controlling the organs of speech. I have referred to this before, I wish only to keep the connection in your mind.

Now, how about the emotions. grant that the sensations which result in different forms of emotion are seated in the sympathetic nerve, or in the organs which the sympathetic nerve controls. But that sensation does not tell you what kind of emotion it is. It has to be referred to the cerebrum,—to the intellect, if you please, - before any definite form is realized. We have many different forms of emotion, — as love, hate, grief. Sensations do not interpret sensations. They are only interpreted by the intellect, for it belongs to the intellect to give form. The intellect is the interpreter and the creator of form. A sensation of the body is not an emotion. That sensation has to be sent back to the cerebrum before it becomes emotion. Some say that a man's religion or his religious emotion, is in his sympathetic nerve. And I find that many writers on psychology at the present time, are

relegating the emotions entirely to the body. I claim and shall try to show that there are no emotions in the body. Sensations there are. But sensation has to be interpreted by the cerebrum before it becomes emotion.

What is sound? It starts as a sensation. When does it become a tune? When the cerebrum interprets it. Take the finest harmony ever sung or played. The ears of the musical and the unmusical throb alike in response to it. If you could look into the drum of the ear of a man who hears no tune in it, and the drum of the ear of a man who does hear tune in it, you would see the drums throbbing exactly alike; yet one man hears, and lo a tune runs over and over and over again in his mind, and the other says he "heard a fine sound." He heard no tune. You may tell him it is such and such a tune, but he does not know one tune from another. The brain of one interprets it, and the brain of the other does not interpret it.

So it is with light falling upon the The light pours in upon the eye of the infant just as it pours in upon the eye of the adult. The adult sees objects distinctly and distinguishes one from the other, but the infant does not. Why? Because the brain of the infant is not sufficiently developed to interpret the forms of light which are poured in upon the retina. So it is with the animal. It is said by some that the animals never see the planets. Have you never seen the rising moon affect a dog? The brain of the dog is comparatively of a high order. How is it with some other animals, swine for instance? They see no moon, and they evidently see no stars. Yet we know that if you hold your eye in the same directions in which the animal holds his eye, those points in the heavens will shine in your eye. It is true that the lower animals do not see the moon and stars. Why? They have no mental attention to put upon the sensations of sight. Therefore they cannot interpret those sensations.

We see only what we look for. This is a figurative way of stating an old adage. We see, in other words, what our attention is put upon. How many things there are before our eyes all the time which we have never seen. In other words, the intellect does not interpret what the eye senses. The eye has the sensation, but there is no interpretation of it. And so with emotion. I deny its being in the body. Sensation comes up through those nerves (pointing to the blackboard), till it strikes the brain. There that sensation is interpreted.

Never does emotion reach the voice in any voluntary way until it has become definitely formed in the intellect. Intellect interprets and gives form to feeling, and feeling must take definite form before it can be voluntarily communicated to others.

It is the business of the intellect to elevate. It is its primary business to observe, but its secondary business is to elevate what it observes. Intellect looks upon the outer world, upon the objects of life. It is a careful observer, watching every sensation of every special nerve, — I mean it can do it, for it is its office to do so. Suppose the special nerve of sight experiences sensation. It is the office of the intellect to interpret it, and to elevate it. There is the special nerve of hearing. Suppose sounds are heard. If the intellect does not observe them, they are of no value. There is a sense of feeling, which represents the thrilling waves that come from touch. It is the office of the intellect primarily to observe them, and it will do so if its attention is called that way. So of every other sensation both of the interior part of the body and of the exterior part of the body. The intellect interprets them all. Sensation means noth-

ing until the intellect does interpret by having first observed it. Here lives the man, in this inner organism. The outer world is pelting upon his house, stroke on stroke. The cerebrum may seemingly be asleep. It knows nothing about the thunder that is breaking upon it from without, until something attracts its attention. Then it opens wide its doors of observation and gives formulas of interpretation; it classifies; and you have your Faraday, you have your Newton, you have your Humboldt. These great scientists of the world are interpreting the facts of Nature. Herschel looks into the heavens and sees yonder diamond points. The ray of light is only a sensation thrilling along the optic nerve, until he brings his intellect to bear upon it, then he learns something from it. That which was merely a fact shining out there in cold light in the heavens has become elevated by a Herschel, then it takes its place as a reflection of something mental. It only reflected the sunlight before; now its reflection stands related to mind. Facts are low things until they become spiritualized by the intellect. They are then elevated and become truth, and truth is much higher than fact.

The first truth is the first rung upon which the mind stands while it discovers a higher truth. Those who observe the *outer* world are scientists. but there is another realm to observe. And that other realm must be observed and interpreted before we can have a Shakespeare, before we can have a Burke, before we can have a Demosthenes, before we can have a Cicero, before we can have a Webster. before we can have a Phillips, before we can have the great preachers of the There is another world, an inner world. Let us turn our attention to the great world of feeling. When the feelings of the interior world are interpreted, we have a poet. There

is the great outer world; the intellect interprets the facts of it. There is the great interior world and the same intellect that a moment ago was scanning the facts of the outer world has turned to the inner world, and the two are joined in his mind, and we have the orator-philosopher, Burke. Some people think we can make an orator simply by teaching him to observe the outer world. This is impossible. You may give him instruments and you may give him data, but you cannot make him a communicator that shall influence the souls of others until you make him an observer of the inner world.

When you look upon the feelings as roads over which knowledge may come to the intellect; as the means for the intellect to gain glimpses of higher truth, then you will realize the service of feeling. Men who have the power of interpreting the feelings are proph-Such men hear voices that others do not hear. I am not now speaking of any special phenomenon either ancient or modern, but I simply say that a man's feelings will bring him truth if his intellect is turned upon these feelings. If feeling is not elevated; if feeling is not carried up by the intellect into a higher realm, it destroys itself, and to a certain extent destroys its possessor. Feeling, if elevated by the intellect, and carried up where it should be, becomes a thing of the highest importance. It is ennobling. But it is not ennobled if the light of the intellect is not poured upon Men in one sense are either going to heaven or to hell, just in accordance as their intellect is turned towards and elevates feeling. The feeling is either a mighty power for destruction or for construction. For destruction when left to itself — for you might as well bring all the wild beasts of the African forests, the lions and the tigers from the jungles of India, and put them into your house, among your children, as to

let feelings continue unelevated by intellect. These beasts will destroy unless there is a leash upon them. So your feelings will destroy you, steadily undermining your manhood or womanhood unless they are lifted up, and elevated by the intellect. I am not using the word "intellect" in the sense of mere faculty, but in its grand spiritual sense, in its most inclusive sense.

I said that by the road called feeling will come something which, being interpreted and elevated by the intellect, enables a man to stand up and point out a higher way. It may make a Garrison step out from his fellows and interpret a larger life for this country. It may call a Wendell Phillips to see truth which otherwise he would never have seen. A poet once called Beecher, "The man whose heart beats thoughts into his head." The intellect takes these things of the heart and interprets them. The feelings as feelings do not know anything about human nature. I may suffer. I may rejoice. That alone does not tell me anything about the rejoicing or the suffering of another. But the intellect takes hold of this feeling, lifts it up, analyzes it, and through it sees a common humanity and a common fatherhood. No, you can never be a philosopher of the highest type until you listen to your heart. You can never be an artist of the highest type until you learn to elevate your own feelings.

How far can this elevation of one's feelings go? I know not. It can take two primitives and combine them, and take that combination and join it with others; and so onward and upward we may climb by the perception of the meaning of feeling. After the intellect has interpreted feeling, it has another point higher to which it can carry it. Where can it carry grief to? How high can it carry it? There is a man bowed with grief until it has

become a writhing, scorching agony. Such agony sometimes makes on e doubt God. It may make him say, "He has not answered my prayer in preventing the grief. It makes me doubt his love and paternity, because he has not answered my prayer by preventing death from putting his palsying hand upon my little one." The intellect has gone but a little way when we feel thus. It has interpreted the sensation, yet we have a fearful crushing weight of grief. Look at it again and again and again, for the intellect has high power, and it will transform that grief into an Angel with a Key, standing at the door of heaven, unlocking its treasures, unlocking its rewards, so that grief becomes a shining angel that interprets God to us, interprets Providence to us, and that which we thought was nothing but a dispensation of affliction, becomes the highest blessing to the soul. is then elevated.

What shall we do with hate? — alldestroying hate - hate which destroys its object, and much more terribly destroys the one who experiences it? Can that be elevated, if the intellect be turned upon it? When the intellect has elevated hate into a high realm, it is no longer hate as hate. It becomes a staunch defender of right, and pushing back wrong as wrong, saves even the wrong-doer that caused that hate. There is no feeling, however low, but that the intellect by and by (we may use the word intellect synonymously with spirit, for is is but another name of this high order of intellect) may elevate it into a realm of good.

Take the better emotions. Take love, which is the sum of all the good emotions. Let it stay there on its first wing and it will die. Let it stay there upon the earth, where all things are mortal, and even it will die. Lift it into the ideal, and it becomes immortal. Moralists have had lamentation and groaning over the terrible fact

that many homes are not homes, that many marriages cease to be marriages, because love dies. Why does it die? Because many families leave it where it began. Then it dies in a short time. Macbeth and Lady Macbeth in the thought of a Shakespeare left it where it began. By and by when the soul of the devoted wife was breathed out in agony, and the women cried in grief, and the husband asked the cause and was told she was dead, did he grieve? No. The time had passed for that. Did he feel the bereavement, as she was borne away? The time had passed for that. Their love was never lifted above the passional, secular, or ambitious plane. They carried it not up into the realm where each seeks the good of the other. For until love is carried into that realm, it is only mortal, and in its dying throes may commit fearful crimes. Emotion is never safe until it takes higher forms; then it becomes constructive, elevating, divine. This very emotion, if properly interpreted and elevated by the intellect, may become the means of revelations, through which we shall see even that which the judgment sometimes doubts the existence of, namely the personal God. And if feeling, properly interpreted, may carry us up to the perception of a personal God, what can it not do?

But you have been asking what this has to do with Voice. The voice stands like an æolian harp to man's spirit. The æolian harp, placed where the breezes touch it, will tell you whether the winds are low or whether they are high. So the voice stands there as a spiritual harp, upon which the spiritual winds breathe and reveal the states of being. Hence, for us to carry the voice to its highest point of perfection, we must carry these states of being to their highest point of perfection.

I must answer one point, or else

what I have said from time to time may appear inconsistent. And that is, we have said that art is the language of feeling; we have said that eloquence is the language of feeling; we have said again that music is the language of feeling. In the evolution of thought, as Max Muller says, "There is no language until there is intellectual conception." There has been, there can be, no language of feeling until the feeling becomes an intellectual conception. Then art in its various forms becomes the language of the concept of feeling.

The human voice to me is something wonderful, something mystical. By itself it has no existence. It is like the ray of light from the sun. Take that ray of light; cut it off from the sun, and put it by itself. is it? A Franklin may bottle the lightning, but who can bottle the sunlight? The instant you bring something between that ray which is shining there so brightly and its source, there is no ray there. In childhood how often you have played with the sunbeam. There is a sun-beam shining on the nursery floor. How beautiful! It is an object of delight to childhood. How many times I have seen a child trying to catch the sun-beam. Child, you are trying to do what many an adult has tried to do. It is impossible in the nature of things; you cannot catch it. The modern voice-teachers have failed. They are trying to teach the voice by itself. You cannot do it. It is only a ray shining out of a man. Is the man moral and upright? Then the voice reports it. Is the man penurious and mean? Then that is in the Has the man a heart? pulsates in the voice. Has the man an intellect? It forms itself in the And without these different voice. states of being, you have no voice.

I have seen a man with a grand voice drive his audiences out of the church.

I knew a man with a magnificent voice who could preach the funeral sermon of his congregation in three months. I had heard of this great "crowdcompeller" who always compelled the crowds to go out. I heard the people say he had a "call" to such a church. "The death-knell of that church is sounded," they said. "He will preach it into the ground inside of a month." I had not heard him. The gentleman loaned me one of his sermons to read. As far as I could judge, it was a good one. It had eloquence and thought in When he said "Good morning," the magnificent voice seemed to me an organ tone. Such a sermon, such a voice united! Why should they sound the "death-knell" of the church? Finally I had the opportunity of listening to the man's preaching. He commenced, and the way he rolled out that text, it seemed a continuation of the diapason of the organ. Magnificent! He went on and up, each sentence more magnificent than its predecessor. But the last I remember was "magnificent." (Applause and laughter.) What was the matter? Why should such magnificence be so soporific? Why should it keep the congregation away? Because it was more comfortable sleeping at home. (Great laughter.) What was the matter with his voice? this: He had tried to bottle the sunbeam. No. No. If I were going to listen to the Gospel of St. John, "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God"; if I were going to listen to the sweet prayer, to the final consolation, "Let not your heart be troubled. believe in God, believe also in me. my father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you," if I sit as a mourner while these words are being pronounced, I hear them and am comforted. But, suppose right in the midst of the good pastor's pronunciation of these words to comfort my grieved heart, a great organ, however magnificent, starts up, pouring forth sweet sounds, glorious sounds, and prevents my hearing the Sacred Writ, accursed be that organ. Magnificent in itself, but it stands between my soul and the Comforter. So, when a man thinks of his voice as a separate thing, and lets not the spirit that is within him form it and make it a veritable power, it is becoming a mighty organ that will shut his heart and soul away from the heart and soul of the audience. It is a dangerous thing to think of it as a separate thing, for it is the harp on which the soul plays.

Intellect is the interpreter and creator of form. As the intellect acts, it formulates; it is the very fountain of form. Out of God's thought came all the forms of the universe. Out of man's finest thought come the forms of highest words. Thought will make its own form. It will take the vibrating air and carve it into form, and present it to the souls about us. Bless God for the voice. But, O, if you make that voice a curse, the crime is your own. Trust to the man within, and your voice shall become elevating. It shall become like the rising wind; it shall move over the souls of others as the waves of air move over the grasses until the grasses sing. So, if the voice is entrusted to high thought, and to high purpose, it shall go out breathing over the audience until their souls become a harp, upon which your soul discourses music that is welcome to angelic ears. (Long-continued applause.)

REPORT OF THE LIBRARY COM-MITTEE.

The Library Committee have attended to the business assigned them, and are pleased to present the following report of progress:—

In order that the students may under-

stand the general plan of the library and some of the work involved, your committee deem it advisable to at least present some of the leading ideas which have been borne in mind, or which have formulated themselves as the work progressed.

Our first work was to secure from each teacher in the College, as far as possible, a list of books which he or she would recommend for the library. These were all put into one list, classified according to subjects, and type-written copies of this list were forwarded to leading publishers and booksellers in New York City, Philadelphia, and Boston.

When these lists, with quotations, were returned they were carefully compared as regards prices, terms, editions, etc., and the lists furnishing books of best value were chosen. The quotations from Willard Small and N. J. Bartlett & Co., of Boston, were most satisfactory.

The first thought of the committee was to purchase all the books recommended, but this was found impracticable, the list we had obtained amounting to nearly one thousand dollars in We then saw that many desirable books would necessarily be left unpurchased at present for lack of funds.

The question which now confronted us was, "How shall we use our money to the best advantage of the College?" After careful thought we decided to follow closely two main ideas.

First, that this is to be, at least for the present, a reference library.

Second, usefulness to the greatest students. These two number of thoughts will further explain our selection, and also the omission of many good books.

We had greatly desired to at least accomplish two things, namely: To purchase all the books recommended by Dr. Dorchester, and also the books in the Advanced Course of reading in the College; but these also we were forced to abandon. We, therefore, made our selection solely with these points in view:—

1. Is this a valuable reference book on subjects pertaining to our col-

lege work?

2. Will it be generally useful to our students?

In this light the previous list was much diminished, but we still had more books on the list than our funds would buy. It then became necessary to use the scissors once more, and this time the question was, What books are absolutely necessary, and what ones can we possibly spare from the list?

The result of the last comparison was the library in its present form, and the committee feel justified in saying that there is not an unnecessary book on our shelves nor one of which we need feel ashamed.

The list of books donated to the library is as follows:—

r. Poems of Emily Dickinson . . Mr. Clinton B. Burgess 2. Louis XVI. A Drama by Adair Welcker From the Author 3. Encyclopedia Britannica. Ninthed. 30 vols.

Mr. Edward Everett Sherman
4. Bartlett's Familiar Quotations Miss Sarah A. Mellen
5. Romola. George Eliot Miss Ethel Hornick
6. College Latin Course in English, Mr. Fred W. Devens
7. Poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes The Author
9. Flavia. A Drama. Adair Welcker The Author
9. The Golden Guess. John Vance Cheney The Author
10. Bible Studies. Henry Ward Beecher
11. Monuments of Upper Egypt. Mariette Bey Miss Susan
12. Matthew Arnold's Poems France Miss Susan
13. Shadows of the Stage. William Winter
14. King's Hand book of the United States

Miss Nellie Reynolds Miss Nellie Reynolds

Financial Report of the Library Committee of the Emerson College of Oratory.

22. Lübke's History of Art . . . Miss Grace Eure Jones

Oct. 24, 1893.

Cash on hand Received by donation					:	\$268.50
Total						\$273.50

Paid Out.

Aug. 15, 1893, Willard Small, Books	\$116.19						
Aug. 19, 1893, N. J. Bartlett & Co., Books	73 59						
Sept. 12, 1893, Damrell, Upham & Co., Books	4.50						
Sept. 15, 1893, Willard Small, Books	22 17						
Sept. 15, 1893, N. J. Bartlett & Co., Books	3.85						
Sept. 20, 1893, S. G. Greenwood, Typewriting Lists,							
Sept. 26, 1893, Cashman, Keating & Co., Printing							
Labels	7.50						
Aug. 23, 1893, Funk & Wagnalls, Standard Dictionary	1.00						
J. E. Grigg, Account Books, etc	4.54						
Oct. 10, 1893, Cashman, Keating & Co., Cards and							
Labels	2.50						
Oct. 10, 1893, Reserved for Standard Dictionary .							
Sept. 20, 1803. DeWolfe, Fiske & Co., Books							
Oct. 17, 1893, Willard Small, balance on Exchanged							
Books	.65						
Oct. 24, 1893, Cashman & Keating, Catalogues	10.00						
Total paid out to Oct. 24 · · · · · · ·	\$272.70						
	\$273.50						
	272.70						
	0.						
Balance on hand Oct. 24, 1893	.80						

Suggestions.

Your committee at this time would respectfully make a few suggestions which have formulated themselves during the summer's work.

- I. Recognizing the helpful thoughts received from him, and also his practical knowledge of books and literature, we recommend that Prof. Walter B. Tripp be added to the Library Committee.
- 2. We suggest that one new member be added to represent the Freshman Class.
- 3. The committee are deeply sensible of the fact that many good books which are necessary are not upon the shelves. It is but natural that this thought should arise in the minds of some, viz.: "Such and such a book is a good one. It is necessary. Why is it not upon the shelves?" In reply to this your committee can only say, "Yes, it is a good book. It is necessary. Why is it not upon the shelves?" The answer is obvious.

Therefore, your committee have taken into consideration the necessity of using early means to raise funds to complete the list of books. The committee are not now prepared to state the details of the plan, but will present them at the proper time.

4. It would have been compara-

tively easy to fill the shelves with books had we solicited voluntary contributions, for no doubt every person present and many others would be glad to add something; but recognizing the desire for a reference library of standard books, we asked advice and aid from several responsible literary people, including Mr. Appleton Griffin of the Boston Public Library, who is one of the best authorities on books in the country. From these persons we received many valuable suggestions which we shall be glad to communicate to such persons as may desire to present books to the library.

The committee are very desirous that all should feel the importance of starting right, and, above all, of maintaining the high standard of the books on our shelves. We know by experience that with the best intentions we should not have been able to make the wisest choice without these suggestions, and therefore feel that all will realize the desirability and necessity of conferring with the committee before presenting books. Therefore, all persons intending to make donations of books are requested to confer with the committee, as there are some books of which we are in special need, and it would be better to obtain them first. There will be a list of books suggested for purchase in the library, which all may consult as desired.

5. Several departments are at present, very inadequately represented especially those relating to Oratory, Physical Culture, and Expression. These, of course, will be among the first thoughts at the time of the next purchase.

 $6_{\rm r}$ One member of the Post-Graduate Class has offered to give the proceeds of her first public engagement to the Library Fund. The committee are deeply sensible of the generosity of this offer, and trust the plan may commend itself to other members of the College.

The books have all been selected, purchased, paid for, labelled, numbered, put upon the shelves and catalogued; the library room has been furnished with tables and chairs; there are loan cards; a Librarian has been appointed, and the Library Committee take great pleasure in behalf of the Emerson College of Oratory in presenting to the students and members of the Faculty "The Emerson College Library." May it continue to grow in extent and usefulness, and may it be an endless source of help to all!

CECIL HARPER, Chairman, FREDRIC A. METCALF, Secretary, HENRY L. SOUTHWICK, EDWIN E. COX, EMANUEL L. SWIGERT.

EXERCISE AFTER EATING.

A Morning Talk by President Emerson.

I will answer a question that I find upon the desk.

"Is it advisable to practise vocal and physical exercises immediately after

eating?"

I would not like to make an absolute rule in regard to this. I should want to vary it. People are so different, and the same people are so different at different times, that we must be very careful about insisting upon arbitrary rules in such matters. With the majority of people, under ordinary circumstances and conditions, it is better not to practise either vocal or physical exercises immediately after eating. When you eat, there is immediate cause for activity in the stomach. Nature responds to attack. That is her law everywhere. You have attacked the stomach, you have given it something to do; in other words, you have made an appeal to the stomach by putting food into it. Now, the blood

has a tendency to go there to support the secreting organs. The stomach commences to secrete gastric juice immediately after you swallow the first morsel of food. Whenever any organ is active, more blood flows there to sustain it. With many persons too much blood flows to the stomach. Not immediately after eating, but after perhaps half an hour, when the blood should not be flowing there quite so strongly, it increases so much as to prevent digestion. If there is an extra exertion, there is a tendency to bring too much blood to the stomach, and that is almost as bad as when there is not enough, because the tendency is towards congestion of the stomach. So it is the better general rule to wait after you have swallowed the last morsel, for say half an hour, before taking the physical exercises. This is a general rule. Some might need to wait longer and some might begin sooner. If you have ever had the dyspepsia, nervous dyspepsia especially, and there has come a hard bunch, as you feel it, in the stomach,—some say it feels like a stone,—that is caused by an excess of blood. There is a tendency to congestion. Now take the exercises. Get the blood going elsewhere. Take them strongly, steadily, and the blood will flow away from the stomach, and the bunch will disappear.

So much for the physical exercises. As to taking the vocal exercises immediately after eating, it depends very much upon what the vocal exercises are. There is a vocal exercise that I have recommended for the stomach; it is a good one for the voice, and is a vital exercise for the stomach. I think I have not presented it to you this year. I learned the exercise of an old Italian teacher of the voice with whom I studied many years ago. He was a man of great experience in music, and for many years had devoted himself to teaching both the singing and the

speaking voice. He gave me the exercise for my voice, not thinking of its effect upon the physical system. (Illustrates with his own voice and the voices of the class.) Well, I had pretty hard work to get that exercise just right. It was a very powerful exercise for the stomach. I was paying him five dollars a lesson and I knew the only way to get my money's worth was to to practise. I was determined to get my money's worth. And so I practised ten hours a day. In that way, you see, it would be only fifty cents an hour. Cheap lessons, fifty cents an hour! (Laughter.) But at last I was not satisfied with that. habit grew upon me and I began to practise in my sleep — so they told me. My practice was so great, in trying to get the exercise right, that it caused a bunch to come over my stomach. never did believe in resorting to surgical operations, so I did not have the tumor removed — and the consequence was that the tumor grew and spread until it went all around me! (Laughter.) The exercise is a slight impulse of the muscles around the stomach. He said it was an impulse of the diaphragm. But the diaphragm was in fashion in those days. (Laughter.) was a little impulse from the muscles around the stomach. So I went to work. I had suffered from dyspepsia. Dante found seven hells; in dyspepsia I found seventy! This light impulse given to the muscles around the stomach, in tone resembles laughter. It is not an exercise of the throat at all. Give it with the breath, and you will be sure to give it right. give it with the voice, and it bursts into laughter. I have found that vocal exercise very efficient. Many voice exercises are merely a nervous strain. There is no repose in them. Anything that brings on a nervous strain soon after eating, is bad. You want repose. You want centre. You want ease.

Then you want exercises that are certainly below the throat. Any attempt to concentrate the mind severely after eating is not beneficial. It is this exertion that produces the strain, and injures the vital powers. Man was made to work easily, to work without effort, but to do that he must reach a high state of discipline. And of the value of discipline I will speak to you on some future occasion.

PERSONALS.

Allyn . . .

During the past summer Miss Louise H. Allyn, '94, of New London, Conn., assisted at an entertainment at Carbondale, Ill., where among her other selections she recited her original "A Story of the War," which was enthusiastically received.

Atwater . . .

The classes conducted last year in the Y. M. C. A. at Haverhill by Prof. Palmer are being continued this year by Mr. Atwater, besides some private work. The classes are principally composed of public school teachers in the city.

Bernauer and Daniel . . .

Mr. Francis Bernauer and Mr. Harvey Daniel passed their summer vacation pleasantly in giving recitals in Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, and Indiana. They had charge of the elocutionary department of the Indiana State Chautauqua, held at Spring Fountain Park, Eagle Lake. Mr. Daniel is now travelling as humorist with a concert company.

Blalock ...

Miss Blalock's work at the Tennessee Chautauqua, Monteagle, was very successful. The classes were large and enthusiastic. Many of the leading educators of the South attended her lectures, and all subscribed most heartily to the methods employed. Miss Blalock also gave readings in many of the prominent cities of the South, opening up the field and winning many converts for the Emerson College.

Breakstone . . .

'Miss Adela Breakstone, '91, spent part of her vacation in Boston visiting her friend Mrs. Tripp. This is her third year at the Wyoming Seminary, Kingston, Penn., where she has large and growing classes in physical culture. In her juvenile classes in elocucution she has found Miss Klein's book very helpful.

Chase . . .

Mr. William E. Chase, '93, who resides in Newburyport, came into Boston twice a week during the summer, to study the dramatic work of the postgraduate year. He also took vocal work with Prof. Cheney.

Chapin . . .

Mr. Benjamin C. Chapin has already filled nearly forty full evening engagements this season, and as many more partial programs. He has travelled in Pennsylvania, Indiana, West Virginia, and Ohio. While in the last named State he paid a visit to Akron where he read in Buchtel College and enjoyed a visit with Dr. Butterfield, whom our former students will remember as Professor Kidder's predecessor in the department of Vocal Physiology.

Colbath ...

Mr. D. W. Colbath, '92, has prepared a beautiful prose and poetry Calendar for 1894, printed in purple and gold on enamelled paper and containing choice extracts from standard writers both English and American. It is mounted on a handsomely illuminated bristol board, and forms an ornament for any home in the land. Mr. Colbath has also prepared an elegant little booklet entitled "Noble Thoughts," selected from the writings of the late lamented Bishop Brooks, which will be appreciated by all who have not time to read his works in full.

Crommett . . .

Mrs. Jessie B. Crommett gave a recital to a full house at the Royal Arcanum Opera House, Pullman, Ill., one of Chicago's beautiful suburbs, on June 16, and combined business with pleasure by teaching a class there during the summer and attending to the sights at the White City.

Dow . . .

Mr. Mart Dow the genial and popular humorist of the Ariel-Dow Concert Company, has just returned from his ten weeks' western trip with the Redpath Lyceum Bureau. He is looking well, says he has enjoyed himself (and everybody that knows him believes it) and the Western Press unite in saying there is nothing "stale, flat, or unprofitable" about him.

Gaylord . . .

Last September, Mr. Joseph S. Gaylord, '93, gave an address on the Emerson Philosophy of Education at Knox College, Galesburg, Ill. Mr. Gaylord is at present teaching two classes in the Philosophy of the Steps in the Evolution of Expression. These classes are open to postgraduates and juniors.

Grilley . . .

Mr. Chas. T. Grilley has already booked seventy engagements for the season, twenty-two of these being in November. He'left Boston early in December for a month's trip in Ohio and New York.

Hadley . . .

Miss Fanny C. D. Hadley has resigned her position as teacher, and is now living in Somerville, Mass.

Hansen and Sanborn . . .

Miss Nellie A. Hansen, '90, is at Peddie Institute, Heightstown, N. J., substituting for Miss Helen M. S. Sanborn, '89, who has obtained leave of absence till April to review her studies in the Emerson College.

Hasie . .

Mr. George E. Hasie, '92, who will long be remembered for his many acts of kindness to all who needed him during the three years at the Emerson College, and also as the only one in the whole College who could call every student by name, is at present teaching physical culture at Fort Worth, Tex. His recent address before the Teachers' Institute in that city is highly endorsed by the local press, as also are his public readings, both there and in Nebraska City.

Hastings . . .

Prof. Henry W. Hastings who occupies the chair of oratory at Moody's College, Mount Hermon, Franklin County, spent part of his vacation at the Emerson College visiting his friends. In addition to his work in elocution he has added to his honors and labors by taking charge of classes in English literature.

Hatch . . .

Miss Martha Hatch, '92, is to make an extensive tour through California with her brother, Mr. Lorenzo Hatch, this winter.

Hoyt ...

In addition to her teaching in the College, Miss Daisy Carroll Hoyt's engagements as a member of "The Rivals" have already called her to nearly all the New England States. The company will shortly start on a tour through New York State. Miss Hoyt's repertoire for this season includes among other selections "Silence" by Mary Wilkins, "A Platonic Friendship" by Barrée, "The First Christmas Eve" by Lew Wallace, and a "Poet's Vision" by Eugene Field.

Hornick . . .

Miss Ethel A. Hornick, '93, has returned to her work after a most successful reading tour across the continent. She is no less successful in her winter's dates in Boston and vicinity.

Hussey . . .

Miss May Hussey, '91, of Salem, recently addressed the Woman's Club of New Bedford on the life and work of Lucy Stone. Miss Hussey is teaching in Salem, New Bedford, and Marblehead.

Jefferis . . .

Miss Sara Jefferis, '92, who is with the Schumann Concert Company, has been engaged nearly every evening since the beginning of the season, filling engagements in New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and Ohio. In addition to her classic readings she gives a very attractive number, entitled "A Morning in Birdland," in which she presents not only the tones but also the characters of twelve different feathered songsters. Miss Jeffries is now spending her vacation at the Emerson College.

Jones . . .

Miss Grace Safford Jones has secured a very fine position as teacher of physical culture and oratory in Los Angeles, Cal. She also has a class in Pasadena.

King . . .

Miss Julia T. King is engaged in teaching at Dean Academy, Franklin, where she has fifty pupils. She also belongs to the

Columbian Concert Company of which Wolf Fries is a member. The company are already booked for all the New England States.

Klein . . .

Miss Margaret A. Klein, the author of *The Step-Ladder*, is spending part of her vacation in Boston at the Emerson College of Oratory. Her little book is meeting with deserved success. Already the first edition is nearly exhausted. Miss Landers in Nova Scotia, Miss Adela Breakstone in in Kingston, Penn., Miss Maude Scott in Boston, and many others are delighted with it for children's classes. During the present winter Miss Klein has enjoyed the coveted privilege of attending a course of lectures on Shakespeare at Johns Hopkins University by Dr. Horace Howard Furness, editor of the Variorum Shakespeare.

Knox . . .

Miss Elizabeth Fayerweather Knox who was in attendance at the Emerson College two years ago, was married to Mr. Harvey Oliver Powell, November 11, 1893, from her home, Brewster, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Powell will reside at River Falls, Wisconsin. We heartily congratulate the groom and wish the bride great joy.

Lamkin . . .

Miss Grace Mae Lamkin, '93, had a very successful tour in New York State last summer. She has been engaged by several of the bureaus this winter as reader in their companies.

Lamprell . . .

In addition to her numerous reading engagements, Miss Sadie Foss Lamprell, '95, is teaching at the Union Institute of Arts, Boylston Street, and also at her home in Malden, Mass.

Mackie . . .

Miss Carlie Mackie, a freshman of last year and a graduate of the DeMill Ladies' College, Oshawa, Ontario, is now teaching the Emerson System of Physical Culture in her Alma Mater.

McDiarmid and Neill . . .

The first recital in Berkeley Hall was given on Tuesday, Nov. 28, by Miss Belle M. McDiarmid and Miss Sarah Adèle Neill, assisted by Mr. Chas. T. Grilley and Mr. E

Gardner Crane of the P. G. class, and by Miss Ellen Maud Kinsman, soprano soloist, and Miss May Woolever, pianist.

Morgan ...

Miss Minnie L. Morgan, of the post-graduate class, has been called to the chair of oratory in Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Penn. Miss Morgan starts at once for her new field of labor; and while we are all sorry to lose her, we heartily congratulate her on her new honors.

Neilsen . . .

Miss Theodora H. Neilsen, '93, has a studio at 180 Tremont Street, where she receives pupils in piano, training of the voice and sight singing. Her earnest study under the best masters here and at her home in Norway, as well as the College work, has well fitted her for her profession.

Nichols . . .

Miss Cora D. Nichols, '91, has just paid us a short vacation visit. She is still engaged in teaching at the Ladies College, Whitby, Ontario, where she has introduced the Emerson System with such success that the department of Oratory has become the most popular in the College.

Phoenix . . .

Miss Lydia G. Phænix, '92, is teaching at Oswego, N. Y., having been elected to the faculty of the academic department of the public schools in that city.

Roberts ...

Mr. J. M. Roberts has organized classes in oratory at the Boston University Law School, where he is showing not only his knowledge of the Emerson system of expression, but also his excellent ability as a teacher; as is evident from the interest he has awakened, and from the steady and rapid growth of his classes.

Sanborn . . .

During the recent W. C. T. U. convention at Lancaster, Penn., Miss Helen M. S. Sanborn, '89, gave a reading and talk to the delegation, and on the "Y" night delivered a lecture on physical culture.

Smith . . .

Mrs. Addie Chase Smith, '89, has large classes in New York City, Southington, Conn., and Northampton, Mass. She is also engaged in giving public readings.

Snow . . .

A recital was given in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, Hyde Park, Mass., on Wednesday evening, Nov. 22, by Miss Mabel Snow, assisted by Mr. Claude Fisher, violinist; Miss Deane, piano soloist; Miss May Greenwood, contralto; Mr. Albert Conant, accompanist, and Mr. Waldo T. Worcester, reader. Miss Snow and Mr. Worcester gave the Closet Scene from Hamlet, and Miss Snow's final number was a cutting from "The Last Days of Pompeii." During Miss Greenwood's solo, a lamp exploded and there was some temporary excitement, but Miss Greenwood maintained her self-command, and order was soon restored. In spite of the accident the entertainment was a success.

Stephens . . .

Miss Eleanor G. Stephens who was formerly teaching in Lombard University, Galesburg, Ill., now occupies the chair of Oratory in St. Johnsbury Academy, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Weeks . . .

Miss Sara M. Weeks, '92, is engaged in teaching in the public schools at her home in St. Albans, Vt., where she has eight hundred pupils in physical culture. She has also a number of private pupils, and in the spring will have charge of the June exhibition.

Whitehead . . .

On Thursday, Oct. 26, Miss Anna L. Whitehead, '95, gave a lecture on physical culture in the chapel of the Eliot Church, Roxbury, assisted by Miss Tourtellot in readings, and Miss Taylor in instrumental music. At the close Misses Whitehead, Tourtellot, and Underhill gave the Emerson exercises in Greek costume, accompanied by Miss Taylor on the piano.

Woodside ...

Miss Winnie Woodside of Lewiston, teacher of oratory and physical culture at the Union Female College, Eufaula, Alabama, is receiving many compliments from the press of that city. Her work in the school is spoken of in the most enthusiastic terms, and a recital at the Opera House, recently given by her and her pupils, fairly took the audience by storm.





DELSARTE

EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE

VOL. II.

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No. 3

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PUBLISHED BY THE

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY

Cor. Tremont and Berkeley Sts., Boston, Mass.

An Authorized Exponent of President Emerson's Philosophy of Expression.

CECIL HARPER					٠	MANAGING	EDITOR	
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No Advertisements Received.

François Delsarte.

We present our readers this month with a portrait of François Delsarte, whose name as a teacher of oratory, and especially as a teacher of gesture, is so well known throughout America, and is now becoming known in his native country — France. It is not our purpose in this brief sketch to attempt any summary of his teaching. Books claiming to do so can easily be procured. Our desire is simply to mention a few inspiring facts in the life of this great, good, and self-made man.

François Delsarte was born at Solesme, France, in 1811. When only six years old his father, a skilful physician, but not a successful financier, died in poverty, and his mother took her two children to Paris, hoping

there to earn a livelihood. But soon the mother died too, leaving her infants to the mercy of the cold world. The children slept in a loft and subsisted by begging. The winter of 1821 was unusually severe in France. When François was only ten years old, one December night he and his brother were huddled in each other's arms to keep themselves warm. When he awoke in the morning, it was to find his arms around the starved and frozen corpse of his little brother. François was alone in the world, an orphan and a beggar.

Such was the childhood of this great man. Can anything more forlorn and hopeless be imagined? But François was no ordinary child. As a mere lad he developed a remarkable aptitude for music. As Pascal, at twelve years of age, unaided and without books invented the elements of geometry, so did Delsarte at the same age invent a system of musical notation which attracted the attention of a philanthropic gentleman and secured his admission into the Conservatoire, and at eighteen, he held a leading position on the operatic boards at Paris.

But alas the greatest calamity that can possibly befall a singer befell Delsarte! He lost his voice. For a year he could not sing at all, and his voice was never entirely restored. But Delsarte was a man of indomitable will and instead of folding his hands in despair he resolutely set himself to work to ascertain the cause of his failure. He felt that it was due to the faulty method of instruction then in vogue, and what he deemed his misfortune led

him to search for the natural basis of expression in art. But his studies led him to broader and deeper research than he himself had at first perceived. He was engaged in nothing less than the study of the human soul and its manifestation in the human body. A devout Catholic and without the advantages of an early education or the broadening influences of modern scientific methods, his analysis of the human soul recognized its trinity but omitted one of the faculties commonly accepted by psychologists, namely the will. He divided the soul into three states sometimes called mental, moral, and vital, asserting that the will lends itself to the faculty whose activity is uppermost.

The great discoveries claimed for Delsarte are first *Correspondence*, or the fact that the mental, moral, and vital states are expressed by concentric, normal, and eccentric attitudes of body, and second *Modification*, or the fact that each state becomes triple by modification of the other two, thus giving nine forms of expression.

A student of Plato, of Swedenborg, and of Mysticism, Delsarte's philosophy is strangely fascinating. His intuition is as keen as a woman's, and his portrait shows him to be a man of

penetrating observation.

Personally he has been called proud, but it is more truthful to say that he regarded his art as sacred, and would not consent to lower it to the level of buffoonery. From religious scruples he, like Joseph Meyer, of Ober-Ammergau, refused the most tempting offers to appear on the boards of the theatre. When invited to the Court of Louis Philippe, he absolutely disdained compensation, and consented to appear only on condition that he should be the only artist present, and that he should be treated as a guest. He regarded himself not as a performer but as a teacher, and like Spenser, Milton, and Wordsworth was always conscientiously loyal to this sacred conviction.

Among his pupils were several of world-wide fame. The names of Sontag and Rachel are too well known to need elaboration. Madame Malibran was his friend. The King of Hanover was so gratified with the progress of a favorite pupil whom he had committed to Delsarte's instruction, that he bestowed on him the coveted Hanoverian medal of arts and sciences, and the cross of a chevalier of Guelph.

Delsarte never wrote anything for publication. He could not be induced to do so. He felt that his work had not been brought to such a state of perfection as to warrant it. Had he been spared to carry on his investigations a few years longer, had he had the advantage of modern pedagogical methods, it is impossible to say what wonderful discoveries he might have been permitted to make, but alas! in July 1871, in the sixtieth year of his age, surrounded by his praying wife and weeping children, in close and loving communion with the Mother Church of which he had been so faithful a member, he rendered his soul to God.

While our loss is his gain, and while we mourn that he had not been spared to bring his marvellous system to completion we are filled with devout gratitude that he lived to carry light into darkness, to lead the human mind to take a step in advance, to elevate the noble but neglected art of oratory, and to leave a name which is an inspiration to every student of expression.

"RICHELIEU."

"A Brilliant Entertainment in Aid of the Library Fund.

In accordance with the announcement made in our last number, on Wednesday afternoon, February 7, Bulwer Lytton's romantic drama "Richelieu," was presented by the faculty and students of the Emerson College of

Oratory, in Union Hall, beautifully costumed and with appropriate scenery, stage accessories and music by Ruisseau's Orchestra.

The programme was as follows:—

CAST.

Louis XIII., King of France, Fredric A. Metcalf Gaston, Duke of Orleans, Waldo T. Worcester Count de Baradas, Charles W. Kidder Cardinal, Duc de Richelieu, Henry L. Southwick Chevalier de Mauprat, The Sieur de Beringhen, Joseph, a Capuchin, Thomas A. Curry François, a Page to Richelieu, John B. Weeks Huguet, an Officer of Richelieu's Guard,

De Clermont, a Courtier,
First Secretary,
Second Secretary,
Third Secretary,
Captain of the Guard,
Julie de Mortimer, Ward to Richelieu,

Jessie Eldridge Southwick Marion de Lorme, a Spy, Lola Purman Tripp Soldiers, Conspirators, Pages, and Attendants.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

Act I.— Scene I.— Paris — A room in the house of Marion de Lorme.

Scene 2.— Paris — A room in the Cardinal's palace.

Act II.—Scene 1.—Paris — De Mauprat's house.

Scene 2.— Same as Act I, Scene 2.

Act III.— Ruelle— Chamber in Richelieu's

Act III.— Ruelle — Chamber in Richelieu's Castle.

Act IV.—Paris — Gardens of the Louvre.

Act V.—Paris — Apartments of State in the

Louvre.

Music: Ruisseau's Orchestra.

Overture, "Jolly Robbers," Serenade — Moskowski; Cornet Solo by Fred Blanchard, Gavotte — "Little Beautie;" Loin de Bal; "Priest's March "from Athalie; March from "Faust."

Business Manager, William E. Atwater. Stage Manager, Charles W. Kidder. Assistant Stage Manager, Waldo Worcester. Properties, Fredric A. Metcalf, George E. Tracy. Prompter, Frank B. Stowe.

Ushers.

Joseph S. Gaylord, Benjamin C. Edwards, Ferdinand J. Karasek, Dwight C. Williams, Willis B. Hall, Charles D. Workman, William H. White, George B. Ongley.

Costumes, Shirley Smith. Wigs, Charles A. Garey.

That the play was admirably given, goes without saying. Prof. Southwick in the title rôle was ably sustained by Mrs. Southwick, Professors Kidder,

Tripp, and Metcalf, and selected members from among the advanced students. As soon as the doors were opened, the crowd waiting outside at once filled almost every seat in the hall, so that most of those who came later found standing room only. The performance was enthusiastically received, and there were numerous recalls. After the curtain had dropped on the last act, Professor Southwick was called for and spoke substantially as follows:—

"I am not prepared for this, and fancied that the delivery of some nine hundred lines this afternoon would abundantly satisfy for some time to come any desire to hear the sound of my voice. (Laughter.) But since you seem to want a little admixture of commonplace English with the stately lines of Bulwer (laughter), I will gladly take the opportunity of your hearty call, to thank you in behalf of our Library Committee for your generous patronage of our entertainment, the object of which is simply and solely to place within easy reach of our students such books as will be most useful for collateral reading along the lines of the various branches of study pursued in the college, and most helpful as a means of personal culture. You have aided us most materially by your attendance to-day; and when I say that your gift is "twice blessed," - that it blesses both giver and receiver, I mean not only to emphasize the general truth regarding gifts that come from the heart, but also to call your attention to the fact that for some little time to come, it so happens that giver and receiver will be substantially one and the same. (Laughter.)

I am also happy of an opportunity of publicly thanking our friends, Mr. Charles A. Garey and Mr. Shirley Smith, who have respectively provided wigs and costumes for this play. These gentlemen have been more than kind, and I feel that your committee owes

them more than the price which they have put upon their services.

As for those of and in the college, who in costume or out of it have tried so hard to make this entertainment a success, I shall offer them no formal thanks. They have not done this thing for public acknowledgment, and have found their reward in the work itself.

(Applause.) And now to you, ladies and gentlemen, in behalf of the members of the cast of Richelieu, I feel to thank you most earnestly and warmly for your encouragement, and your kindly reception of our effort to entertain you. But I want it distinctly understood that we are not "stage-struck" (Laughter and Applause.) We are meditating no excursion into the theatric realm, and neither appeal to the favor of the public in this guise nor challenge its criticism. And yet we place the study of the dramatic prominent in our curriculum. We devote much time to it because we recognize its value in the development of personal power. We turn to the dramatic because it furnishes us with ideas and with ideals; because it covers the canvas of the brain and fills the niches of the mind with pictures that breathe, and statues that move; because its illusions are sufficiently vivid to make us feel the possibility of similar experiences in our own lives, and awaken the noble passion of heroic virtue protecting innocence; because it broadens our knowledge of human nature, and cultivates those keen perceptions into the motives, the view-point, the feelings, the personal needs of others that lift the plodding instructor into the dignity and usefulness of the true teacher. We study the dramatic because it broadens the sympathy, which is the impulse of all high teaching; because it cultivates the imagination, which is the mother of all forms of art; ecause it nurtures the sense of beauty,

which rules the world; and because, in its highest and purest forms, it provides those ideals of high thinking and high living which lift the souls of men Godward. (Applause.)

Again I thank you and bid you goodnight. (Applause.)

That our readers may see that our own favorable opinion of the performance is more than endorsed by professional critics, we append a few extracts from the Boston press.

[Boston Ideas.]

To undertake and carry to successful completious a drama of the exacting requirements of "Richelieu," is an undertaking of no small magnitude; to win for it the attention and approval that was secured for it from the crowded house which gathered at Union Hall on Wednesday afternoon, is a triumph of which professionally organized companies might well be proud. That a single performance, with all the attendant obstacles to be overcome, could accomplish such a result, only further augments the already well-established fact that the Emerson College of Oratory is a practical and thorough disciplinarian in the branches in which it furnishes instruction, and its teachers are not only well versed in theory, but are competent when put to the proof of utility.

In the title rôle the impersonation of Henry L. Southwick readily claimed the chief attention. It was an assumption of strength and well-defined delineation, that eminently formed the pivotal centre around which the incidents circled. It was not alone a character well thought out, but in pose and carriage, clear expression of meaning added to distinct enunciation and shadings, presented to the audience a reality. The Count de Baradas of Charles W. Kidder was a decidedly effective portrayal of this crafty schemer, and not a little of the performance's success is attributable to his skilful handling of this difficult part. Fredric A. Metcalf was a representative king, and well brought out the peculiarities of Louis XIII. Chevalier de Mauprat found an able interpreter in Walter B. Tripp, and his bearing of oppression easily earned for him the sympathy of the audience. Jessie Eldridge Southwick made a pleasing Julie de Mortimer, and gave strength to the production. The remainder of the cast is entitled to credit, for the, in general, capable manner in which they performed the minor parts, special mention being due to John B, Weeks, Thomas A. Curry, and Lola Purman Tripp.

The play was well staged, and appropriately costumed. A particularly noticeable feature was the careful and clear enunciation, and the general ease which marked the performers. After the final curtain, in response to the college cheer and hearty applause, Professor Southwick came forward, and expressed the thanks of himself and associates in a few well-chosen words.

[Boston Herald.]

The library fund of the Emerson College of Oratory is meritorious in that it inspires efforts for its own benefit, resulting in such an excellent production of "Richelieu" as was given yesterday afternoon in Union Hall, by professors and students of the college.

The hall was packed with an attentive audience. The presentation was a revelation to the chance friend of the college who dropped in for an afternoon's amusement. He left with the firmly fixed belief that the entertainment was of decided merit, and reflected the greatest credit upon all who

participated.

The curtain rose at two o'clock, and the performance moved smartly until five, showing skilful stage

Mr. Southwick's trying rôle was interpreted with a power and skill that was a source of great pleasure. He was called out repeatedly at the close of every act, and when the play was over he was compelled to make a speech.

Mrs. Southwick shared the honors bestowed upon her husband, and the others upon whom most

of the support fell did exceedingly well.

This efficient staff was also responsible for the

success of the production.

The costumes and stage settings were beautiful, and in excellent taste.

[Boston Globe.]

The bill consisted of no less an undertaking than Bulwer's blank verse historical play, "Richelieu." Candor compels the confession that it was

rendered in a highly creditable manner.

The performance throughout showed abundant evidence of hard work in the way of preparation, the closest attention having been given the minor details, which inexperienced actors are not generally expected to think of. The audience could hardly have applauded more spontaneously and heartily had Irving and Terry been playing the leading

The principal hits were made by Mr. Southwick, whose make-up and performance of the rôle of the wily cardinal were strong, and by Jessie Southwick, whose Julie gained her the sympathetic admiration of every auditor with an impressionable nature.

[Boston Times.]

It is a precarious task for others than professionals to attempt to satisfactorily produce such a play as "Richelieu," but Bulwer Lytton's master-piece, teeming with romance and adventure, was given a performance in Union Hall last Wednesday afternoon, by the faculty of the Emerson College of Oratory and some of the advanced students, that in many respects might be profitably imitated by professionals.

Mr. Henry L. Southwick's performance of the title rôle easily carried off the honors. His Richelieu was a creation in which he seemed to exist, and again demonstrated his fine abilities as an actor. His reading of the lines was exceptionally good, all their grandeur and nobleness being brought out with pleasing effect. It was a most artistic effort, offering good field for Mr. South-

wick's powers.

The other characters were well sustained. Walter B. Tripp's Chevalier de Mauprat was manly and vigorous, and Mr. Charles W. Kidder's Count de Baradas was played neatly and well. Mr. Waldo T. Worcester's Duke of Orleans was also a satisfactory performance. Jessie Eldridge Southwick as the heroine was charmingly sweet, but not lacking in force. The other members of the cast were satisfactory in their respective rôles.

The costumes and scenic appointments were rich and in keeping with the time of the play. In fact, the whole performance in every detail was a brilliant one, calculated to reap fresh laurels for

the participants and managers.

The Library Committee have the pleasure of reporting that the following books have been placed on the shelves:

Century Dictionary, 6 volumes. Burke's Works, 16 volumes. Ruskin's Works, 13 volumes. Rolfe's Shakespeare, 20 volumes. Knight's Pictorial Shakespeare, 6 vol-

Browning's Poems, 7 volumes. Austin's Cheironomia. Corson's Introduction to Browning. Dowden's Introduction to Shakespeare. Evolution of Christianity. Greek and Roman Mythology. Judith Shakespeare. Life and Art of Edwin Booth. Life of Webster. Trench on Words. Mabie's Literary Interpretation. The Koran. The Verbalist. 7,000 Words Mispronounced. Classic Myths. Extempore Speech. Bulfinch's Mythology. Bryant's Poetical Works.

Professor Kidder's Trip.

Knowing that all students of the Emerson College of Oratory will be interested in Professor Charles W. Kidder's visit to the Old World, we herewith publish a sketch of his proposed route, which he has kindly furnished at our request.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

In compliance with your request, I will endeavor to outline our trip, although it is impossible to tell positively just what it will include, as we are going independently of party, and shall modify our present plans if it seems desirable.

We sail on the North German Lloyd S. S. Kaiser Wilhelm II. on Saturday, February 10, for Gibraltar, where we are due on the 18th instant. Then we shall cross to Tangiers, Morocco, for two or three days. Returning to Gibraltar, we shall spend about ten days in Spain, visiting Malaga, Cordova, Seville, and Granada.

Sailing from Malaga we go to Oran, thence to Algiers by rail, and so on to Tunis, and up to the site of ancient Carthage; thence by coast-line steamers from Tunis (touching at Tripoli and some other North African towns) to Alexandria, where we hope to arrive about March 25. Egypt, Cairo, Memphis, the Pyramids, and the Sphynx will claim

our attention for about two weeks.

Leaving Egypt from Port Said early in April, we expect to arrive at Jaffa in time to go to Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and through Palestine to Damascus on horse or mule back for a thirty days' trip before the weather becomes unbearably

We leave the Holy Land by steamer from Beirut, touching at Cyprus and at Rhodes. At Smyrna we shall probably leave the steamer and run out to Ephesus by land. Returning to Smyrna, we may go to Athens before going to Constantinople, so as to take a run up through Bulgaria, Servia, and Hungary. From there we go to Vienna, and then down through Venice, Florence, Rome, and Naples, and perhaps to Pompeii. Then over the Alps to Switzerland.

We enter Russia early in July and expect to remain about six weeks. I hardly know what places will claim our attention, but of course Moscow and St. Petersburg will be included, and if possible a visit to Tolstoi's Colony.

After leaving St. Petersburg a run across to Norway and Sweden would be very pleasant, and we may try to arrange it.

In Germany we shall visit Berlin, Dresden, Cologne, and sail on the Rhine; and in France we will

of course see Paris.

Crossing the English Channel, we shall spend some time in London, and then take a hasty run through England, Scotland, and Ireland, sailing for home so as to arrive in Boston in time for the fall opening of the college.

With love to all inquiring friends, I am, Sincerely yours,
CHARLES W. KIDDER.

Boston, Feb. 8, 1894.

Testimonial to Mr. Mart Dow.

Knowing that Mr. Mart Dow's physician had advised a trip to Germany for the benefit of his health, a number of his friends decided to show their warm appreciation of him as an artist and as a man by tendering him a testimonial concert before his departure for the Faderland. Accordingly on Tuesday afternoon, January 30, through a blinding, pelting snowstorm they wended their way to the Hollis Street

Theatre, where a most varied and excellent program was provided. From the Emerson College the names of Professor Southwick and Miss Hoyt appeared on the Committee of Arrangement, and among the talent were Mrs. Southwick, Miss Hoyt, and Professors Kidder and Tripp. In the audience were seated President Emerson and members of the faculty and a host of students. At the close of the entertainment Mr. Dow came forward, and in his genial and inimitable way thanked his numerous friends, present and absent, for their kindness. Before these lines are read he will be on the broad waters of the Atlantic. One and all we wish Mr. Dow a prosperous journey and a speedy return in perfect health.

Don Cæsar de Bazan.

On Thursday, January 25, a number of the students of the Emerson College, under the direction of Professor Fredric Metcalf, presented the romantic drama of "Don Cæsar de Bazan" before a large and very appreciative audience. The play was most creditably costumed and staged, and accompanied by spirited music from Ruisseau's Orchestra Great credit is due to Professor Metcalf for his taste and skill in the entire production, as well as for his excellent portrayal of the character of Charles. The title rôle was taken by Mr. Arthur B. Price, and was very effective, as was also the support from the rest of the company.

The following is the cast of characters:-

Charles II. (King of Spain), Mr. Fredric A. Metcalf Don Jose (his Minister)....Mr. Edwin E. Cox
Don Cæsar de Bazan...Mr. Arthur B. Price
Marquis de Rotondo...Mr. Waldo T. Worcester
Lazarillo....Miss Edna Dolloff
Pedro, Captain of the Guard

Maritana (the Gypsy)....Mrs. George A. Hibbard Countess de Rotondo....Miss Mae E. Stephens Nobles, Ladies, Soldiers, Populace.

Class of '92 - Attention.

The following communication from Miss Vira L. Cousins, the secretary of the class of '92, will, we trust, not only explain itself but also call the delinquents to a due sense of their responsibility. The college spirit should be cultivated by the alumni as well as by the students, and it was for that purpose that the plan with reference to a class letter was proposed. Ladies of '92, let us hear from you. Gentlemen of '92, let us hear from you.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

"Now is not this ridiculous and is not this preposterous, a through-place absurdity, explain it if you can," why the class of '92 have not remembered their promise made on the last day of college in May, 1893, about the CLASS LETTER. The plan was to write to me! me!! at the college a letter to their beloved classmates and enclose twenty-five cents to cover the expense of printing and postage, etc. One letter has been received and now the only thing left for me to do is to cultivate patience.

VIRA L. COUSINS, Secretary, Class '92.

Visit of Hon. Charles Carleton Coffin to the Emerson College of Oratory.

On Friday morning, February the second, the students of the Emerson College of Oratory were favored with a visit and an address from the famous war correspondent, Hon. Charles Carleton Coffin. In introducing Mr. Coffin President Emerson said:

When we read an author's works, we are very much interested to see the writer through whose mind those thoughts came. We have with us this morning a gentleman who was a war correspondent, or rather the war correspondent of the Boston Journal, during the entire period of the late war. he is the only correspondent of any paper who continued to be a correspondent from the beginning to the end of the war. He was present and as a general rule saw the things of which he wrote. His eyes saw them; his mind took them in; his heart felt them; and out of that heart we received the fresh and warm truth, that had come from his own observation. His writings were looked upon as being absolutely true. During the war we had many reporters giving to the papers reports that were not true. There was enough that was exciting, it seemed to us all, to interest the readers of newspapers, though some correspondents fixed up things to make them more effective and exciting, just as it is said a few reporters and writers for the newspapers do in these days. (Laughter.) But there was one correspondent that we all depended upon. He never failed us; and he had the inside view. And that correspondent is here with us this morning. I have the pleasure of introducing to you, Hon. Charles Carleton Coffin. (Loud and long applause.)

MR. COFFIN.

That reminds me of the musketry of the battle in the Wilderness. (Laughter and applause.) But you must continue it several hours. (Laughter.)

Ladies and gentlemen: I am asked to come in to talk to you a few moments this morning. You are here studying the force of words, the force of expression, the force of action. Now there are various ways of expressing things. You remember that Lowell in his second edition of the Biglow Papers, has a little parallel between the old forms of expression and the modern forms of President Emerson has expression. spoken of the modern reporter fixing The modern reporter is apt up things. to spin out things. For instance, a reporter the other evening in one of the papers, speaking of a little assembly at Mechanics Hall, said that the "electrical ladies and gentlemen of Terpsichorean proclivities assembled in large numbers in Mechanics Hall." (Laughter.) Now, the old-fashioned reporter would have said, "They had a dance." Brevity and force in words command attention.

I remember that when I first went out to the war, in the month of May, 1861, before any battle was fought, I set out of Baltimore to visit the Commander General. Later, we were out upon the parade ground where the day before a regiment from Pennsylvania had just arrived. They were stalwart young men, farmers' sons. Most of them knew nothing of military phraseology. Their commander was as ignorant of military terms as themselves. They were marching in regimental front across the parade grounds, not keeping very good step. The commander, looking in advance of him, saw a large pool of water where the rain of the previous day had settled. He did not quite know what word of command to give to get them around that pool of water. The proper military term might have been, "Part the right flank, file right!" He looked first at the pool of water and then at the regiment, and finally he shouted: "Gee around that mud puddle!" (Laughter.) They understood it, and they "geed" around it in short order.

At another time, a cavalry commander's regiment had been resting, and the time had come for them to take the The proper military term saddle. which he would have received at West Point might have been something like this: "First Cavalry regiment, prepare to take saddle. Mount." But instead of that he said to those under his command, "Attention, horse soldiers! Prepare to git on to your critters!

(Laughter.)

Abraham Lincoln had quite as much wit, when he was Captain of the guard in the town of Petersburg. He knew nothing whatever of military commands, but he was drilling his company on their march to the scene of war. They were passing across a field and they came to one of those high rail fences — one of those Virginia rail fences - in which there was a very narrow passage. company was marching up to it. did not know the proper word of command to get them through that narrow

passage. But his wit came to his rescue, and he turned to the company and shouted: "Halt! This company is dismissed for two minutes, to travel to the other side of this fence!" (Laughter.) Now, you see, ladies and gentlemen, that wit will work in to help a person out, as it did in the case of Abraham Lincoln, and that force in words lies somewhat in the choice of those Anglo-Saxon words that will convey your meaning and which everybody will understand. That is one reason why I delight to read Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. If you want force of words and brevity, next to the Bible, read that book.

But you want to hear something about the war. I have been asked to give you this morning a little description of some of the scenes in the Battle of Gettysburg. You know that that is regarded as the turning point of the war. Gen. Creasey, an English historian, before our late war, published a volume entitled "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," — the turning points which have affected the destiny of the human race. To that enumeration must be added one more, — the Battle of Gettysburg, another turning point in the history of the human race. And I will endeavor to give you two or three of the scenes in that battle. I can hardly make them connected, because it was a battle which continued three days. I will leave out the first day, simply saying that it was fought on the west side of the town of Gettysburg; begun by the Confederate troops under Gen. Lee, who, advancing, attacked the Union cavalry under command of Gen. Beaufort. Beaufort was joined by the First Corps and, subsequently, by the Eleventh under Gen. Howard. After a hard fight lasting nearly the entire day, the Union troops were obliged to retreat, and take position on Cemetery Hill which lies just east of the town of Gettysburg.

I do not know that I can bring into this hall the topography of the ground; but, if you can, imagine that I am standing on Cemetery Hill. The battle of the previous day has been fought out somewhat to my right and the troops have retreated, and at the close of that first day's fight, are here on this hill towards the left. But a little after sundown the Second Corps rises and takes position here upon my left. This ridge, Cemetery Ridge, lies southward, and culminates in two elevated peaks known as Little Round Top and Great Round Top, one and one-half miles dis-The Twelfth Corps arrives and takes position at the right, in the rear. During the night the Third Corps arrives, under Gen. Sickles, (now member of Congress) and, instead of taking position down upon the left, with the Second Corps, it takes position out in

I arrived upon the ground upon the morning of the second day with the Fifth Corps, which came in and took position a little behind the Second Corps, in reserve. I passed through the entire engagement I was out here about three o'clock in the afternoon, looking with my glass across the intervening space, and I could see in a little grove of trees some brass cannon. I turned around and said, "I think the battle is going to open." And the next moment we had it. The shell came screaming through the air. It was the beginning of the battle of the second day. could hear by this time a little band of musketry over in the distance. It was the Infantry under Gen. Lee, intending to sweep around and gain the two Round Top Peaks, in the distance, which would flank the position that Gen. Meade has taken, and oblige him to retreat, or fight under great disadvantage.

There, in Mr. Trossel's peach orchard a line has taken a right angle position; so that you may think of those who are sitting in the rear seats of this hall, as being on the front line of the Union army, along the Gettysburg road. It was very certain, as I passed along the line before the battle began, that there would be a terrible contest at that corner, because two flanks were exposed to the fire of the enemy and therefore Gen. Longstreet changed his plan and threw his whole force upon that angle. Imagine now, right along here in front stand the Ninth Massachusetts Battery, commanded by Capt. Bigelow. This is the first experience of the men in that battery. I can only say to you that, as I stood there, two great battle clouds of smoke arose from the forests and the fields.

You can see the troops marching, now advancing on one side, then upon the other. Those two great armies sway backward and forward, rolling against each other, charging and again charging, like the waves of the sea; an ambulance bearing away the wounded; fresh troops coming on; until, finally, towards night, Gen. Sickles being wounded, the command falling upon his subordinate officer, it was found that his men must retreat.

The first thing to be done was to keep back those Confederates along the line of the Gettysburg road. Word was sent to Bigelow that he must hold his own at all hazards until he heard the sound of cannon behind him on Cemetery Ridge. The First, Second and Fifth Corps all engage in this fearful melee. The Confederates outnumber the Union troops; and now they creep up along the line, then around and fire upon the line of the Massachusetts battery, and begin to pick off the gunners. Capt. Bigelow pays no attention to his men, but his attention is towards the advancing host before him; and as those guns are fired upon their foremost men, whole ranks of Confederates are mown down, but others take their places, and he holds his place until he hears the cannon behind him. Half of the men under his command are wounded. I counted ninety six dead horses in the door yard of Mr. Trossel, besides the bodies of men who never before had been in battle, who obeyed the orders of their commander, held their ground, until they heard the sound of the cannon behind them. That, ladies and gentlemen, is the force of action, far more powerful than any eloquence. Men obeying orders, while others were going down in ranks around them.

It has generally been regarded that the attack of Gen. Pickett's brigade on the third day was the turning point of the battle; but, to my own mind, that battle was decided at sundown on the second day. I will endeavor, if I can, to bring the scene before you. Confederates have swept back the Third Corps and the Fifth, and the struggle now is for the possession of Little Round Top. The troops are obliged to form themselves in the shape of the letter V. The men holding this summit of Little Round Top are under the command of Col. Chamberlain of the Maine regiment. They pile themselves upon the rocks and they hold that position against the great host that is sweeping up the hillside before them. It is just at this moment when the Ninth Corps of cavalry is driven back, that Gen. Hancock commanding the Second Corps, looks around to see if he can find some troops to throw into this breach in the centre of the line. He finds only the First Minnesota Regiment stationed The men, two hundred and fifty in number, are from the lumber regions of the Northwest, they are men who knew nothing of military methods until they left their pineries on the west of the Mississippi, and became soldiers in the Grand Army for the Union. They have been in many battles. They are under strict discipline. They will obey the words of their commander no matter what they may be.

You see Gen. Hancock looking at the two brigades commanded by Gen. Bradstreet, his hat gone, his long locks waving in the wind. He sees 25,000 men, in double battle-line, over a mile long, sweep out of the woods, preceded by a cloud of skirmishers. A thrill of admiration runs along the Union ranks, as, silently and with disciplined steadiness, that magnificent column moves up the slope of Cemetery Ridge. Gen. Hancock said to his commanding officer, Col. Schofield, "Take that Company!" You see those men dress themselves as if upon parade. They fix the locks of their muskets, advance, and bring them to a level, and fire! A hundred guns tear great gaps in the enemy's front. Infantry volleys smote their ranks. They fixed their bayonets, fired once more, and then with a wild hurrah rushed upon them with their bayonets in a hand to hand fight, so close that the exploding powder scorched their clothes, and in less than five minutes' time out of that Minnesota regiment of two hundred and fifty men all but forty-seven gave their lives or their limbs to their country. (Cheers.) But in that one charge of the First Minnesota Regiment the tide battle has been turned. Other troops come to their aid. After that terrible fire from the First Minnesota Regiment, the ground is secured and the battle for that day closes with the Union line fixed here upon Cemetery Ridge. (Applause.) That, ladies and gentlemen, in my judgment, was the turning point in the Battle of Gettys-

A "CRIMSON AND WHITE" SOCIAL.

By W. B. HALL, '96.

The class of '96 held its first social gathering Tuesday evening, January twenty-third, 1894, in the College office and adjoining rooms. Of course, being so large a class, it was impossible

to fix upon an evening when *all* could be present, but after several meetings and much debate, the time was settled when the smallest number would be necessarily absent. However, nearly one hundred and seventy-five were there, the faculty being represented by Mrs. Southwick, Misses Blalock and King, and Professors Kidder and Metcalf.

It was a very successful and enjoyable affair, one that will long be remembered, for it occurred at a very critical period in our school life, the "Demosthenes Departure." The several committees are deserving of much commendation for the very efficient manner in which their duties were discharged. The purpose of the social was, for the class members to become better acquainted, to the end that they might feel more at home, take a more real interest in each other's welfare, and, being drawn nearer by the sacred bonds of Emersonian friendship, attain to a higher degree of progress.

After the introductions, the class colors, crimson and white, were given Each one also received a program with name written on cover below the printed words, "Conversations, Emerson '96." Inside were twelve topics, for each of which one had to procure a partner, and talk three minutes, being given one minute to find his next topic-sharer. This one minute of hunting caused many ludicrous incidents and afforded much amusement, for it was not at all easy to find a certain person, in so short a time, among so large a gathering, and especially if one had not the name and face well combined in memory. The twelve topics of conversation were:—

Class yell.
Your favorite actor.
Between you and me.
Two is a company, three,—
Visible speech
Fads.

We are the people.
My Room-mate.
Platonic friendship.
The future.
A complication in hearts.
Do you dance.

When "The future" was begun the refreshment committee came bravely to the front with ice cream and cake, saving many the necessity of talking on "A complication in hearts," yet all the subjects are supposed to have been thoroughly discussed. The pleasure was very materially enhanced by the fine vocal music rendered during the evening, every selection being highly appreciated.

THE PROGRAM.

MR. TOWNSEND.

2. Duet { a Io Vivo E T'amo..... F. Campana { b Oh, Wert thou in the Cauld Blast F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy Messrs. Rice and Eaton.

4. Song, — Down the Shady Lane..... Osgood MISS DAGGETT.

At eleven o'clock the social ended amid expressed sentiments of happiness and with hopes that many more such evenings would be enjoyed ere the wearers of crimson and white should take their final departure from their beloved Alma Mater.

THE DEMOSTHENES DEPARTURE.

A Morning Talk by President Emerson.

I want to say a little about the elements of power in oratory. You who have reached mature and thoughtful years have observed that we require in oratory those elements of character which are supposed to be developed only by long years of experience in the world. We demand of young people who have had little experience in life, and some of whom have had limited opportunities for education, that they shall show in their work in oratory those elements of character which are supposed

to be developed only by actual, severe experience through years of life. this respect this college, and methods of study pursued here constitute the first example ever tried, within the lines of education, for the purpose of developing in three or four years those elements of mental power which are supposed to be developed only through a life's experience. This institution, with all its studies, is based upon this idea. What is education for? It is essentially for the purpose of developing in a short time, those powers of mind which, under ordinary circumstances, would be developed only during a long life-time and perhaps not then. The common experiences of secular life, of business life, may develop mathematical powers to a very high degree, but they will be twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, or sixty years so doing, and then it will be in the concrete form only, not in the abstract. But long since it was believed by educators that that which in a common life would be developed in sixty years, could be developed in schools of mathematics in six years. In the matter of mathematics the common school is now doing more for an individual in six years than the school of life had been able to perform in sixty years.

Cannot the same thing be done for Oratory? That is the question. ster, the greatest orator of his time in this country certainly, and I believe the greatest orator in his time in the world - did not believe that any kind of study or practice could develop the powers of an orator save the school of life. My question is, Was Webster correct? He believed that only the actual experiences of life could develop oratorical powers, and make a man eloquent. I do not agree with him. would not believe the same, if he had watched some of the students in this institution. But, Webster would say, "Oratory is not a thing that a man can

play at. It is not a thing that a man can learn to put on." So I believe. He would say that "It comes from the development of certain mental powers." So I believe. He would say "Oratory comes from the development of certain powers of character "— of character, therefore he believed it would take many years in the school of life to develop the orator, and so far as his time was concerned, this was true. But it was not so in other forms of education. A person had a knowledge of mathematics before he went into the school of life. He had a knowledge of the languages and of the natural sciences before he went into the school of life. Why? Because there were schools for these things. Now, our attempt has been to take the principles which are found in the school of life and put them into such systematic form as to develop in three or four years the powers of mind that could only be developed in from forty to sixty years in the school of life. Can we do it? That is the question. Teachers cannot do it alone. Pupils cannot do it alone. But we must have, first, the right system for doing it; secondly, the teachers must understand that system, and know how to apply it; thirdly, the pupils must take hold of the points of that system as they are presented. (Applause.)

Now, I want to say to the Junior Class, and to the Post Graduate Class, and to the Faculty, that the Freshman Class have arrived at last, in their development at the point where it is absolutely necessary for them to take a new departure. I recognize this, not as a sentimentalism, but as a psychological fact, that a student must, at a certain period of his work, put forth this activity of mind, namely feeling the responsibility for his class-mates' condition of mind.

When I stand before you to speak, I shall not carry you with me unless I

feel the responsibility of your condition of mind. I am responsible for it. Why was Demosthenes the greatest orator of the ages? Answer me that, and you will solve the problem. Every thinker to-day, and for centuries past, has given the palm to Demosthenes. Cicero was great. Demosthenes was greater. Burke was great. Demosthenes was greater. Webster was great. Demosthenes was greater. Because he was a Greek? No. But, look! Who, over there in Macedon, has arisen? A mighty conqueror, Philip by name. He is conquering everything possible with his gold, and his arms. What he can buy, he does. What he cannot purchase, he conquers by using the states he has purchased. Thus he is treading down everything in Greece. How far his ambition towers outside of Greece, we know not. There are a number of polished orators in Athens. It is the city of orators. Demosthenes is not the only orator there. Doubtless there are three, if not six, others as able as Demosthenes. You never hear of them to-day. Only by a study of the life of Demosthenes will you find them spoken of, or very casually alluded to elsewhere in history. Yet, at this time, when Philip rises, puts the crown of conquest upon his brow, and holds in his one hand the sceptre and in the other the sword, with the determination that under the power of the sword all Greece shall bow to his sceptre - when state after state kneels there is no surrendering of little Athens! Up to this moment, Demosthenes has been only one of the good orators. But now there is no other to save Athens! In an instant, when he sees the jeopardy of Athens, he rises into the clouds. He stands with Jove on old Olympus! Why this? Why this? Let me tell you why. Demosthenes would rather die than live under Philip! Demosthenes would rather die by torture, than see his beloved

Athens yield to the tyrant of Macedon! Who shall prevent it when Philip has already bought up the other orators and some of the leading men of Athens? The army stands quivering and almost palsied. The council dares not pass resolutions. No man dares fight Philip. Demosthenes says to himself, "The destiny of Athens rests on me, and on me alone — and, by the gods, Athens shall not yield to the tyrant!" He took the responsibility, and from that moment he became the god of oratory! (Applause.)

And I declare, without fear that that, and that alone, was what made Demosthenes the greatest orator of the ages. No other orator ever stood with such a sense of responsibility resting upon him, and, at the same time, with the hope, and faith, that he would save his country from the tyrant. Demosthenes felt this and therefore rose to the heights of the powers of mortal man. Why! old Philip himself says, "I do not fear Athens; I do not fear their weapons; their soldiers are but a handful in number: — but it is that Demosthenes that I fear." He tries to buy him with gold — there is not gold enough in the world to buy him! He sets a price on his head. If any man would show him the severed head, he would reward him as only a king can reward a faithful servant. But Philip seems powerless against Athens, so long as that man stands among them. Over there in Macedon, stands Philip. The crown is on his brow. At his back stands an overwhelming army composed of the best soldiers of Greece, the best soldiers of the world. Everything falls before him. Down in little Athens which is now exerting no great political power, and which is seemingly cut off by Philip on every side, there stands in the street, with no weapon in his hand, with nothing but a mantle to cover him from the sun, while the people listen to his words, —there stands the man,—Demosthenes.

The citizens about the one; the mightiest armies in the world about the other. Yet Philip can do nothing so long as this man, with an unprecedented purpose, stands there in the midst of the people. The people come before him. Thousands gather to hear him speak. And yet they do not applaud him. They do not once think they have a great man among them. Silent and still, they listen; but their eyes dilate; each man clutches his weapon; each man is turned into a tiger, and when Demosthenes' voice becomes silent, each man rushes from the presence of that assembly and seizes upon spear and sword and battle-axe, to fight Philip! Why? They have been shot from a cannon's mouth. Ay! from the mouth of Demosthenes. They are going forth to do something!

Well, now in this tremendous picture of history, there stands the finest of all possible object lessons of what the heights of oratory are. That man felt responsible for others' thinking and for others' condition - that was the fire that kindled the brain of a Demosthenes. and glowed upon his tongue. It was that fire that was shot into the hearts and hands of Athens and made the few men, weak in numbers, stand against the mighty! But what has that to do with us here? That which could be accomplished by a few oratorical students in the school of life — those principles which caused the action are the same here as they were in Athens. What you want to-day is this: the principles of Demosthenes' oratory. We must take hold of these principles, bring them right into this school, and put them into each student's mind and heart while he speaks. You can be a Demosthenes just in the ratio that you have the principles that he had. He was not a genius, he was only a poor, blundering boy, who showed inferiority for a long time. He picked up some figures of

oratory somewhere, perhaps from some wandering actor. He certainly was not a great orator until he took upon himself the sense of responsibility of thinking and acting for others. How does that apply to a student that comes on this platform? He is responsible for the thinking and acting of all his fellow students before him. Now that is the point of departure at which you have arrived. I have been telling you all along that the very genius of this institution is the spirit of helpfulness. I have pointed to a heathen orator who is an example of power, of the mightiest power that any orator, outside of the disciples of the Lord Jesus, ever exercised!

You come here with one idea. You say to us "I have come here to get an education; I have come here to do something for myself. How do you think I am getting on, teachers? Is my voice improving? Are my gestures improving? How do I appear on the platform? Do I speak well?" This is your first idea. Indeed! There must come a change before you can become an orator. Your thought must be, "What are my classmates doing?" (Applause.) I can prophesy accurately, that you will never be an orator of any power, until you feel that you are responsible for the thinking and the purposes of others. Now, we want to go to work. I shall not be with you to-morrow, (Saturday) except at 12 o'clock, but, I want to hear a mighty record of your work to-morrow! I want to hear from the Faculty a mighty record from every division in the Freshman Class; I want to hear it reported that when each one stood up to recite, he recited as though the everlasting salvation of the others hung upon his words! This is the crucial point. This is the point upon which your future hangs. Tide the Freshman Class over this point, and they will sail into harbor! (Applause.) Will you start with your might and take the new Demosthenes departure? (Applause.)

MANNERS.

Extract from Stenographic Report of President Emerson's Saturday Lecture.

When we study expression, we are studying a subject as large as human life. The field in which we study is human nature. It embraces not only that which is technically denominated oratory, but the continual or common expression found in what we term manners. I feel that when we study oratory, we should not only study the manners of speech, as we appear before public audiences, but we should study to express through right manners a right spirit in what are termed the common walks of life. Therefore I shall seem to-day to step outside of the common line of teaching oratory, and shall treat upon the subject called Manners.

It is a social subject, and I do not feel that a college of oratory should leave out one of the most essential forms, aye, the most essential form, of expression, namely, one's every-day life. It seems to some, perhaps, that this subject of manners is a very common one, and therefore need not be taught in a college. The greatest of modern philosophers has said, "To live well with another,—this is genius." Christ taught manners. All the great teachers of religion, all the greatest philosophers, have taught manners. The greatest of all modern poets, if not the greatest poet, Shakespeare, was a teacher of manners. Who taught manners better than Milton? Ben Jonson teaches in his poems that manners rest upon two fundamental principles: reverence and dignity. And we shall show before we get through that he was not very far from right.

All persons are influenced by beauty.

It is an irresistible power. nature was made to be commanded by beauty. But the question is, How does beauty manifest herself? It is an old adage "Handsome is that handsome does," but this has been regarded as a kind of apology for not being beautiful in face and person. When a young daughter looks in a mirror, and fancies she does not look as well as some of her friends, she goes to her mother, who consoles her in a kind of apologetical way, saying, "Why, my daughter, handsome is that handsome does." That does not console her much, but she thinks she must put up with it, and goes away greatly dejected. Let us make that "handsome does" a philosophical principle, let us point out the fact that persons possessing the handsomest faces and the handsomest forms have not as a general rule been the most attractive, and have not impressed others with the sense of beauty as much as some who have not as beautiful faces, or as beautiful forms.

There is a strange fascination in manner. Put two persons beside each other, one with an exquisitely molded face, every feature of which is beautifully carved, and the other with a face and form which not only lack the beauty of the first, but are actually offensive to the exquisitely trained eye; and it is possible, yes it is common, for the second person to charm and fascinate others much more than the first one.

Let us make this subject personal. Most of you are young, and right at the acme of your natural beauty. As long as you live you will never be as beautiful again in the same way as you are now. In the same way that you are now. Your beauty will fade. What are you going to put in the place of it? Oh let it be this strange charming power of manner. No one doubts to-day that spirit is more mighty than matter; that in power, mind transcends matter. What is it that makes matter beauti-

ful? What is it that makes the face beautiful? It is the expression, or what reminds one of thought that is beautiful. We do not begin to approximate beauty until we touch the mind. You say, "That may be so to you who have thought a great deal on life, but how will it influence young men and young women?" Just exactly as it will influence old men and old women. If it is beauty of soul that is powerful, — and no other form of beauty is really powerful, — then it has to borrow its power from the mental realm if it has power at all. All beauty then that is external is borrowed; it is borrowed from the mental kingdom. If there is beauty in the face, it is a visitor in the face, and it will stay but a short time unless it is well entertained; and it must be entertained by the soul. Everything but the soul is passing away, changing, changing. The deeps of the soul do not change. Manifestations change; but essence never. It is beauty that at first wins friendship. It is easier for some people to win friendship than to maintain it. Such people are always complaining that their friends desert them. What won their friends first? It was some manner that indicated a grand soul. That same manner will retain them.

We want then to notice in this lecture the fundamental principles upon which good manners rest. The reason that good manners are praised from age to age, and that they are the chief things taught in the courts of Europe is because they rest upon something which is fundamental. Good manners are the expression of certain principles upon which character is based.

The first one that we shall mention is the one that we have hinted at in our reference to Ben Jonson,—reverence. Unless the manner of reverence is habitual, one of the fundamental principles of good manners is lost. In each person there is something sacred.

Every soul comes from God. Do you respect that soul, and is that reverence innate? Your manner towards your fellow men in its effective power will be shown in the ratio that you reverence each soul that has come from God, whether godliness is apparent in the manifestations of that soul, or not.

The Church of Rome had a power through its chief agents to draw a charmed circle, holy and sacred, around each individual. A certain individual may have been pursued by the law, by the edicts of monarchs, of emperors, but the chief officers of that church had power by a single movement to draw a circle around that individual, and though crowned heads are marching to his destruction, every effort is stopped. Even kings may not enter this charmed circle, made by an officer of the Holy Church. God Almighty has drawn a circle around each individual he has sent into this world. Beware how you step within that circle. It is a holy precinct where only God and that individual soul are found. "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet," for even when thou dost approach that circle "thou standest upon holy ground." This manner must be preëminently a fundamental principle because reverence is something that cannot be imitated. It was never imitated. The finest mimic this side of his father, the monkey, was never able to imitate it. I have seen people endeavor to do so. So have you. We have seen hundreds try; we have seen thousands try; we have seen skilled actors try; but no one ever imitated it, for it is something which rises from the deeps of the soul. Its manner is like the perfume of the flower emanating from the nature of the flower. Aye, it is the opening of the flower itself, of the sweet root of beauty which is held by the hand of God in every single personality. It is held there, but it depends upon you whether it shall be manifested or not

O how many hundreds of books have been written on manners! You may learn all that is thus taught and yet be a clown. A person prates of himself, "I know manners." So do other people know them. "I have read the books on manners, and am well informed upon them." Ah, — that is not what you want. You must be them. You must BE them. (Applause.)

I wish to say considerably more about the sacredness of private life and private spirit. Let me talk to you as on the other days of the week, when I am teaching in a drill class. (Applause.) When you enter this college, the first thing you find is a very cordial manner. Everyone seems to be looking after the welfare of everybody else. This is the genius of the institution. Let a vulgar person come in here, and what would he do on seeing people so cordial? He would take advantage of it, for "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." In a very few instances, in the history of this institution, we have had vulgar men, men who were vulgar inside, men who have whitewashed themselves and have stuck on placards borrowed from society. On these placards we find written, "Behold a gentleman," but alas for the clown who wears it, for soon the placard is worn out and the man stands for just what he is. (Applause.)

I remember one young man who was here some years ago, (he is not here now). I don't know where he is; I have not known for a long time. He was a graduate of one of the first institutions of this country. He boasted of having been brought up in the first circles of society. In addition to this he was graduated at a theological seminary, one of the most respectable and best in the country. He was entering the holiest mission (if rightly understood) permitted to man, — the ministry. came into this institution without a single sense of the sacredness of persons. He showed his vulgarity not by any

overt act, which you could write down in a book, but by his general manners towards the students of the college. Students when they first come here do not know how vigilant we are in every possible way. We discovered that his manners were not pleasant. I am not speaking of anything positively wicked, but of a certain something that was atmospheric. In short, he did not properly respect the sacred circle as drawn around the individual soul, he did not revere his brother man, and still less did he revere God. Without reverence in your soul, you have no right to speak to a woman as much as to say good morning. Your simple good morning may imply that which raises the soul to whom you speak toward heaven, or it may be a good morning that sinks that one toward degradation. It is in the atmosphere, the spirit behind your words. We consulted together concerning this young theologian, and we "froze him out." He stayed only two or three weeks. He did not know why he went. When we saw his tendency, we simply said He must go, for he did not respect the sacredness of

One must guard his flock by right mental tendencies and right spiritual atmosphere. I am very much in earnest in emphasizing the fact that every soul that has come into this world has drawn about it a holy circle. Even the ancient Greeks who knew nothing of Christianity understood this, and their manners were accordingly beautiful. They had one picture ever before their minds, and that was their idea of the gods. On yonder mountain sits a god; on another mountain sits another god; on another, a third; and so on through the ranges of the mountains of the earth, from Mount Olympus outward and onward. They said, "These gods do not go down into the valleys to meet one another, neither do they go from one mountain peak to another to visit, but they nod to each other across the valleys." What a dignified picture. "I see," says one of the Greeks, "the gods there on yonder shining mountains. I see the valley between, and the gods have respect for the valley." When they looked at things somewhat closely, they saw that valley around the mountain was the sacred circle of the god that dwelt upon it. What a beautiful idea of manners!

Be careful to carry this principle out in the little details of life, in your manners toward each other and toward the world wherever you go. This should be carried not only into the drawingroom, but into every room in the house. It should be carried not only into what are called social circles, but into domestic-life. Let me drop into details, to illustrate. I would carry this into my own home, so that if a member of my family were in another room, though it be what is termed the living-room, I would knock at that door, whether it were closed or not, before entering. Then I would wait until some one said, "Come" or until some one met me, before I entered. A person is in that room; and that room is sacred because he is in it. This knocking at a door and then walking in is vulgar. Who bade you walk in? Jailers walk in unbidden. The prisoner in the cell knows the jailer has come because he hears the keys rattling before the bars. Do not go to a door as if you were rattling the bars of a cage. The room is not a cage. There is no wild animal there. The spirit of sacredness is there. Knock, and wait until some one bids you enter the sacred circle. I speak for the sake of suggesting to you what we mean by this principle of sacredness as it is manifested in common life.

Again, I would speak of entertainment. Do not be forward in entertaining, because that friend of yours has a sacredness. I would illustrate the opposite of what I would have

persons do by one of my own experiences. Some years ago, I was to speak in a certain place on Sunday. On Saturday I was to go to a very fine home, to be entertained by very cultivated people over Sunday. Being duly ushered into the parlor, I was immediately waited upon by the lady of the house, - an elderly lady, very venerable, and very fine in her manners. I was hoping as I went in that I would have a little time to think, for the morrow would be Sunday and I was to appear before a congregation. This lady treated me beautifully, and entertained me continuously. (Laughter.) I thought I would tire her out pretty soon. So I tried my strength against hers in the matter of entertainment, and we conversed on all the principal subjects of conversation. I thought I saw her begin to get a little tired, and I was thankful. Presently she went out, but as she went out, one of her grown-up daughters came in, all fresh for combat, and began entertaining where her mother left off. I grew a little weary and still more weary as on went her endless tongue, but at last I saw her begin to grow tired. Now then, I said, I will weary her with this conversation, and then I hope I can have a little relief. "Talk on, fair Lady, as fast as you can," thought I, "because what you gain in speed you lose in power." (Laughter and applause.) Presently I thought I saw she was about to take her leave, and I never bowed more gracefully than when she did so. But, lo, another grown-up daughter comes in, and begins where her sister left off. And so it went on until it was time to retire, then I thanked God that I could have a little rest. Sunday morning I stayed in my room till I was called to breakfast, and then I was entertained by the old gentleman He was used to the business. He was practised at long stories, going side-ways, and telling all the particulars. I stood it. I am alive to-day. That's all I can say for it. Don't crowd your friends and callers with entertainment (Applause.) Let them feel that in your home there is room for them to breathe and to be themselves.

Again, beware of the appearance of condescending kindness. Kindness is a good thing; but it should never be condescending. Go up to be kind. The persons to whom you are to be kind are sitting upon thrones. Now is the time for you to be courteous, perhaps in Boston, among the poor, as you have never had an opportunity before, and I hope you never will again. If you have a present for the poor, give it, but do not condescend to give it; rise to give it. That poor person is seated above you on one of the mountains of the gods. Look up to him. Christ is in him. You would look up to Christ, would you not? Christ in the flesh you cannot go to, but he has come to you in the poor, and the needy. There is something on the other hand that is very offensive in this matter of condescension. Some people are always condescending to me, when I meet them, so much so that I wonder what they think ails me. (Laughter.) Dickens said that he felt about two years old when a man condescended to him.

The next principle I mention is that of sincerity, absolute sincerity in your manners. People who are not sincere try to imitate this. How many wouldbe gentlemen I have seen looking at me with such an apparent effort to be sincere in their compliments and their flattery! I have seen them look at others with the same apparent sincerity. I have looked them in the eye, and said, "Is this sincerity?" What do I see in his eye? I see not the eye but a curtain over it. Behind that curtain dwells insincerity. On the front of that curtain there is painted sincerity. But paint on the curtain what you will, it has no good effect, for you are contaminated and disgusted in the "wouldbe" person's presence. Do not be a flatterer, speak only of the truth. do not mean that you should not say kind things, commendatory things to others if they are true. As teachers we practise, to some extent at least, telling students the excellent things they do. But we are strenuously careful not to encourage them except as we mention a truth. (Applause.) Present the fact. See that your encouragement rests upon a fact, and then the happiness they derive from the compliment rests upon what they truly are, or what they have done. We cannot too sternly insist upon this in our practice. should carry this into our every-day manners with others. Some people "study compliments, and have them all ready." (Laughter.) Such compliments have not vitality in them. Such compliments are like the manna that was given to the Children of Israel; when they gathered it fresh every morning, it was sweet, very sweet, but you remember how it smelt when they kept it over one day. Compliments kept over night have a bad odor. Words that please and help us must be fresh and spontaneous and true.

While on the one hand you should not flatter, do not, for the sake of being thought honest, be brusque and disagreeable. That man who never feels in his heart an honest compliment or a sincere word of praise for another will virtually starve his own spirit. (Applause.) Iago never felt like praising the truth in another, else he would not have been Shakespeare's devil. Iago says, "I am nothing if not critical." I would have your manners always such as to bless others. You do want to praise others because of some truth within them, but not for the sake of making a favorable impression of yourself.

Again, there are persons who imitate manners. One says to himself, "That person is very agreeable. Now if I

had his manners, I also should be very winning and very pleasing. I will watch him, and see what he does." So you imitate his manners but you are not successful. Why? That person's smile is not yours. That person's bow is not yours. You may have one just as good. But that one does not belong to you. Ralph Waldo Emerson insists upon your resting on the nobility and truth and sincerity of yourself. Reverence may manifest itself differently in you from what it does in others. with truth. "Be yourself" as some one has said, "and we shall know you." Be another, and you have no individuality, and if by trying to imitate you should please others, it will not be your individuality that pleases, but another's. You please in the ratio that you embody your thought in your individuality. God has placed something pleasing in your soul that he has never given to another. There is a beauty in your soul that was never in the soul of another. It is the blossom of your life. It is different from the blossom in any other's heart. It will minister a perfume and sweetness and beauty that the flower in no other character can ever express. Therefore nourish it in yourself, in your own particular way. I would like to be very emphatic on this point, so I repeat it. There is an excellence, a possible excellence, and a possible beauty put into each soul that was never put into another soul. Develop that, and you will find your proper ministry among your fellow-beings, and you will have a peculiar kind of beauty which no one else possesses and which is much needed. Develop this beauty. It is powerful. It will bring you all needed reward. Can we learn nothing, then, from the manners of others? Yes. Get at the principle by which their manners grew, and let that be the same for you. There is a principle of honesty, a principle of kindness, and each person exhibits it in his own way.

The next characteristic in the foundation of manners is self-containment. One should contain his own emotions and moods. If he expresses his passing moods and emotions, let him express only those that will bless others. haps you are not quite as well this morning and you feel a little pettish, and you wish somebody would smoothe you down; and so you show your pettishness to the persons you meet, and expect them to sympathize with you, and smoothe you down. This is not right; it only shows your own weakness. You have no right to impose your weakness on others. But you "cannot always feel cheerful." You are melancholy this morning. Don't show it. Your melancholy will cast a gloom on another. You have no right to be melancholy in the presence of others. Perhaps you may feel better; but you have imposed your melancholy on them. You have lost your disease by giving it to somebody else. I have seen people peddling their miseries on to others to get rid of them. Nine-tenths of their melancholy is pretence, and they bestow it on others to get rid of it. They have jolly times making others miserable. They will tell of all their diseases, or their troubles, the amount of sorrows they have passed through. How sweet it is to be condoled with, pitied, petted and helped up. Bah! A man wants no help. He simply wants room. woman wants no help. She simply wants room - room in which to live a noble womanhood. (Applause.) It may be very pleasant for you to have others try to help you out of your moods, but depend upon it, you have fallen in their estimation. Carry on the outside that which will make others happier and you can then control your moods. Uniformity of manners is desirable, providing the manners are good, - and we don't wish any other kind of manners, — and yet perhaps it is better to be uniform whatever your manner is,

for we shall then know how to find you. I think I could get along better with a person who was all the time a little severe, a little crusty, a little crabbed, than I could with a person who was crabbed yesterday morning, is all smiles this morning, and to-morrow morning will be in some other mood. I like to know where to find people, and so does everybody else. Birds like to depend upon the season when they come north. "What beautiful March weather we are having." Flocks of birds come unusually early. They are enticed by the exceptionally warm weather. But March is like some people, - alto-Suddenly March gether uncertain. changes, and there comes a freezing night, and the birds are dead. So with the trees. Trees like to find Nature uniform, but in March they sometimes put forth their buds, only to be frozen to death. Let there be uniformity in your moods.

Again, I would like to speak of Selfrespect. What is Self-respect? It is the valuation of manhood, your own or another's. Inasmuch as you have manhood, you have something beautiful, and you can respect it, not because it is your own manhood, but because it is manhood. Your womanhood. Respect it, not because it is your womanhood, but because it is womanhood, and in the relation you value it there will be a certain respect. There are some persons who have so little respect for themselves that they are always trying to have some one else respect them. They meet you, and they are watching all the time to see if you show proper respect to their honor, — to their vacuum where dignity should be. And, if they think you don't quite respect them, they do not like you. They think you do not recognize their honor, their nobility; they feel that you do not properly appreciate them. I never knew a man or woman, and I do not expect ever to know any such person, who respected the manhood or womanhood in himself or herself who ever looked around to see whether other people were respecting them, or not. If persons do not respect themselves, they are virtually saying, "O for Mercy's sake, do somebody respect me." Poor, miserable, hollow-hearted, unmanly, unwomanly

When in the presence of others, be careful to sufficiently contain your opinions of politics, of religion, and of persons. You may have a very enjoyable time in ventilating your theories of Church and State, but at the same time you may be hurting the feelings of your friends who have a different opinion. Perhaps another may be too polite to meet your opinion with his. You may be criticising a particular friend of that person, thus hurting and torturing him. Politeness is due to those absent as well as to those present. If you have sufficient self-respect, you will never allow your own friend to be spoken against in your presence. (Great applause.) "What shall we do? Get down to the old chivalrous defence, and challenge such a one to the combat of the duel?" That was the fashion among the nobility of the past, and I do not altogether criticise it. If you had lived 300 years ago, and a man had spoken against your friend in your presence, you would have challenged him to a duel, and there would have been a contest of life and death. There was something noble in this, but I don't like the method. What is grander? Is it not grander to be so dignified when your friend is spoken of that one cannot say anything against him or her in your presence? The dignity of the shining angel in the lions' den held every lion's mouth; how much more of dignity and power there was than if the angel had stood beside Daniel and fought the lion. The presence of the angel chains the lion's mouth. The presence of the angel in this world will

chain the jaws of those who would devour your friends while in your presence. Never argue concerning your friends. Let the spirit of loyalty take possession of your soul. Don't try to disprove a false statement; you condescend if you do so. Assert the truth and abide by it - and the so doing will be worth more to your friend than all argument. I once knew a young man who had so much self-respect that when he knew there was a conspiracy going on against him in the next room, divided only by a thin panel from the room he occupied, and when he needed to know their plots that he might be ready to meet his enemies (for his whole future depended upon that plot) and when he could have heard every word and no one have been wiser for his listening, for he was alone in the room, he never moved from his chair, but sat silently waiting his fate. (Applause.) When afterwards he had conquered his enemies and told his friends of his experience they asked him why he did not go to the door and listen? He said, "I could not afford to." One cannot afford to do a mean thing. It is said "all things are fair in love and war." A more vicious principle was never enunciated. You cannot afford to be mean, even for the sake of conquering your blood thirsty foe. You cannot afford to be mean for the sake of saving your life or your reputation. You can only afford to respect your manhood.

Manners should be equally kind to all. This gives a gentle reserve of manners. Suppose you are in the company of others when several persons are present. Some are old friends; some are strangers. You cannot afford to speak any pleasanter words to your friends than you can to your other guests, even though your friends be the dearest,—your children, perhaps, or it may be your wife or your husband. You cannot afford to say to your wife in the presence of others "My dear"

"My darling" unless you are going to say the same to Mr. Newcomer. There should be an equality in your manner to all in your presence. This is a law that I often see violated by very fine people. A lady and husband call at my house. We have friends with us. That husband and wife say "My dear, did you do so and so?" "Yes, my darling." The "dear" and the "darling" are entirely out of place unless they can use the same expression to me. (Applause.) My friend Mr. Grump on my right feels as I do about it. So does Mr. Cynic on my left. We all feel the same. Treat all alike. If we single out one and another, we show discourtesy.

I have one point more. Depend for the dignity of your manners, - and here we come to Ben Jonson's other basis, - depend for the dignity of your manners upon your relations. Now there is something to that idea which has come down the ages in England. There is a certain man who feels very dignified, because his father is Lord So and So. Now there is something in this. I believe that every man obtains all the dignity in him from his relations. I believe in this matter of depending for our dignity from our relations. the question is, What relations? first one is Truth, - your relationship to Truth. This is far from self-asser-No matter who your grandfather was, what is your relation to truth? If you are a person of habitual truth, you have repose and dignity of manner of which no one can rob you. When I see a person uncertain in all his movements, I know he lacks one valuable relation. O how certain the man or woman feels and appears who rests upon the rock of eternal truth! (Applause.) The next relation that I would mention is Purity of Purpose. If your purpose is pure, there is a dignity of manner. The next one Good-will. If the person who approaches you has thorough good will towards you, his manners are easy, responsive, and dignified; but if he is bearing you any ill-will, or is neutral, there will be just so much lack of dignity in the poise of his eye and in the poise of his person. The greatest relative upon whom I would have you depend is GOD. He is a near relation to you, and gives you sweetest dignity, — not self-assertion—but a calm, gentle

Let me close by saying two things more. If you do not take note of anything else, please take note of this; I will repeat the words very slowly to you. No manner is graceful that is not habitual. Manners cannot be taken on for occasion and be graceful. You are in borrowed clothes, and everybody sees that you are. Lastly, always address your manners to the potential man — not necessarily to the actual one. For that potential man may be very different from the actual one. Wendell Phillips and one other (and the other was Mr. Quincy) were picked out by an English Lord, when he came to this country as being the only two gentlemen he had seen in America. This Lord of England who had been used to the courts in Europe, said, "I don't know who those men are, but they are the only two gentlemen whom I have seen in America." What was Phillips' habitual manner? When he walked among the most vulgar mob or when he met his Beacon street friends, it was always the same; we can judge of it by his own words. He said "I don't talk to the people as though they were mobs, but as though they were gentlemen." And when asked why, he said, "I appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober. I appeal from what they are in their actual condition to what is possible, to what is potentially within them." Treat all people in this way. Appealing from Philip drunk to Philip sober. And there is scarcely a Philip

so drunk that he will not recognize that you are appealing to the best that is in him. If he is able to stand, or even stagger, and if he treats you ever so clownishly and vulgarly, speak to him as though he were a gentleman, and he will pretty soon think he is, and try to straighten up, and answer you back the best he can. That is human nature, whether drunk with vulgarity, with wrong habits, with mean passion, or with chemical spirits. Ah, there is a gentleman in every man. There is a gentlewoman in every woman. Bow to the gentleman in the man, and to the lady in the woman, and so you will lift them up by your manners, and so you will keep dignified in your own. (Applause.)

SKELETANIA AND MANIKINUS.

By Frank O. Hall.

I had an appointment at three o'clock. It was then two, so I went into the library to read for an hour, though I did not feel much like reading either, for I had been up late the night before to begin with, and had just partaken of an indigestible lunch of coffee and pie to end with, and therefore felt as if I had a hive of bees in my head and the hive in my stomach. But there seemed to be nothing else to do so I said, "I will read."

You know the library, — just an ordinary, square room, a bookcase, some tables, a clutter of chairs and over in one corner the manikin and the skeleton standing in close proximity, and more or less (generally less) concealed from view by the remnants of a sheet which had evidently served as a costume for a dozen generations of Hamlet's ghost.

These are familiar objects at the college, used in anatomical work. They are both very valuable specimens. The manikin is life size and being without a skin to hide his charms and possessing

a chest, vital organs, skull, brains and various other parts capable of being removed and exhibited or dusted as occasion requires, is, so anatomists declare, a very beautiful creature, though an appreciation of that style of beauty seems to me to require cultivation. The skeleton, — well it is like all of its kind shiveringly suggestive of battle, murder and sudden death.

I selected a book — no matter what, it was sufficiently stupid — and fell to agitating the hive of bees in my head by trying to follow the thought of the author, when suddenly I became conscious that some one was speaking. That surprised me for I had supposed myself alone, so I dropped the book and looked in the direction of the voice, and there, — yes, by all that is wonderful, - stood the manikin and the skeleton without even the customary drapery, and the manikin it was that I heard speak. Apparently unconscious of my presence he was addressing himself to his airy looking companion in an exceedingly gloomy fashion, and she replied with an abandoned grace which was more noticeable by contrast to his apparent constraint. It was a most grewsome sight to watch that conversation. You see, the muscles on one side of his face were gone in order that the arterial system might be revealed; and when he tried to pronounce some especially hard word his jaw would catch and he would have to reach up his only hand and chuck himself under the chin before he could get the word out. At such a time, in order I presume to remove any feeling of embarrassment on his part, the skeleton would smile upon him. You should have seen that smile. was a long time before I realized that it was a smile. At first I thought she was going to chew him up, but I came to understand that it was a smile and I felt relieved and reassured of the manikin's safety. When I became conscious of the conversation, the manikin was saying:

"At last, Skeletania, we are alone. Methought the long-haired youth would never finish playing Romeo to the black-eyed maid over yonder in the corner, but now even they have retired and I can tell you what I have long desired to reveal. These many months have we been thrown together; in the bustling class room and in the silence of deserted halls have we been ever side by side until I have come to look to thee for consolation in my grief, comfort in my trials, solace in my hours of loneliness. Thy smile has come to be the one prize of my life. Sweet Skeletania, I love thee. Start not. We hear much of love between these creatures of flabby flesh. But it is with no such mild passion that I regard thee. No, with all the strength of a papier-maché heart I love thee.'

At this point the skeleton smiled and I was on the point of rushing to the rescue of the poor fellow, for I made sure she was about to scatter the fragment of his manly form to the four corners of the room, but I was arrested by the curious conduct of the manikin himself. He was feeling all over his chest and sides with his one hand while his face took on a most ghastly expression of mingled fear and indignation. That is, indignation was stamped on the side of his face which showed the muscles, and fear was written on the side which revealed the arteries.

"Skeletania," he gasped, "there is another hook gone. The one under my left arm, or where my left arm should be, has disappeared, been pulled out bodily. If this thing goes on I shall not be able to keep my torso intact long, much less shall I be able to elevate my chest. Skeletania, dost see a brass hook anywhere on the floor?"

"Nay, Manikinus," said she, "I see naught."

"Ah well," sighed the manikin, "it

all comes of having a lot of greenhorns pulling you open as if you were a clothes chest, and poking into the very depths of your inmost being as if a manikin had no secrets which he would not reveal. I tell you what it is, Skeletania, they are carrying things alto-gether too far. These people call themselves Christians, but pretty Christians they are, now ar'n't they? Lock us up in this room Saturday night, and never return till Tuesday morning, and then come puffing up here all wrapped in furs telling how cold it is. Don't they suppose we know how cold it is, left here for three days with no fire in the building, standing in this blooming library, with nothing but a rag of a sheet between us and ten below zero? That may be Christian, but it isn't the way I read the Sermon on the Mount, which tells you to give a cloak to a fellow who has none. Talking about cloaks, how is that for a seal-skin sacque?" and he held up one corner of the ragged sheet with a gesture of contempt which was really dramatic.

"And then they are all the time talking about sympathy and kindness, and all the rest of the virtues ancient and modern, in this institution. yet that Professor Harper will come in here sometimes and wrap this rag about me, and just waltz me out in front of the whole school. Then he planks me down, and yanks off the sheet, and there I am without even my skin to protect me. And not content with that, perhaps he will unbutton my jaw and take off a part of my neck, and the Doctor will wave it round in his hand and talk about my epiglottis and my nares cavity. I tell you I'm disgusted with the whole institution."

"But, Manikinus," softly interrupted the skeleton, "ar'n't you wandering a

little from the subject?"

"Subject? Oh, yes. I forgot."

With a deft motion he unhooked the front of his chest, stood it on the floor beside him, reached in, and after a moment's fumbling took out something and handed it to the skeleton.

"What's that?" asked Skeletania

doubtfully.

"That's my heart. As nearly as I can make out from the conversations which I have overheard in this room, when a man is in love he gives the lady his heart. Here is mine, and every one who has inspected it agrees that it is a good one, one of the very best parts of me."

"But what shall I do with it?"

"Keep it, for my sake."

"But I can't find my pocket."

At that they laughed. You should have heard that laugh. Hers was the sound of teeth chattering like mad, and his had the resonance of an empty flour barrel.

"Well," said he, "as long as you haven't any pocket I will keep it for you. But it is yours, and if you ever want it, just loosen these hooks, if there are any left, and help yourself.

"Skeletania," he continued, "I am not only tired of this life, I am determined to leave it, and I would have you fly with me. Let me explain. Lean this way that no one may hear our secret. We will not go unequipped. You have heard complaints of late that various articles have been missed from the dressing-rooms, and many persons are suspected, but the right one has not yet been found. Sh! Nearer! I am the thief. I have played my part well, and have managed to get together a full wardrobe for each of us. It has been dangerous work. Many a time have I been nearly discovered, and I fear to continue at so great a risk. The time has come to fly. Nor are we without money, for that, too, have I obtained from the pockets of careless girls who left their porte-monnaies in the dressing-room. I have nineteen dollars and thirty-five cents hidden hidden — angels and ministers of grace, where did I hide that money?"

Up went his hand to his head. There

was a swift click and the frontal bone was off in a second. His brains were in his hand and his bulging eyes stared into the crevices. Terror was written on every feature, but suddenly his expression changed and he heaved a great sigh of relief. He gravely put his brains back, fastened up his skull and said:—

"Yes, I have nineteen dollars and thirty-five cents in the pit of my stomach. I feared that I had forgotten where I put the pelf and was obliged to scrutinize my memory to discover it. And now, Skeletania, wilt thou go with me? We will put up at the Adams House, and you shall again know the taste of ice-cream."

At the mention of ice-cream a shiver of delight rattled every bone in the skeleton's frame. She said nothing, but reached out her hand and grasped his. He seized her. He pressed her to his breast, and then they started toward the door, but I was there before them.

"No sir," said I, "this will not do. In the first place it would create a scandal in the school. In the next place you would likely frighten the horses on the street, who are not used to seeing such persons as you two promenading in broad daylight. And in the third place you are a thief and must be arrested and tried according to the law for robbing the dressing-rooms. You cannot go."

Such an expression of hate and baffled rage I have never seen on a face before. He paused but a moment.

"Skeletania," he yelled, "we will not be thus beaten. Prithee lend me but for a moment your humerus."

"Certainly, love," replied the skeleton, as she gracefully and deftly unhooked the desired bone.

With an exultant cry, he seized it and brandishing it as a club, sprang toward me.

I am not naturally a timid man, but

this was more than I could stand. I confess that I turned and ran from the library with all the speed that was in me, and straight into the arms of Jack.

"Hello," said he. "Got'em again?"
"Jack," said I, "will you precede
me into that room?"

"Of course," said he. "Come along."
He crossed the threshold fearlessly and I timidly after him, and there in the customary corner stood the manikin and the skeleton clothed in the usual draperies and in the usual position. I gazed upon them a moment, then went and fearfully touched them, and turning said,

"Jack, I want to register a vow in

your presence."

"That's right," said he.
"I swear never to drink"—

"Go on," he cried.

"I swear never to drink — anything but nervine coffee till death us do part." And I fell into his arms and wept.

FAULKLAND.

[A Character Sketch read before the Post-Graduate Class in their Study of Sheridan's Comedy of the Rivals.]

By W. T. Worcester.

In one of his fault-finding tirades against his faithful, long-suffering Julia, Faulkland expresses a wish that he had been bodily deformed, in order that he might be certain that her affection was independent of any physical influence. With singular blindness he fails to perceive that he has a mental deformity so great that were not her love far stronger than he deserves, he would long since have entirely alienated it.

It is a difficult thing to analyse this whimsical temper of Faulkland's. It is evident that he loves Julia heartily, and yet his love is so tainted with selfishness that he is hurt if her every thought, word, and action does not fit his ever varying moods.

His love for Julia, the individual, is in part neutralized by a lack of confi-

dence in her sex, in general. In one breath he curses his own ill-nature, and in the next betrays a desire to make her suffer most keenly for it. He is continually seeking one more proof of her worth, while continually recurring evidences of broadest charity on her part serve only to increase his exactions.

At one moment anxiety lest his temper has at last prevailed in separating them forever seems tormenting him; the next, which bears her sweet forgiveness, sees him fuming because the forgiveness is freely bestowed. Under like conditions the comedy closes, except in this last case, he has acquired the grace to seek mercy. We cannot but fear that this infirmity so badly governed before us will occasionally break forth in the future, for truly his patience is too manly to last. He is affectionate, but of most jealous disposition, which, as his mistress gives him no cause for serious dissatisfaction, betrays itself in the most trivial ways. He knows his own faults, and seems swayed between two desires, the wish to conquer his temper and the effort to justify his petty meannesses. He plainly gives more attention to the latter.

Yet as the action progresses, we discern a gradual change which indicates that at last Faulkland is bending all his energies to the conquest of his unfortunate failing.

POMPEY'S STATUE.

"Even at the base of Pompey's statue, Which all the while ran blood, Great Cæsar fell."

BY HELEN HAMBLIN.

For lovers of Shakespeare and history, it is interesting to know that this famous statue is still in existence. It is the property of the Sparda family, and can easily be seen by the stranger at their palace in Rome. The material

is marble once white, though now yellowing by age, and represents the great warrior standing with one arm outstretched, as in the act of moving forward and about to speak.

It is of colossal size and nude

Though crude as work of art, it nevertheless gives to this famous general of antiquity a remarkable repose, great dignity of bearing, and suggestive power.

Little sympathy, we fancy, could the dying Cæsar find in those stern, penetrating eyes, little hope expressed in those cold, hard features. They had been great rivals in life, these two famous warriors; and can we imagine the mighty Cæsar's thoughts as that well-known face looked down upon him — dying — dying at his feet.

CHARLES WESLEY EMERSON.

BY A. W. D.

We praise the man who, in this world of ours, Can see, with kindling eye, the glories round; But how much more, when with that eye is found A gen'rous soul, a sympathetic ear, A hand to freely help, with heart to cheer, A mind so clarified that he can see Beauty in common-place, and thus is free To wield his purpose in the world! He towers Above all envy and ingratitude As did, in ancient Rhodes, her famous stone. A glorious lyric — not an interlude — He sings, of truth and beauty dearer grown, Of truer work made plain by clearer sight, The joy of thinking, feeling, living, right.

COME, SWEET COMPASSION!

BY JULIA NOYES STICKNEY.

Come, sweet compassion, soothe my soul to calm, And be my joy by day, by night my rest. When morning dawns and sunset gilds the west! Then shall the wraiths of wrath and hate disarm, And hope appear to those whose souls' alarm Brings nameless sorrow for abiding guest, And dark despair, to chill the clay-cold breast Ere healing dews from Eden shed their balm.

Smile, kind compassion, on the poor, the old, The sick, the weary, friendless, and the blind, And those once loved who feel hate's withering scorn, And those who stray beyond the sheltering fold In tangled woods, unsought and unenshrined, Till Death's reveille sounds, like trumpet horn.

Southwick Literary Society.

The entertainment provided by the Southwick Literary Society has always been of excellent quality, but during the present term the programmes have been of an exceptionally fine character.

On Tuesday, January 16, Berkeley Hall was crowded to listen to Miss Daisy Carroll Hoyt, who gave the literary part of the programme. She was in excellent voice and condition, and carried her audience by storm in her pathetic, dramatic, and humorous recitations, and gracefully responded to her numerous encores. The music of Miss Berry and Miss Hamlin was also highly appreciated. The entire programme was as follows:-

1. Business, $\left\{ egin{array}{ll} a. & Report of Secretary. \\ b. & Report of Treasurer. \\ c. & Miscellaneous. \end{array} \right.$

2. Piano Solo, — "Novellette," . . Scharvenka Miss Berry. .

3. READING, — "Silence," . . Mary Wilkins Miss Hoyt.

4. SOPRANO SOLO, - "In Sevill's Groves,"

Van Lanep

Miss Hamlin.
5. Piano Solo,—"Hexentanz,". . MacDowell MISS BERRY.

6. READING, -"The Same Old Story,"

Arranged for Miss Hoyt MISS HOYT.

7. SOPRANO ARIA, - From the "Queen of Sheba,"

MISS HAMLIN. 8. READING, - "The First Christmas Eve," Lew Wallace

MISS HOYT.

On Friday, February 9, Mr. John Burgess Weeks gave a monologue recitation of Tom Taylor's Comedy, "Still Waters Run Deep." In this new departure Mr. Weeks enters the lists with the finest talent in the country, and we can bestow no higher praise than to say he has made no mistake in the line he has chosen. The fine music of the Svendsen Trio was highly appreciated, as was also the violin solo of Miss Edna Woodruff. There were several

The officers of the term are Miss Lilia E. Smith, president; Mr. Albert

M. Harris, vice-president; Miss Frances White, secretary; and Miss Bertha Ashton, treasurer. Executive Committee, Miss Lilia E. Smith, Mr. A. M. Harris, Miss Marjorie L. Allen, Mr. F. A. Metcalf.

Shortly after the election of officers the president, Miss Smith, announced the following committee for visiting the sick:-

POST-GRADUATE CLASS.

Miss McCall.

JUNIOR CLASS.

Section A — Miss Axford; Section B — Miss Ebert; Section C — Miss Morse; Section D — Miss Sheldon; Committee at Large — Mr. Burgess, and Mr. Stowe.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

Section A — Miss Brown; Section B — Miss Carpenter; Section C — Miss Foster; Section D — Miss Hiscock; Section E — Miss O'Brien; Section F—Miss Nunn; Section G—Mrs. Roberts; Section H—Miss West; Committee at Large — Mr. Coleman and Mr. Hall.

Southwick Debating Club.

The Southwick Debating Club were lately entertained by a lecture from Rev Mr. Dunn on "The Grammatical Man Declined and Conjugated." Mr. Dunn's lecture is becoming very popular, and well does it deserve to be, for it is not only entertaining but also very instructive, interspersed with humor, moral thought, and logic. As a writer Mr. Dunn has a style peculiar to himself and distinctly shown in each of his several lectures, more of which the club hope to be favored with.

PERSONALS.

Atwater . . .

Mr. William E. Atwater, '93, is teaching at Lyndon Institute, Lyndon Centre, Vt., for a period of four weeks in the position formerly held by Professor Metcalf.

Ayers . . .

Miss Evelyn Benedict Ayers, '88, who has been teaching in Clinton College and Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., has been appointed to the chair of Physical Culture and Oratory in the Utica School of Music.

Carleton . . .

Miss Helen S. Carleton, '92, is teaching privately in Lynn, Mass. Her classes are thriving. She is also engaged in public reading.

Choate . . .

Mrs. Helen Choate, '92, of Manchester, N. H., is engaged in private teaching and public reading. Some of her pupils are graduates of other schools of oratory, and are among her most enthusiastic workers. She is a member of the Ladies Concert Co.

Cox . . .

The work of Mr. E. E. Cox, '93, at the Stark County Summer School, Stark County, Ill., was so highly appreciated last summer that he has been invited to return again during the summer of '94.

Curry . . .

During the absence of Mr. Atwater at Lyndon, Vt., his place in the library is being supplied by Mr. Thomas Curry.

Farr . . .

Charles J. Farr, '96, gave a recital, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society, at the Central Church, Dorchester, February 14. Every number was well received.

Gatchell . . .

On Wednesday evening, January 3, Miss Maud L. Gatchell gave a most successful recital in which she presented, among other numbers, "Ruth," "Goliath," "The Slave's Lullaby," and "Ophelia's Mad Scene." Her work throughout was most artistic and charmingly natural, and richly deserved the enthusiastic reception that it met from the audience.

Hall . .

W. B. Hall, '96, was well spoken of in the *Bunker Hill Times* for his work on the stage as Marcus Graves in "Comrades," given at Union Hall, Charlestown, January 10, 1894.

Hassett . . .

Miss Minnie Hassett of Aurora, Ill., vice-president of last year's Freshman class, was married December 21 to Mr. Everett Beckwith. Their residence will be in Aurora, Ill.

Hastings . . .

We are pleased to announce the engagement of Professor Henry W. Hastings, the instuctor in oratory in Mount Hermon School, to Miss Anna W. George, an instructor in English in the same institution and formerly instructor in the Normal School, West Chester, Penn. Our warmest and heartiest wishes are extended to Professor Hastings and his fiancé.

Hill . . .

Miss Evalena M. Hill, '87, was recently married to Mr. Albert H. Holton, of Dorchester, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Holton will be at home at 75 Clifton Street, Dorchester, Mass., after March 1.

Hornick . . .

On account of the increasing demands upon her time in the college, Miss King has been succeeded at Dean Academy by by Miss Ethel Hornick, '93.

Hoyt and King . . .

During the remainder of the year Professor Kidder's work in rendering will be carried on by Miss Hoyt and Miss King.

Husted . . .

Miss Maud Husted, '92, is arranging to take a trip to California in March, in company with her mother.

Irons . . .

Miss Edith Irons, of the Junior Class, is teaching physical culture at the Warrenton St. Young Women's Christian Association.

Jones . . .

Miss Lottie A. Jones, of Brewster Academy, Wolfboro, N. H., in addition to her work in oratory and physical culture, is also engaged in teaching ancient history. The interest she has succeeded in creating in physical culture may be judged from the fact that some of the classes gave up their recess for the sake of having the opportunity to take the exercises.

Karnan . . .

Mrs. Ida Karnan reports that her classes at the Y. W. C. A. Cambridgeport are increasing in numbers and interest.

Metcalf . . .

During the absence of Professor Kidder in Europe, his classes in oratory at the Y. M. C. A. will be conducted by Professor Metcalf.

Phoenix . . .

Miss Lydia E. Phoenix, '92, who is instructor in physical culture, reading and vocal music in the State Normal School, Oswego, N. Y., and has under her instruction over two hundred persons, recently delivered a lecture in Normal Hall on Health and Dress which was warmly received and is spoken of in the highest terms in the Oswego *Daily Times*.

Plummer . . .

Miss Bessie Plummer, class '95, has read several times in Hyde Park this season, with much success.

Randall . . .

Miss Elizabeth B. Randall, class '95, read with the Technology Glee and Banjo Clubs in Hyde Park, on the evening of February 7, to a large audience. She is also conducting a class in physical culture in Quincy, Mass.

Read . . .

Miss Mina A. Read, class '95, has read three times in Atlantic this winter, with marked success.

Rossiter . . .

Miss Irmagarde Rossiter, class '95, read "Goliath" before a goodly audience at the Young Women's Christian Association. She has been requested to repeat her reading at the same place.

Sherman . . .

Mrs. Mary L. Sherman, '93, is conducting a class in physical culture and oratory in the Cantabridgia Club, Cambridge. The club is devoted to philanthropic, art, social, and educational matters, and numbers several hundred members.

Smith . . .

On Monday evening February 5, Miss Lilia E. Smith, of the faculty, read at a select charitable entertainment at her home in Winthrop, Mass. She was recalled several times.

Stowe ...

Mr. Frank J. Stowe, class '95, is giving a course of lectures at the Young Men's Christian Association; his last lecture, on "Books and Reading," was listened to by a large audience.

Stephens . . .

Miss Mae E. Stephens, class '95, read at an entertainment in Watertown; she was encored five times in four appearances.

Swigert . . .

While at his home in London Mills, Ill., last summer, Mr. Emanuel Swigert, '94, delivered the Fourth of July oration, which was most enthusiastically received.

Trapp . . .

Miss Harriet J. Trapp, '92, of Chester, Penn., is arranging an entertainment for her pupils in which they will present the Chronothanatolotron, which was arranged by Miss Vira L. Cousins.

Temple . . .

Miss Belle Temple, '93, lately recited on the ladies' night of the 999th Artillery Association of Charlestown, and was recalled after each of her selections.

Terwilliger . . .

Miss Jessica Terwilliger, '91, is teaching in the Conservatory of Music, London, Ontario.

Trine . . .

Saturday evening January 20, 1894, about thirty met in the office, and went to Jamaica Pond, accompanied by Professor Trine, and enjoyed two hours of fine skating.

Ward . . .

Mr. James H. Ward, class '95, gave a very pleasing and instructive evening's reading to the sailors on board the Receiving Ship, Wabash.

Whitcomb-Pugh . . .

Miss Mittie Ethel Whitcomb and Miss Genevieve Pugh gave a recital in Cotilion Hall on Saturday afternoon, February 10, when they were greeted by a large and enthusiastic audience whose hearts they won by their artistic and finished work. Miss Whitcomb recited "Gallagher," "One, Two, Three" and "How Girls Fish," while Miss Pugh gave "Annie Laurie," "My Ship," and "An Old Garden." They were assisted by the M. I. T. Banjo and Guitar Club, together with Miss Grace Walker, soprano, Mr. Frederick Blanchard, cornetist, and Miss Edith Nickerson, pianist.





yours faithfully Charles Moley Esmerson.

· EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE

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EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

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CECIL HARPER MANAGING EDITOR

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No Advertisements Received.

President Emerson's Portrait.

In compliance with a request preferred from the Freshman Class, we furnish our readers this month with a portrait of President Emerson taken expressly for this purpose. And, by the way, there is a special appropriateness in the appearance of President Emerson's portrait in this number which also contains his original Philosophy of Gesture.

A METHODIST MEETING.

The Benefit Loan Fund.

BY ALBERT J. COLEMAN.

The Benefit Loan Fund is an available force for good, and bears a vital relationship to the students of the Emerson College. Like many other

forces in the material world, it is largely governed by the law of supply and demand. The more money placed at its disposal, the more good it can accomplish. As a tiny streamlet carries its own silent force in making the valleys verdant and fertile, so this fund, when coursing in the channels of its own activity, makes richer and more fruitful the soil which absorbs its strengthening influence. That the object for which the fund was established has the strong sympathy of the faculty and students was noticeably observed on the morning of March the twentyeighth, when Mr. Albert M. Harris, one of the members of the Committee, presented his novel plan for filling the depleted treasury. The suggestion made by the committee was that instead of an entertainment as had been the custom, funds be asked for, and for this purpose a good old-fashioned Methodist meeting be held, to raise the sum of seventy-five dollars.

Whether it was the enthusiasm of the speaker, or the able presentation of the subject-matter, or the unique pyramid of figures, or the general interest in such a worthy object, may never be known, but we are pleased to note that not only was the plan a success, but within a few minutes nearly twice the desired sum or one hundred and forty dollars was easily raised.

The money which the committee are enabled to obtain, is used for relieving students whose means have become limited or exhausted. To such persons sufficient money is loaned, without inter est, to help them over their difficulties; the money so loaned to be returned at the convenience of the borrower.

The application of the truth of the cheerful giver, being twice blessed blessing him that gives as well as him that receives — never had a better illustration than on that morning, for the spirit of helpfulness which pervaded Berkeley Hall during the earlier session, was transmitted to the class rooms, and there is no doubt but that the seeds dropped at that time, will spring up in their season bearing many a hundredfold. May this glorious work go on. May the helping hand ever be given to lighten the load or remove the obstacles which beset the path of the one struggling for the truth.

TONE LANGUAGE.

BY PROF. ALBERT BAKER CHENEY.

[The inestimable value of Prof. Cheney's original method of voice training as seen in the wonderful results produced in his pupils has so impressed the Emerson students with the absolute necessity of becoming acquainted with his system that in addition to his regular work he has been obliged to form several special classes. The substance of the following article constituted his introductory lecture before one of the above mentioned classes.—E.D.]

In commencing the development of the singing voice, most persons think they are taking up a different subject from the speaking voice. Not so. Singing and speaking are simply two forms of the same thing, namely, the use of the voice. And in the evolution of the race as of the individual, the prolonged or singing voice is first; the speaking voice being merely a breaking up of the stream of tone. You can easily prove this by singing a short sentence, then chanting it and finally speaking it.

In the use of the voice we employ two languages, tone language and word language Tone language is the language of feeling; word language is the language of the intellect. Tone language is developed by developing the depth and range of feeling; word language by increasing our ideas.

Our subject is tone language. As

the painter uses color, the singer uses tone, to convey or arouse feeling. We speak of tone colors because the effect produced by certain tones corresponds to the effect produced by certain colors.

In particular, our study is the study of mental tone as distinct from physical or animal tone. And let me say that when I use the word "mental," I refer to the entire mind or soul. It is customary with some persons to use the word mental in contradistinction to moral and vital, but throughout this lecture the reader will please understand that the word is always used in the largest and most inclusive sense. A mental tone is the only one that has any significance in art, and that only is a truth-tone or mental tone which expresses the soul of the singer and is entirely free from friction, for friction reduces the meaning of tone, as it reduces the force in mechanics. pure tone there is absolutely no friction, and hence there is a perfect economy in the strength of the singer and in the attention of the audience. other words, there is a minimum of effort and a maximum of result, together with a perfect report of the mind-condition of the singer at the moment of song.

Every tone of the scale has its own individuality; or, as I prefer to call it, its own quality-atmosphere. To ignore this is a fatal mistake. Yet it is a rock upon which many persons founder. To illustrate my point, suppose I am singing middle C and then high C. Now, although some persons try to sing it so, high C is not the same as middle C sung two octaves higher. The feeling it gives is altogether different, because the two tones differ not only in pitch but also in relative force and quality. This is perhaps perfectly clear when the two tones are two or three octaves apart, but it is not quite so clear, although it is quite as true, when the two tones are close together, as C and D,

which lie side by side. In this characteristic individuality, Nature is simply following her universal order, for she never makes two clover leaves or two blades of grass or two rose petals after the same pattern. When the leaf is made the pattern is destroyed. If you were to represent the lowest singing tones by a chocolate color and the highest singing tones by pure sunlight grading from dark to light by imperceptible degrees, and across this spectrum of shades and tints you were to draw the point of the finest cambric needle, you would never get the same shading or tinting at any two points, no matter how closely they might lie together. This is what we mean by saying that every tone has its own quality-atmosphere. It has an individuality which must be respected to secure the highest artistic result.

Mental tone is the result of mental development. The physical organism obeys our feelings in producing tones just as certainly as it obeys our volitions in walking or running. As soon as you conceive a mental tone you produce a mental tone, and to this law there is absolutely no exception, unless there is paralysis of the nerves leading from the brain to the vocal organs. True voice development is mind development. This is the order of nature. And a reversal of this order will be not only disappointing but disastrous. cannot teach nature tricks by arranging the diaphragm or larynx so as to produce a mental tone. No muscle-trap can catch a truth-tone, but a truth-tone always catches the muscles. It catches them easily and naturally, and controls them spontaneously and unconsciously. Exactly how Nature does this we cannot tell,—at least we cannot tell in scientific language, but that it is so we know, for the heart of mankind throbs instinctively to a truth-tone from the soul of a brother man.

As teachers we seek artistic results rather than philosophic argumentation. We are after the *what* first; afterwards we may seek the *how* and the *why*. In following this order our philosophy will be sound and practical because based on experience.

Let me then speak of a few practical

points.

Breathing.

Breathing depends on right mental action. When the true principle is once known, artistic breathing quickly becomes established as a habit, and need cause the singer no further thought. Ordinarily we do not think of breathing, for the lungs open to receive from the ocean of atmosphere around us all that we need. So in artistic breathing the lungs adapt themselves to the necessities of the case, taking in more air or less, as the fingers close to pick up a pin or a needle, and the hand opens to receive a book or a. ball. When the principle is once grasped, all so-called scientific breathing, all fighting the air, all porpoiselike suction, all unpleasant effort and noise, at once and forever disappear.

Tone-Centre.

Until the tone is centred there can be neither repose nor growth. At the centre of the voice as at the centre of the earth there is perfect repose; not the repose of inertia but of free activity. As the nucleus of a seed is the germinal point, so the centre of the tone is the ideal point from which all true voice development must start. This gives unity to the voice; in other words, when the voice is properly centred it is sustained by all parts of the mind and body. Furthermore, all limitation is removed. The voice seems to float. Instead of commencing and ending abruptly, it seems to float out of the universe and float back into the universe, and like a comet that comes

from afar, "you cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth." Tonecentre gives carrying power to the voice, so that in a voice of ordinary power, the most delicate tones are easily heard in the largest room without effort to the singer. I sometimes call this the life-preserver of the voice. Without tone-centre there is friction, and so there cannot be a perfect mental tone. When a singer lacks tone-centre the voice sometimes seems to shake like a jelly, and the singer to be painfully exhausted in using it. A lady who had studied abroad for several years, and had spent much time and money on her voice, but who with increasing culture grew increasingly nervous and infirm in health, came to me as a last resort. When she sang her voice shook like a leaf and she became greatly fatigued from producing tone. I need not say that she had become very much discouraged, but will simply tell you that with some instruction in centering the tone, all her difficulties disappeared.

Perfect Vowel Form.

Tone-centre and vowel-form are related to one another as picture and frame. They perfectly fit one another, and the fit is air-tight, that is, there unvocalized air or hissing. is no The vowel-form is the mould through which the liquid tone is poured. As it is the function of the feelings to give and to receive impressions, so it is the function of the intellect to create and to perceive form. Wherever in mankind there is no mind there is no vowelform. The articulation of a person of intelligence is always characterized by delicate cameo-like carving of the vowel and consonant sounds. the expression of intelligence; and if our singing is to be intelligent, it must be characterized by perfection of form. Wherever in mankind there is a lack of mind there is also a lack of perfect vowel form.

Individuality.

In all art the preservation and development of individuality is of the utmost importance. No two voices can be alike, because no two personalities are alike, and each voice must be developed according to its own personality. Our first care is to find a pupil's true voice, and then to develop it without regard to the voice of any one else. No imitation of the teacher or of any great artist will do. This is at best but an echo, and, like all echoes, will die with the voice that gave birth to it. It is your voice that we seek, the voice of your soul. God has given you a sacred personality which no one else has. Beware how you tamper with or minimize the possibilities of your soul, for without soul there is no art. greater the soul the greater the artist. There never was a great artist without a great soul, — and there never can be. It is not a question of whether your voice strikes a higher tone than that of some great singer. The question is, Does your soul strike a higher tone? If you take the soul out of your voice, it not only becomes meaningless but it actually terrifies you. Have you ever heard the voice of an idiot, or an insane person? If so, you never want to hear it again; there is something frightful about it. The more soul you can put into your voice, the more pleasing and impressive your art will be. This is what gives the dynamic or magnetic quality to the voice.

In developing your soul through the voice, your improvement will be gradual, but sure. I have discovered that if we trust to one truth, it will lead us to another truth, till the broad ocean of truth is as palpable to the soul as the Atlantic to the eye. Did I say an ocean? We are surrounded by an atmosphere of truth, we are floating in the illimitable ether of truth; and we have but to open our souls to be flooded with the radiance and the glory of God.

THE EMERSON PHILOSOPHY OF GESTURE.

[The following article consists of condensed extracts from stenographic reports of a series of five lectures by President Charles Wesley Emerson on Gesture, in which he presented his original philosophy of the subject as taught in the Emerson College of Oratory. While an effort has been made to preserve, as far as possible, the spoken form of delivery, it is the barest justice to the power and brilliancy of the speaker to say that even the fullest verbal report of the lectures can no more report the lecturer than a newspaper description can report a thunderstorm or an aurora borealis, while a condensation is like a storage battery, useful if you understand it, dangerous if you do not. It smells of chemicals and midnight oil anyway, and at best it lacks the spontaneity of an outburst of Nature.— EDITOR.]

Introductory.

The Scripture statement that "Every hidden thing shall be revealed" is a law of Nature, and upon that law all gesture rests. The great poems are immortal, because every great poem is a recognition of the truth, that "Every secret thing shall be revealed." And, in addition to this, every great poem is a recognition of the fact that the secret thing to be revealed is mind. The difference between Materialism and Spirituality hinges upon this truth. Materialism proceeds upon the assumption that blind force is revealed in Nature, whereas Spirituality proceeds on the assumption that Mind is the cause of the entire visible universe. These two schools have come down the ages together. In modern times, Materialism has seemed to gain ground over Spirituality. But each is contending for its own existence, one by the process called Reasoning, the other by the Affirmations of the Soul. which do the instincts of the human race incline? To Spirituality. If it were not for that, the Church would have been annihilated; all religious teaching would have ceased; and all consciousness of the necessity of God would have been wiped out; because Religion has for its basis the conscious-

ness of the Divine mind that stands behind all things. Every true man who is an observer of Nature instinctively feels that all these things proceed from the hand of God. He looks into the heavens, and says, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork." The Materialist says that all proceeds

from protoplasm.

Here then are the two schools. Has history proved that the instincts of the people are right or wrong? think that there is but one answer to this question, and that is that the instincts of the people are in the right And I believe more in the instincts of the race than I do in the few discoveries which so-called scientists have made. Science will by and by demonstrate that the instincts of mankind are correct. The science of government has already demonstrated it. There never was a race that did not possess the instinct of freedom. The science of government to-day is able to show that the happiest government on the earth, where civilization progresses most rapidly, where the powers of the mind are most early unfolded, is the free government, and that all progress rests upon freedom. This has always been the instinct of the human race, but it has not been the philosophy of civil government until within a little more than a hundred years.

Homer has been read so long, that people are in doubt to-day whether there ever was any Homer or whether there were twenty. The great poem of Job, which is hundreds of years older than Homer, has been read for more than three thousand years, and will be read for three times three thousand years to come. Why is Homer read? Why is the poem called Job, immortal? Because each poem recognizes the assumption that everything in nature is an expression of

The poet ever goes to nature for a symbol of what is active in the soul. Surely then the soul is first, and the material world is but an expression of it. Edmund Spenser based his great poem upon the thought that all beauty comes from the mind; that it was mind that made the body. A grand philosopher, Spenser! philosophies which assume that these principles loved by the poets and proclaimed by prophets, are false, will soon die.

Mind Action in Oratory.

Now, there is for us a practical side to this principle. Let us turn our attention to the subject of gesture. Every summer I have the privilege of meeting the leading educators from all parts of this country, and many from Europe, as they are assembled at Martha's Vineyard. And every one of them shrugs his shoulder at Elocution. There is no teaching under heaven to-day which is so unpopular as the teaching of Elocution. Why is Elocution, in all its departments, especially in those of Reading, Gesture-making, and Posing, considered so "cheap"? Because it does not proceed solely and exclusively from the mind. Every single educator in the land, as soon as he recognizes the work we are doing, says, "Oh, then you work from the mind outward, do you? Well, that is educational. I believe in that." Now it is necessarily believed by all teachers of elocution, so far as I know, that the activities of the mind should be there. Then, in what do we differ from others? The difference is right here.

Mind Creates its own Form in Gesture.

We believe that the mind itself moves outward and creates its own expression. Others hold that you should know the forms of gesture and make the gesture that represents the desired mental activity. We hold that if the activity is right, it

will create its own gesture, and that the orator need know nothing about it. Furthermore, we claim, and stand firmly on this principle, that the man who knows at the time just what gesture he is making, is not making a perfect gesture. Now for our secret. It is simply this: that mind is power, and that it creates its own manifestations, and reveals every hidden thought. Every merchant in the city of Boston believes this. Every business man in the United States believes it. Every man who employs help throughout the world believes it. If I want to get you a position in some mercantile establishment, I write you a testimonial. get testimonials from others. I carry them to the merchant who says. "These testimonials are all right, but I would like to see the young man." How long would you like to see "Only ten minutes. satisfies me when I see him, then I shall consider these testimonials good, otherwise not." Why does he want to see you? Because he has a feeling that in your outer manner you will manifest something of what you are within. You arrive before him; he looks you over and says, "I accept you." I ask him what he knows about a young man whom he has not seen ten minutes, and his reply is, "I'm used to seeing people; I'll trust this young man." Now look here! If we can all be representatives of noble character. without having a noble character, all we will have to do if we wish a position will be to go and take lessons in pantomime. Put on all the externals of a noble character, and the merchant will hire us. Will he? No indeed, he will not. You cannot cheat him with any of your elocutionary humbug. He knows better.

Principles of the Emerson College.

It is useless for you to go on working here from week to week and from year to year unless you accept this proposi

tion (for it is the rock-bottom on which this College is built), that mind rules the body, in Oratory as well as in life. (Applause.) Upon this principle we have worked for eight years. If this is not true, our teaching is good for nothing, and the sooner you cease to study with us, the better. Have you intellect? Have you philosophical power? If you have, use it to find out whether this which I call rock-bottom is the rock-upon which if a house is built no storm can crush it. Our system of Physical Culture recognizes, and is arranged for, developing grace. But you may practise "till the evil days come, and the years draw nigh when they shall say, I have no pleasure in them", and yet never be graceful. You ask "Well, then, what will it do for us?" It will make the expression of grace possible. That is all. If you do not have grace within your soul, no culture of the muscles can make you graceful. The culture of the body only makes it possible for the grace of the soul to speak through it. "But what about our work in Reflex-Action? Will not that develop unity?" It makes unity possible, because it so cultivates the spinal cord and the muscles controlled by it, that you get the reflex action that nature has ordained. But you may practise it forever, and never attain to unity in gesture unless there is beauty in your soul. Therefore you must have culture for the mind that when the muscles are developed the mind may take possession of them, for in the last analysis, Oratory, Eloquence and Grace unite.

Posing and Attitudinizing not Educational.

Let me say a few words about posing and attitudinizing. I go to the Art Rooms to see the Greek sculptures, for I am going to make myself up like a Grecian statue. Let me see. A Greek holds his bow thus, his arm thus, his leg so. I fix myself up. Oh, why will

not the world pay for it? People will go to the Museum of Fine Arts and pay for seeing a statue in marble or in. plaster. Now if I present them a living statue, one of flesh and blood, why will they not pay me? Because the statue I present to them does not represent mind action. No genius, not even that of a MacKaye, can without mental activity, reproduce the effect of the Apollo or the Venus or the Niobe. The Greek had an idea and he held the image of it in his mind, while he carved, until under his hand there grew the statue that at last spoke the sculptor's thought. Where was the image of it? In the mind of the artist. And you cannot reproduce it until you have found out exactly what was in the mind of the Greek sculptor. No amount of time spent in fixing up the parts will ever give the thought and reproduce the idea of the Greeks. But when you have found out the idea of the Greek. and hold the image of it before your own mind, if you have practised the first and second year's work in physical culture, all that is necessary for you to do is to hold the image in your mind, and your body will then present the thought. Then the thought of the Greek sculptor will speak through you, and affect people, and move them even more than the original. Why? cause in the mind of the cultivated representative of this age, there is a complexity of character unknown to the Greek, that will give a higher mental light and make the image more attractive. But you see that your statue is a result of mind action, do you not? Let me know, O Pheidias, what was in your mind, let me see the image in your mind, and then by the law of reflex-action, from the mind through the muscles, I will produce a more charming statue than you carved from marble. But, otherwise, I cannot Pheidias could not naturally chisel better than others, but his mental

vigor was greater, his mind acted through the chisel, consequently the more beautiful were the images.

Making up Gesture.

Let us consider the danger of attempting to make up a gesture with which to represent a thought or idea. Suppose a person has for years practised making up gestures, and making up tones, we find that he can make them skilfully; but during those years of practice he has been destroying his natural powers of oratory. Ten years ago a thought would thrill through the nerve of his arm and form its representative in the hand. But he has suspended the action of that nerve for ten years, and the ten years' practice of calculating his gestures have made it impossible for him to give a natural one. I could this moment call the name of a gentleman who practised gesture according to the then most perfect methods, scientifically and critically, and I heard him say in a public audience a few years ago, "It destroyed me. For years I was before the public. I had a following. I had all the public readings I could give, and was everywhere received well. I was then told if I would perfect my powers, I could do even greater things. And therefore for years I put myself under careful training as to just what gesture to make, and just what tones of voice to give for each passage, and the public has not wanted me since." Let me say that there is no hope for mechanical gesture, and so terribly do we feel this truth that we stand or fall, we sink or swim, by this tremendous idea that in order to make right gestures you must cultivate the mind aright. It is the easiest thing in the world to teach you what will box you up forever. While you are studying an extract from Phillips, it is easy to teach you to make motions like Phillips; but while you are learning to do that, you could be developing activities of your mind, until your

mind would act like Phillips' mind, and a gesture like his would be spontaneous. In response to a single movement of his hand, one that you could not see at all unless you were close to him, I have seen him actually make an audience of a thousand or more people move as the waters yield to the winds. Phillips, where did you learn that gesture? the School of Sincerity. In the School of Telling the Truth. I learned it on my knees praying for the downfall of oppression. I learned it from trying to make others believe in the same truths I believe in." Oh, I tell you, the laws that govern this world are spiritual, and those laws have their fulfilment in the acts of your mind. (Applause) It seems to me strange that this should need so much argument. It seems almost self-evident. And vet, when I am called to account for the bad reputation of elocution among scholars and thinkers and Christian men and reformers all over this country, I am compelled to argue this fundamental point,—that mind governs the body in expression. But it is selfevident to the great thinkers, and selfevident to every person who has not studied elocution according to false methods.

Origin of a Knowledge of Gesture.

I shall not attempt to define gesture, but we may say that what we call gesture is the spirit speaking through the body, or in other words, it is the soul presenting the forms of its thoughts to the intuitions of others. Gesture is natural. Where then do men get ideas of gesture? It has been observed that when persons act under the influence of certain states of their own minds, they make certain movements, and the accumulated knowledge of the movements has now grown to something that can be talked of as a science. But it has all come from observing persons whose bodies acted sponta-

neously to the impulse of the mind. Seeing a person who is dominated by love, the observer notes what gestures he makes. Another person is moved by reverence. He notes that. Another person expresses sublimity. He makes a note of his gestures. These notes. are reported, and compared; and at last we are able to say that such a gesture indicates sublimity, another anger, and so on through all the various activities of the soul, until to-day those who have studied the subject thoroughly are able to tell you what mental activity is indicated by every possible gesture. You cannot appear before an expert in this subject, you cannot bow, or hold out your hand, you cannot move or stand still, but he will to some extent read your state of mind through your bearing, or your attitude, or your movements. This enables a person to read you at a glance, and even to tell what is habitual in your mind from what is transient. There is no limit to this. Even if you are ever so great an expert in expression you cannot help revealing yourself. Your very trying not to show what is in your mind will reveal something of what you are hiding. The very eye tells. "But I will not let my eye tell," you say. This learned detective knows you are hiding something and looks to see what you are ' hiding. He looks at your body, your eye and your fingers, and some agent will tell of it in spite of you, for "Every hidden thing shall be revealed." The Science of Gesture has been brought to such a degree of perfection, that our teachers are able to read what you are thinking by your gestures, and that is why they often present another object of thought which shall induce you to make a right gesture; they could not teach you if they had no scientific knowledge on this subject.

A Fatal Mistake in Teaching Gesture.

Now I want to point out a great mistake that has been made, and is

being almost universally practised a mistake against which we raise a protest not only in theory, but in prac-And that is this: Persons having learned what feelings certain gestures represent, think that now they have caught the secret by which they can teach people to be orators. I speak from experience; I myself taught in this manner for six years. God forgive me. Having learned this science of gesture, what had I to do (as I thought,) when a pupil read a certain selection, but to tell him exactly what gestures would represent the thought, so far as gesture could represent it. So I told him. Let this single instance suffice to make my point clear. I am teaching a pupil to read the sentence, "There is a great distinction between the ancient Jew and the ancient Gentile." "There is a distinction" (here is your gesture, one of classification,) "between the ancient Jew and the ancient Gentile." I can tell you how to make the voice correspond with the words. For "Jew" bright tone color and rising inflection; for "Gentile" dark tonecolor and falling inflection. I might go on with illustrations, but I only wish to call your attention to the fact that there are two ways of teaching. Well, in my blindness I honestly thought I was doing God service to teach in this artificial manner. I did not know that I was violating an eternal principle by putting something artificial in the place of it. Any person whose natural powers are equal to our great ancestor's —the monkey — (Laughter), may learn oratory in that fashion. I felt quite conceited over this matter. I said, I do not teach by imitation. I did not tell them to imitate me, but I said "Now, students, state your sentence. Look on the Diagram, and see what gesture belongs to that sentiment." That is not teaching them by imitation. That is science! (Great Laughter and Applause.) But, in process of time my eyes opened. And then I saw that

if I would produce effects, I must teach causes. What is the Cause of all gesture? Mental activity. Then I sought to awaken the activities of the mind, and upon this principle we are working to-day.

Why Study the Science of Gesture?

What is the use, then, of learning this science of gesture at all? This is a proper question, and one you are no doubt all asking. What then is the object of studying science of gesture at all, if it is not that you may know what gestures to make when you are reciting or speaking? I will tell you. It is of value to you as teachers that you may know what is going on in the minds of others, and thereby, if necessary, know how to change their mental action.

Evolution of Natural Gesture.

I wish now to trace some of the general steps in the evolution of natural gesture. All natural gesture is true to something. It may not be true to the thought of an author which one is trying to express, but it is true to what is in the person. Gesture may be the result of Habit. If a pupil has been under the dominion of habit, his gesture shows it, and the qualified teacher knows whether his gesture is a mannerism, or whether it arises from the thought. Persons under the influence of habit will make the same movements every time they read, no matter what the sentiment may be. The teacher knowing and seeing that his movements are from habit must not tell the student what he is doing; nor should he call attention to that habit, but should bring such objects of thought before his mind as to break it up. Suppose the student persists in his habit. Then one of two things is true: Either his teacher has not presented the right object of thought, or else the pupil does not work persistently upon that object; and the teacher can soon

tell which it is. And if he finds that the pupil is not working faithfully, then he may tell him of his bad habit. Not that the telling will cure him, but because it may spur him to work on the

proper object of thought.

Epictetus was a great philosopher, but as a teacher he made the mistake of his times, and taught: "If you would know Good, first know that you are Evil." That is, if you would have your children like Christ, let them first get acquainted with the devil. That was the logic of ancient teaching, but we do not believe it to-day. If a man will take the course that is right, it is not necessary to tell him that he is totally depraved. If he won't study hard enough, (and that you can tell by his gestures,) then tell him what his bad habits are. Suppose a person stammers and you want to cure him of Will you put stammering before him as an object of thought? If so, you will make him stammer ten times Persons who have followed certain lines of labor, as the farmer, the wall-layer, the shoe-maker, have developed certain dominating habits. Take the man who is used to sewing boots in the old way by hand. I have often seen such a man get up to speak and could see that he started with the right impulse, but in the gesture used, habitual use of the muscles would dominate. He would put in the awl, and the waxed ends, and pull them through. (Imitating.) He would keep repeating the gesture. It clinched the argument. This gesture was true. It was not necessarily true to the thoughts that he uttered, but it was true to his previous habits.

The Influence of Temperament on Gesture.

Then, again, temperament has a great deal to do with a person's gestures. It has to do with the making of gestures to begin with. There are persons whose temperaments are so

irresponsive that they make few gestures. Persons of phlegmatic temperament make but few. When in the Medical College, I sat month after month beside a student who, as far as I could perceive, never moved during six hours of lectures. He never lifted his cap, which he always kept on his knee; though in a spirit of mischief I sometimes wanted to knock it off. never saw him wink. (Laughter.) There he sat with his eyes on his notebook, occasionally looking up at the speaker. That man would not make many movements if he were to speak. Webster made but few gestures. Choate made very many. Why was this? Because of their different temperaments. Critics say of a speaker that he makes few gestures, and of another that he makes many. It is not the number, but the quality or truthfulness of the gestures that we are concerned with. Persons of great activity are disposed to move; they can hardly keep still. Look in some of the charts that O. S. Fowler used to give, and you will notice Activity marked 2 for this one, 4 for certain persons, 5 for another, 6 for another, and 7 for another. Persons marked 7 cannot keep still if they try to do so. And what are they doing? They may be making movements that have nothing to do with the thought; but with their sensibilities, which must work themselves out.

Standing Before an Audience.

Natural gesture may result from the consciousness on the part of the speaker that he is standing before an audience. He sometimes feels his own importance (imitating,) as he speaks or reads to the people. He does not think of what he is to say to the audience. He does not care whether they believe what he says, or not, but he is a "Public Speaker." His gestures are true to his mental state but wholly untrue to his words. There is a wrong activity

of his mind, which the teacher must change. Then, again, I see persons who have a second-consciousness on this matter of standing before an audience. A person is first conscious that he is speaking to an audience, and then he sometimes thinks, "I am afraid I cannot sustain myself before this audience; but I will " (imitating a gesture of determination). (Great laughter.) Have you ever seen such a gesture? I see it sometimes, and rather like it, too, for it shows that the student is determined to read that selection at any cost. He says, "I will stand here, and go through it, live or die." (Laughter.) That pupil will come out of this struggle on a higher plane by and by. I find no fault with him. Do not tell him how to act, if you do he will think about his gesture and you throw him off the track of progress at once. Here is another gesture that I see in some persons. The student comes before an audience, is very earnest and desirous of speaking. He has all the words, but the ideas behind those words have forsaken him. (Giving a gesture of grasping.) Now he makes gestures, and they surely are true to his condition. (Laughter and applause.) What is he doing? What any other blind man does. He is "feeling after them, if haply he may find them."

First Period in the Evolution of Natural Gesture.

Natural gesture may be the result of attempting to impart the student's own ideas or feelings concerning the subject to an audience. He has determined to do this. So he does not stop to think of himself. But he is a beginner, and what does he do as such? What every one of you has done. He is now striking the first rung of the ladder of evolution in gesture. What is the first thing in Oratory? It is to bring the subject of the discourse, the

whole ground of it, into the presence of the mind. When a pupil does this, he sees something. It may not stay long; it may be "like angels' visits, few and far between," for in the beginning he sees in flashes. His gestures, if they come quickly, and go as quickly, will be true. What is his action as the thought flashes upon his mind? He gives a start and that is as far as the beginner can go. It is as if you were looking out upon a landscape, and all of a sudden some one appears before you. Whether he is a stranger or friend, you start. It is natural to do so. Something new was coming into the presence of your mind. Supposing I am sitting in my room, not thinking that any one is near, and suddenly you come into the room. What do I do? I give a start. The movement may be slight. Merely a flash of the eye, or it may be a turn of the hand. But my next movement will be something definite in its relation to you. I rise from my seat, extend my hand, and show that I know you. This is definite and clear, but the first impulse was an unintelligent start. So with the student. Though his start expresses no definite thought, it shows animation. Until a person is able to bring the subject into the presence of his mind, he is not animated, and until it first comes into the presence of his mind he does not make definite gestures. I will not mention all the steps a student will go over; there are four general ones, which may be subdivided.

A Serious Misapprehension of the Emerson Philosophy.

The greatest thinkers of the ages on the subject of expression agree that thought creates form; that each fresh thought produces a fresh form. This being so, let me call attention to the fact that some of you make a mistake in your readings. While you accept the idea that thought makes form, you

fossilize your first form, and keep it; in other words, you find what form your thought has taken in your selection after you have worked it up, and then you say to yourself, "As thought makes form, I will let my thought produce form, in bearing, attitude or movement; I will then see what form my thought has taken, and preserve that and rest upon it; and in speaking I will hereafter follow the form which that thought has taken." This is a fatal mistake. You are building a strong wall around yourself. will be no progress in your work unless you change this habit, for each time you really think upon a subject, there is a little shade of difference. That shade of difference requires a little different shading of form. Great orators never repeat their gestures in all details, even though they repeat the same words, and essentially the same thought. I have repeatedly watched Salvini in this matter. To my thinking, he never repeated his gestures in his great play of Othello. I never saw him repeat one passage in it without giving a little different shade of expression to his acting. This was the secret of his power. You cannot rethink a thought just as you did before. You may have the essential idea, but there will be a new grouping around your thought which will give it new shading, and this will bring new shadings in the voice and in the gestures. Nature never repeats. The sunset of to-night will not look like the sunset of last night. If you have lived by the sea, you have noticed that the sea never repeats itself. It had one color yesterday; it has a slightly different shade to-day. Nature is forever flowing, and in her flowing she is ever creating something new. The great orator is like nature. He may repeat the central idea, but there will always be new relationships, or new groupings of thought. The greatest musician never

played the same piece of music twice exactly alike. It is the same tune. He plays it in the same general time, but the touch is not just the same.

Second Period in the Evolution of Natural Gesture.

The first class of gestures that the student makes indicate his consciousness, that certain things are in the presence of his mind. He becomes cognizant of a certain character he is describing. Not because he has heard about him, but somehow this person of whom he is speaking has entered his mind. There will also be a sense in the mind that he does not hold the object there steadily. As he progresses in his work and is able to hold the object a little more steadily in his mind, he begins to be either attracted or repelled from the thought he has in his mind. If the subject attracts him, he will show that he is attracted, and lean away out of himself. You will find him leaning over this way and that. critic might say that that is not a good gesture. Yes, it is; it is right for the plane the student is now on. Through this he is growing to something better. As an ultimate it is not right, but it is true to his present condition. In this second period in the evolution of gesture, attraction or repulsion governs you. You must go through this period in developing your powers as an orator. In your further progress, these elements of expression will be retained, but they will be so blended with higher powers that they will not be observable as mere attraction and repulsion. When a man has one thing only in his mind we expect him to emphasize that one thing strongly. The mind is now in the period of attraction and repulsion, but if the teacher stands before him, and says, That is not the right gesture; this is not a matter of attraction and repulsion; it is a matter of intellect, or a matter of vitality, that teacher does a great wrong, for that student must

go through this period of growth. teacher must understand this law of evolution as applied to gesture. Then he will know whether the pupil is on A teacher cannot the right road. evolve power in his pupil, but he can keep that pupil true to certain lines of work, and this will evolve power in the student. I may cut down your wrong, but that does not put right into you. If I could exercise a certain kind of moral surgery, I might extract a person's evils, but that would not put good into him. There is nothing haphazard about this. It is no accident, it requires the most careful and critical work on the part of the teacher. He must teach according to the laws of the mind, and not according to the petty dictates of the books. Suppose you say to a caterpillar, "Behold how gracefully the butterflies move." The butterfly is full of indescribable charms of color. It is meant to wing its way in air. Caterpillar, why don't you fly like the butterfly?" Nature answers through the caterpillar and says, "Because I am not a butterfly." She says, "Let him be a caterpillar for a while; let him deport himself as a caterpillar, and by and by he will blossom into a butterfly." Some people do not seem to know that caterpillars will ever be butterflies, they kill them, but they seldom kill a butterfly. So I have seen many and many a pupil slaughtered because he was not a butterfly. You must allow him a period in which to develop before he can have wings. Teaching in the past, not only in oratory, but in all branches, ignored the evolution of the mind, but now this principle is recognized in schools and colleges throughout the land. (Applause.)

Third Period in the Evolution of Natural Gesture.

The next step in the evolution of gesture is that of Purpose. At first you cannot see an expression of purpose

working in the mind and thrilling the nerves of the pupil, for it is not born The student is first conscious as yet. of something. Then he is attracted or repelled by that something. he realizes a use for that something of which he has become conscious. now has a purpose. I sometimes hear speakers who have not yet arrived at the point of purpose in their speaking. I see a preacher who wonders why his congregations are not larger, or why his people do not come regularly to church. In speaking he places truth in a very beautiful light. He is very energetic and has a certain kind of what is called eloquence. But still people do not come. Where is the difficulty? You read his sermons, and there is something of purpose in their composition, perhaps. The trouble is this, purpose has not as yet become so inwrought into the activities of the preacher's mind that he can use it upon his audience. And so I often ask myself when listening to such a speaker, "What of it? What of it?" He announces one doctrine after another and I say, "What of it?" Other members of the congregation feel the same; I simply voice their feelings. If the congregation does not receive this third expression of the evolution of Oratory, their number will decrease. preacher uses a great deal of flowery language, he may call out people to hear him once, but they will not care to hear him again. I do not mean that the preachers are men without purpose in themselves, but I say in their oratory they have not arrived at the period of purpose. Purpose in oratory is a tremendous power.

What a difference between the preaching of a hundred years ago and that of to-day! Not that our ministers once had higher ideals of the culture of the soul, or of Christian doctrine, than they have now. I do not think they had nearly as high ideals as modern

ministers have. But one hundred years ago they developed a manifestation of almighty purpose; they thought of nothing but purpose. They had a doctrine that showed this, — that of Election and Reprobation, — that the Almighty had purposed things from before the foundation of the world. He made that certain soul for heaven for "the praise of His mercy"; and He made another soul for hell for "the praise of His justice". Their doctrines were all on Purpose. Each minister felt himself responsible for so expressing these doctrines that the Elect should hear, and the Reprobate should be "without excuse". About that time came John Wesley. Methodists had the manner of the purpose denominations; though they had doctrines quite different. Salvation is free, Salvation is free to all, was their thought; they said that God had not purposed that any man should be lost. If he was lost, it was by his own act, because he refused to come. would not be of God's purpose if he was lost. The early Methodists with tremendous will worked upon the wills of their congregations. An incident will make this clear. John and Charles Wesley were passing where two women were quarrelling. A mob had gathered The combatants rearound them. frained from using their finger-nails, but what they lacked in scratching with their fingers, they made up in scratching with their tongues. were determined to affect each other, they did not think much about grammar, or rhetoric or gesture; but they were tremendously in earnest. Charles, with his sensitive, poetic nature, caught John by the sleeve, and said, "Come away from here; it is dreadful." Said John to Charles, "Come here and learn how to preach." (Applause.)

Now we have left out this purpose to a very large extent in our manner of speech. To-day the minister comes

before his people on a Sunday morning, not expecting that congregation to be changed very much by his preaching. He looks to see that the congregation generally seem interested. All day Monday he quivers for fear that they do not like him. He feels each Sunday that he is on trial. He does not know how soon he may be "weighed in the balances" by his congregation, "and found wanting." Now this attitude of mind must be changed before the preacher can increase his power. He must make the congregation feel that they are on trial, not he. plause.) He must have a purpose and that to change the feelings of that congregation. He must feel that he is responsible not for their approval, but for their characters, for their lives. He is to feel the same responsibility that the sculptor feels when he is carving a piece of marble into a statue. artist does not every now and then bashfully say to the marble, "O marble, did you approve my chisel? How do you like my carving? I hope you will approve of it, and therefore allow me to proceed to-morrow." What kind of an artist would that be? never thinks of saying that. He chisels, keeping the eye of his mind on the vision into which he is to mold that piece of rock. The speaker is under the same responsibility for the thinking and conduct of his audience.

You know one said anciently, "I am not my brother's keeper." You are your brother's keeper. You are responsible for that brother. If I were speaking to a congregation in regard to the Christian life, I would argue that, and you would say "Amen." I am now speaking of orators and I say the same thing. You are your audience's keeper. You are responsible for the people before you. You are not responsible whether they approve or disapprove of you; whether they cheer or hiss you, but you are responsible for their think-

ing. I have heard the greatest orators in America hissed till you would think the audience were all serpents instead of human beings. But through it all the speakers remained unmoved. I once heard Wendell Phillips in Cooper Institute, in New York. He had just rung forth a sentence that brought forth a cheer from his audience, and in that crowded hall it seemed as if every one was cheering with all his might. He immediately succeeded that thought with another, — and now a hiss was heard from all over the house. What did the speaker do? Did he take back what he had said? Not a bit of it. Phillips reiterated it more clearly than before. Again they hissed him. He stood perfectly quiet before them. As soon as he could be heard above their noise, he said the same thing again. He was a little taller than before. Again they hissed, and the fourth time he repeated the thought. At last the audience became tired of playing the snake, and then Phillips said, "One year ago I gave you such a sentence," (the one they had cheered before,) "and you hissed it then, but within the past year you have been educated up to the idea that you hissed a year ago. One year from to-night I will repeat the thought you hiss to-night and you will then cheer its sentiment." Phillips felt responsible for the thinking of the people North and South. And to-day the people of the North and the people of the South all think with him. They think just what he thought then, although they do not know it. He was once asked, "What is the secret of your success as an orator, Mr. Phillips?" "This is the chief secret. I try to make other people think as I think, and feel as I feel."

Students, you are going out to be responsible for your congregation, for your audience, for the people you teach, for the minds of those to whom you speak. Some of you are ministers.

You are responsible for the thinking of your congregation. Some of you are lawyers. You are responsible for the thinking of the juries. Your client has employed you to influence the mind of that jury. Very few lawyers aspire to be responsible for a judge's thinking. But if you sufficiently develop your power of oratory along the line of purpose, beginning early and continuing long, you may one day influence the thinking of the most staid and steady judge in the world. It has been done more than once. Daniel Webster was a man who believed he could change the thinking of those before him, and worked to that end more than two score of years. When he stood before the Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States in that great Dartmouth Case, he knew it was absolutely necessary to change the thinking of the judge, and he did it. And that was the secret of Daniel Webster's greatness. From the time that he successfully conducted the Dartmouth Case, he rose to power and to eminence, until he became the colossal figure of his time. He changed the thinking of the Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. The Chief Justice, the man who is to be influenced only by law was influenced by the mighty purpose of Daniel Webster. That was the flower of a mighty mind, of mighty thinking, of unflinching purpose. "But what has this to do with gesture?" Do you remember what a bearing Daniel Webster had? The history of his personal bearing will go as a tradition down the ages; — "The port of Webster, the god-like bearing of Webster!" This was purpose as shown in gesture. What gave it to him? The sense, and the continual sense, of responsibility for his audience.

There is another tradition that I must not fail to mention in this connection. It is that of a man who changed the religious views and practices of almost countless millions of people

through a period of fifteen hundred years. He felt himself called to be responsible for the thinking and living of the people of India. He left everything, wealth, home with all its tender ties, tearing himself from the bosom of her he loved, from his child in whom their two lives had met and become organized into one; though he was a prince and born to wealth, he became for the time an outcast and a beggar, that he might influence the thinking and the living of that great people. He lifted them into a higher realm of moral thought. What is the tradition concerning the bearing of Buddha? It was said that when you looked at him so that you could not see him below the waist, you could not see that he swayed as he walked. He seemed to be sailing in a boat. What would that indicate? A life that nothing could move from its purpose. How quiet that life within! How deep! It is said that there are some places in the ocean so deep that no storm ever stirs the water. So deep were the springs of Buddha's purpose that nothing could disturb him. He met every difficulty in life with that same eternal purpose. Show me how he practised physically to acquire his bearing. He never practised physically to get it. His practice was a spiritual practice, and that spiritual practice gradually formed the movements of his bearing, and the movements of the body to correspond with it.

"From the Soul, body form doth take."

Form of Truth Determined by the Imagination.

We are, when thinking of Oratory, to think of truth that needs to be spoken. Truth to be effective must take such form of expression as only the imagination can furnish. We see born heroes in the world, who change its history. These heroes seem to be called by a voice within to do a certain work. When that call comes a man

cannot shake it off. Wherever he looks he sees the command written. He sees it in the flowers, in the grass, in the sky. He looks at the stars by night, and they command him. Joan of Arc saw visions. She saw herself at the head of armies. What was it that furnished these visions? First a great desire was born in her heart for the success of her king. She prayed that he might be established upon the throne. The heart of that earnest girl warmed from day to day, until her prayer became a purpose, and then in imagination she began to see the confirmations of her rarpose. This is nothing out of the order of nature. True, it is what we call supernatural because it is not our ordinary way of thinking and doing. These things which she saw were born of her imagination, which took these forms unbidden by her will. She did not will these forms, but she concentrated her mind upon a great truth, and the imagination served to lead her to the performance of it, and in a warlike point of view she became the heroine of all the ages. Every great hero has been a person of vivid imagination. Napoleon saw his star, and it was what he saw that enabled him to carry out his heroic intent. He was marshalled on by a cloud of witnesses born of his imagination: The imagination gives the hero wings with which he flies to the fulfilment of his destiny. It is just the same with the poet. The poet has a truth in his mind which has taken possession of him. He yearns to speak it; it is as fire in his bones. But as yet there comes to him no fitting vehicle in which to convey his thought. One morning he walks alone. All of a sudden a tree appears in his way, and expresses his thought for him; a flower at his feet, speaks it for him; a river running its silver course, reflects it for him; the brook coming like a little cascade adown the mountain, sings it for him. Now with this choir he is able to sing a "and investigate, and perceive truth.

truth in such lines that others become poets when they read them. The pure imagination, then, waits on truth.

What is true of the poet is true of the orator. The orator is not one who babbles he knows not what. He must speak whether men will hear or whether they will forbear to hear. He has a truth to utter, a truth which he feels is greater than himself, worth more than his own life, or any form of happiness the world can bring. This truth is taking deep hold of him, but how shall he say it? Henry Ward Beecher said, when he was young, he believed he should have something to say, if he only knew how to say it. He felt the truth coming up in him, - the love of God, the love of man. But how to say it? The truth burned within him until in time forms came to him, such as came to no other man. He did not search for them; they came. His imagination waited on truth. You are not an orator until your imagination waits on your conviction, and upon your desire to speak the truth. Anything less than the imagination that is born of a desire to speak the truth is mere fancy. It is ephemeral. The imagination that has awaited in your soul, that it may clothe your truth, is a victor. It knows how to make garments for the truth which has come to you, but it does not know how to make garments for the truth that has come to any one This clothing of your truth is born in you, and you can neither borrow nor lend it.

What is an Orator?

What is the orator, after all? Let us see upon what he stands. Cicero did not desire to be called an orator. He did not claim that Oratory was anything of itself. The orator, in Cicero's apprehension, was a truth-teller. People go to the philosopher to discover truth. The orator is also a teacher; he makes others wise, he teaches others to think, In addition to being a philosopher and teacher, he is also an advocate. That form of truth which he speaks, he urges men to embrace. Now to this man who is philosopher, teacher and advocate, standing before people with a consuming desire that men shall embrace the truth and live it, to him truth means something. It does not mean something to be merely contemplated. A man who merely contemplates the truth is said in the Scripture to "hold the truth in unrighteousness." But when a man is consumed by truth of which he is the advocate, oh! we pity him for a time. He stammers as Demosthenes did. He does not know how to guide the ship. Walk he would, but he has no feet; work he would, but he has no hands; speak he would, but he has no tongue; write he would, but he has no pen. And while being thus urged forward with this great desire, and this great surrender of himself to truth, after a time images come; illustrations come; speech comes; and now he can robe the truth in fitting garments. Now he is an architect, and can build. Now he is a poet, and sees beauty out of which he can carve figures of the truth. The other arts wait upon him, every one. He is a singer. When you read the lines of a person inspired by a great truth, before they are translated into any other language, you will find rhythm in them. He does not call himself a poet; he never dreamed that he spoke rhythmically. And yet the sensitive ear will note the rhythmic movement of his mind. Rhythm belongs to Nature, and he who speaks from Nature, speaks rhythmically. Yes, and he sings a tune, but one that you cannot transcribe. You may report his words, you may find his rhythm, but the song cannot be reported. When the singer ceases the tune vanishes, except as it pulsates in the hearts and lives of those whom he has addressed. The genius of the painter is his also.

The orator combines all the powers of all the arts. You will find that the tones of his voice correspond to colors. A voice inspired by the truth which has taken imaginative forms, yields a color suitable to itself, which calls up certain colors in the imagination of the hearer. The speaker thinks nothing about the colors, but the hearer sees the colors in all their lights and shades as they blend with each other in his voice.

Fourth Period in the Evolution of Natural Gesture.

I am not going to dwell upon these different arts of which the orator possesses the spirit, save one, and that is sculpture. He is a sculptor, and this art is found in his gestures. This is our fourth step in the Evolution of Gesture. The Greek sculptor had marble in which to carve the truth which he would express to the beholder, but the orator carves images out of the air. are in the figure he himself impresses on air. The novice who when looking at a speaker, watches how he moves his arms and hands, what bearing he takes, or what attitude he assumes, is looking in the wrong place. He must not look at the hand, but at what is carved. If you are to observe a piece of sculpture, you would look at the sculpture itself, and not at the hand of the sculptor who uses the chisel. When your eye becomes expert enough, you will find that if you follow the movement of the hand, and fasten your eye on that, you will not get the meaning of the gesture. Your soul will feel it, as the soul knows all things, and does not need to be taught. Every true gesture affects the audience, and yet the audience does not know that a gesture was made. How comes it to affect them? Each person possesses a soul, an intuition that notes, that understands, that feels. prets every movement. And it is to this intuition that the orator trusts; otherwise he would have to educate his audience to enjoy particular gestures, and understand what they meant, before he could influence his hearers. It is not to the judgment but to the intuition that the orator speaks with his voice and gesture. It is the intuition to which the architect speaks. It is intuition to which the sculptor and painter speak, or to which the singer sings. We may have false theories about this matter of intuition, but that there is such a thing as primal knowledge, there can be no doubt, and it is to this that Art is always addressed.

A critic will tell you just wherein a certain speaker or actor made right or wrong gestures. Let us see if his judgment is to be relied on. Sir Critic, did you judge by the position of the hand, or head, or torso, whether that orator used the right gestures, and just enough of them? And 999 times out of 1000 he will tell you that that is the way he judged. Let me step into a sculptor's studio. I want to know just the work that that sculptor can do. I want to know how fine an artist he is. Now, how shall I learn? By seeing what kind of a piece of sculpture he has carved. But suppose I am a self-styled but ignorant critic. Where then will I look? I will look at the hands of the sculptor while he is chiselling, and not at what he has carved. "Forsooth," I say, "he is no sculptor at all. held his chisel with his entire hand, when he should have taken hold of it with three fingers only. And when he was chiselling around the eyes, he should have taken hold of it with two fingers and a thumb. He did not hold his chisel properly, therefore he is no sculptor at all." But when the public come, they look not at what kind of a hand carved the statue, but at the statue itself. So in gesture. The orator carves from the air. Intuition looks to see what the orator carves. He carves flowers; he carves a tree, and puts

leaves on it, and does what the sculptor cannot do; he makes those leaves vibrate in the wind. He can carve even the breezes that move the leaves.

I remember seeing a great orator actually do this. He stood before us giving his statements, waiting for his imagination to come to his aid. His purpose being so intent, soon imagination began to work, and I actually saw him carve the very thing I have spoken of, — I saw him carve a tree. There it stood right before me. I scarcely noticed the action of his hand, but I saw a tree. The only thing I have remembered was seeing his fingers go up once, when the leaves began to talk, being inspired by the breeze. Why, that conversation between the leaves. and the rustling through the foliage, is with me now, and has influenced me all these years. Had he given a direct statement, it would not have influenced me thus. But when you come to see a tree rise up before you, every leaf in its place, and you hear the breezes rustling through them, and you listen until that rustle becomes articulate voices, - you will always remember the tree as an oracle, and you will not forget what the oracle says. This power of gesture is wonderful.

What kind of sculpture is this that is carved by the orator out of air? It is that which genius and only genius ever carves. What is it that marks the highest order of artist in sculpture? What is it after all that distinguishes a Pheidias from other sculptors? It is this, that he does not tell it all in his sculpture. If you have ever seen any of the work of Pheidias (possibly nothing of his has been preserved intact) you know this, that he leaves much more to the imagination of the beholder than the sculpture literally tells. you come to look for everything, it is not literally there. So the orator whose gestures are natural, only suggests the form that you see in the air.

He does not pass his hands all around it, and carve it all out by his motions. You do not see his motions. He gives a line here and another there, and the imagination completes the work. You cannot tell how he does it, but your

imagination sees the result.

Now here comes in the genius of the orator. He makes his audience think. You do not care much about my thoughts, or about the thoughts of any other person, and you ought not. But you do care about your own thoughts, and you ought to do so. You are interested in the activities that arise in your own minds, but you are not interested in my truth until it is born through your own mental activities. You are not interested in the images that I make, but in those you yourself make. if I suggest an image, your imagination will fill it out. So the orator constantly calls forth the mental activities of his audience. Men love to use their own minds. If out of your own minds the heavens can be unrolled, you enjoy the vision. The orator only suggests the sculpture. Your imagination fills out the suggestion. This something has been awakened in you while listening. You thought it was something he said. No, it was something he did not say. You thought it was something he did. No, it was something he did not do. He suggested what might be done, and your imagination completed it. suggested what might be said, and your mind said it. While we listen, the orator is educating our minds, because we create what he suggests.

Genius Born of Purpose.

I must not dwell longer upon the philosophy of this subject. Then let me ask once more, out of what in you is evolved this power of suggestiveness in gesture? Out of Purpose. Genius will respond to nothing but purpose. We sometimes say a man has a great genius, but he has not much purpose.

This is false. No man ever was a genius that was not ruled by an all-conquering purpose. He sometimes did things that made you feel he might be a genius, but the real genius is the one who has a great purpose, and works, works, works to the fulfilment of it. That is why some one has said, "Genius is the ability to work."

Have you ever looked at Apollo dancing with the Muses? I have sat for hours looking at that wonderful work of art. It has I know not how many meanings. I think it has a separate meaning for every person. To me it is figurative, and Apollo, this god of light, stands for purpose, and the Nine Muses wait upon him. They are all under the absolute control of Apollo's purpose. No matter what he stands for mythologically. To my imagination he stands for purpose He is perfectly comfort-The Muses are looking at him. Each foot moves in response to love for him. Every single muscle is commanded by his presence. Nine Muses move to every impulse of his soul. Nine Muses dance an accompaniment to every movement of his graceful foot. So it is with purpose in the soul of any individual. Every spark of genius yet unawakened shall awake when purpose has dwelt in the mind long enough. Every power of imagery shall awake, for every person has the Nine Muses in himself. they sleep, in a slumber as profound as death until purpose moves forward. When purpose begins to step forth, they waken to that certain tread, and they wake to no tread less certain than When that god of light steps forth, they all awake, and attend his footsteps. That will not come to you until you are willing to love the truth, until it is all-conquering, until you had rather obey it than live, until all other forms of success shall seem to be nothing in comparison with the fulfilment of that purpose.

Your gesture must be so born of the

imagination which is awakened by purpose at the instant, that a person who is deaf shall see visions of the truth you are uttering. I once knew a literal fulfilment of this statement. There were two churches about a mile apart. In one was a deaf mute, a man perhaps forty years old, who had been a member of it for a quarter of a century. He always went away from church looking solemn, for two reasons. First, he thought religion was an awful thing, and second, because he could not understand what the preacher said. Finally he went to the other church, and his pastor could not get him back. The minister and the deacons labored with him. but he would not return. They made him understand by signs that they should have a church meeting, and he would be turned out of the church if he did not come back. "Well," he said, "if you do that, there is a church above that won't turn me out," and he looked happy over the thought. When they asked him why he wanted to go to the other church, he told them by signs it was because he understood all that the preacher said. They thought he was mistaken, but he declared that he understood it all by the movements of the preacher. Some undertook to watch him during the preaching. His eyes opened wide at times. At times he looked very solemn; then again he smiled, then wept, and those who watched him, agreed that his emotions seemed to correspond exactly with the sentiments of the preacher. The deaf man saw the statues of the thoughts carved in the air. A Christ was nailed to the rugged wood, and he saw Him. The heavens opened, the angels sang, and he saw them. He had intuition, the same as those who can hear; his intuition took the impressions, and interpreted them. What a day it was for him. He said that the first time he saw that minister preach was the happiest day of his life. Yes, if a person has the sense of

sight, gesture will reveal to him what is carved in the air, but gesture does not move the souls of people very much until it rises to this fourth period of Form. One cannot be told what gestures to make. They must be born of the imagination of the speaker at the time. Purpose in him must be omnipotent. Even the Muses wait on the purpose, and the beholder sees what the Muses carve.

Can we Omit any of the Steps in Evolution of Gesture.

Do you not think it would be better not to gesture until you reach this fourth period? The first period means only a start and a blind groping. second period means only that you are attracted, or repelled by something, nobody knows what. In the third period your gestures are significant of what your purpose is, but the reason for the purpose cannot be revealed by your gestures until you reach this fourth period, which contains the suggestive form. Then, would it not be better to omit the first three periods and come to the fourth? Do you think you could strike the fourth period without going through the first three? Let us see. You will probably agree that Plato was the greatest of the ancient philosophers, but even Plato after he came into this world had to lie helpless in his mother's arms awhile. He had to take his sustenance as all babies do. When he began to walk, he toddled, as all babies do. When he became older, he had to learn to read, as all little boys do. Years passed on. He studies in Egypt, and gets hold of the Egyptian philosophy of his time. Socrates teaches him, as he teaches every one else, by question. By and by Plato is forty or fifty years of age, and a philosopher, but in order to be one he had to go through all these successive stages of mental growth. When you find a philosopher born six feet tall, weighing 175 pounds, who can write the philosophy of life, can compose the "Republic" the moment he is born,—then we may look for some one who can express his thought through suggestive action before he has been developed by passing through the previous periods in the evolution of gesture.

Teachers must Understand Criteria.

To be a teacher you must know what all these carvings mean as soon as they are made. Why? Because you must know what object of thought to put before the mind of the pupil. I am working with your minds. I watch every line of your faces to see what is going on, so as to put the right object of thought before you. Many of you who have been here but a short time ask me how I read you mind so well? "Are you a clairvoyant?" you say. "Are you a medium? Are you a Spiritualist?" No, I am none of these, but I know what is going on in your mind by the movements you make, or do not make, by the sounds that your voice gives, or does not give. We are trained to this knowledge. We have criteria of gesture in our minds, as accurate as mathematics.

Evolution of Language.

There was doubtless a time when man existed without language. Whether he was then in his present form, we do not now know, nor does it matter for our present purpose. In the order of development, sensation was first. Then, through sensation, perceptive power was developed. Through that perceptive power, a mental concept was formed, and through that came language. Thus you see there were stages of development in language. When thought comes, language comes with it. But in the beginning, man could not be said to be a thinking being in the sense of conceiving and holding in the mind things which are invisible and not patent to the senses. The little child to-day goes through the same process

of evolution through which the race has gone. The child's eye senses light, and the reflection of that light, and finally his sense seems to be impressed with objects. Then he corroborates the sense of sight by that of feeling. He feels for the object which the sense of sight reveals to him. He does this before he begins to think. No child begins to think or manifest anything like language even in gesture or pantomime until the sense of touch has corroborated the sense of sight.

Gesture the Universal Language.

And thus through ages, we know not how long a time, the human mind was being developed. There was such a period beyond a doubt. When man began to hold things in his mind when they were beyond the senses, he then began through his own movements to form descriptions of the things which were out of sight. And therefore the language of gesture was the first language. It was the universal language, and the only universal language the race has known. This language of gesture was developed by two things. First, by holding something in the mind that was not present to the Second, by the desire to communicate that absent something to others. He instinctively realized that others did not see the objects that were in his mind. Then he tried to describe them by what is commonly called pantomime. 'Take two persons from infant races who have come from distant parts of the world and have never met; bring them together, and they will understand each other by gestures; because the language of gesture is the same among all races and peoples. It is because of this that the gestures of every orator are felt by a promiscuous audience.

Confusion in Gesture.

Gesture presents the object of thought which causes emotions and

also the emotion which thought causes. Here we shall get some understanding of why untrue gestures are made even by people who think. It not unfrequently happens that the speaker presents his emotion without presenting to the audience the *cause* of his emotion. The audience look at him, and perhaps pity or despise him, as the case may The speaker should first of all present in his gesture the cause of his emotion. For instance, I see something in my mind which makes me feel like laughing. I do so, and you wonder what I am laughing at. You have contempt for me because I laugh without showing you the cause of my laughter. Always present clearly to your audience the cause of merriment. If you see a person weep who does not make you feel the cause of his pathos, you are distressed and pity the poor fellow. Emotion in the rational mind is produced by some direct object of sense or thought. The emotions then vary with the varying thoughts. It not unfrequently happens that an emotion continues in the speaker after a different thought has been introduced by the words he speaks. I have seen this in persons who were considered good speakers. Many of you have been reciting before the public for some time. I wonder if you ever yielded to an emotion aroused by some of the earlier thoughts in your selection, and then upon the introduction of other thoughts still kept on with the old emotion. you can make each new thought the direct cause of your expression, you have wonderful ability. A violation of this accounts for confusion in gesture.

Suggestiveness of Gesture.

Suggestiveness of Gesture is produced by the perception in the mind of the relationship of different thoughts. I will step into the realm of painting to find an illustration of what I mean here. We know that the thinker is all the while developing higher truths, by relating thoughts which have been already developed in his mind. He relates one thought to another; to the new thought is added a third; to the last thought he relates a fourth, and so on. Here we have the relationship of thoughts. Now let us think of this in the matter of portrait painting. One is not a great portrait painter until he arrives at the point where he discovers the relationship that exists between the features. When he can produce the nose so that you can say, "That is that man's nose for all the world, and that man's eyes," and so on, so representing the features that everybody shall say, "It is a perfect representation of this man's features," he is somewhat of an artist, but the great artist finds out what relationship exists between the different features; the relationship between the mouth and the eves, and between the nose and the mouth, etc. In Nature there is a relationship existing between all the different features, and it is that relationship which the great artist represents. This gives what is called expression, so that as you look into the face, you find the soul of the subject. The suggestive artist is the one who can paint the relationship that exists between the parts of the things he represents. Few persons read faces. Few see the soul behind the face. But the great portrait painter sees what the soul is thinking of, what it is feeling, what its habits are, by looking at the relationship that exists between the features. Now we will suppose that a great artist without trying to draw the whole face, should draw the eyes. You, looking at the eyes, would say, "I see the nose also." Now this is possible in the nature of things. Because if the corners of the mouth turn down a little, there will be something in the eyes and nose to show the relation.

So it is with the gesture. Just as

soon as the person fairly sees the relationship between one part of his discourse and another, he will give a gesture which will suggest the relationship between the points of thought. If you undertake to learn to be an orator, without thinking as an orator thinks, you will be disappointed. There is no other way to climb except to climb through the human mind. There is no way to become educated except by developing the mind. (Applause.) Christ taught this doctrine. There is no other way to get into heaven; no way except through the development of your soul, "for the kingdom of heaven is within you." Your powers are in your mind, and you must develop them. To be an orator you must think as the orator thinks.

Subtlety of Gesture.

Subtlety of gesture is the result of the imagination. It is the poetic element which speaks not in words, but in images. The study of oratory properly taught will develop the poetic element in the orator. If he does not develop that element in himself, he is never a subtle speaker. There is no subtlety in his voice. There is no subtlety in his gestures. He must be more than suggestive, he must be subtle. How does this subtlety come? The poet speaks in images; he thinks in images, not in cold statements. What a vocabulary is in the possession of the poet! "Ah," you say, "I remember that Shakespeare is said to have had somewhere about 15,000 words in his vocabulary." Very good. But that did not measure the great number of images at his command. Words must be studied, for they are signs of thought, but there are images of thought that require Before the poet all the no study. heavens are unrolled. He sees in them fit images which he uses for his thought.

I will speak of this in the concrete for a moment, and then leave it. A

cut has been discovered in Egypt standing for our word charity. It is this: a naked child (not over-well fed; showing by his looks that he has not the comforts of life so far as food or clothing is concerned,) stands holding out some honey to a wingless bee. this a forcible image of charity? of the child, how hungry he is, and again think of the sweet, that which the child craves, and yet he will not, hungry though he is, taste that honey. The little fellow just holds it up to the bee because it is bereft of wings, and therefore cannot gather honey for itself. The poet feels words, and has an image for every word he uses. An image is in his mind, whether he describes it or not. So it is with the orator. He may use abstract statements, but with each abstract statement is an accompanying image, and it is that image which gives subtlety to his gestures. A person speaking the word charity with a concrete image in his mind, will, while using that word, give a little gesture, all unconscious to himself, very subtle, very delicate, which will cause the listener to see an object which pictures charity as a reality. You may have seen some one bending over the sick when scarcely able to stand. sister has been working all day to earn her own bread, and working a part of the night, to minister to a stranger who is suffering. Now if the speaker sees this beneficent act in his mind while he uses the word charity, there will be something in his gesture, that will in a subtle way communicate an image to the audience. It will not be merely the cold statement that they will receive, but the image associated with it. comes from what may be properly called the poetic element in the orator. All the powers of mind and heart and imagination must be developed in the orator to the highest possible point for there is no such thing as doing anything grandly without first being grand yourselves. (Applause)

THE PASSION PLAY.

An Extract from the Stenographic Report of an Illustrated Lecture delivered before the Emerson College of Oratory.

By REV. J. J. LEWIS.

For many generations a representation of the Passion Play has been going on in the valley of the Ammer, in the heart of Bavaria, in a little hamlet occupied wholly by peasant people. Passion Play is a description of the sufferings of Jesus, during the last week that He lived here on this earth. No one can witness its representation without being impressed with the fact that it has arisen under God through the ages to fulfil in some large degree the words of Jesus himself, when he said, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." Approaching it from the view-point of its origin and development, we find that it had been preceded by vows taken at critical hours in their lives by devout men and women, standing in the presence of God himself. I mention the purpose of these vows that we may understand that we are not to witness a drama, or an opera, but to take part in one of the grandest religious services that this world has ever seen. It has become a veritable institution in the community where it is given, until they would no more think of surrendering the privilege of taking part in it than we would think of surrendering the public-school system. I do not believe that there is any power under heaven, even though it should be voiced in the head of the Church, to which every single individual in that village belongs, that could keep that Passion Play from being given in 1900.

Bavaria holds practically the same position in the thought and reverence of the western world that Palastine has held in the thought and reverence of the eastern world. From time immemorial Bavaria has been a country inhabited by a peculiar people, called of

God to fill some high and exalted mission. We find that when Attila, surnamed "The Scourge of God," had led on his victorious army of barbarian Huns, up the smiling valley of the Danube, he had inscribed on the banners flung free at the head of his all-conquering soldiery, these significant words: "To Bavaria, to Bavaria, for there is the home of the Lord God Himself."

In these hearts of ours, descended as many of us are from the Pilgrims and the Puritans, there is a tendency that has arisen almost to the strength of a positive prejudice, when we think of going where we shall see represented on the stage those characters whose lives and teachings have illuminated our Bible; and we know this tendency is especially active when we think of seeing represented by a mortal man Him, of whom we are wont to say, "He is the fairest of ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely," even Jesus, our Saviour. But if we will permit the influences that seem to pervade this whole Bavarian hamlet to have their gracious weight with our hearts, we shall find that that tendency gradually gives way to another, which leads us at last to exclaim, "Here is the very spirit, and here are the very people by whom this representation should be given."

In the upper part of the Valley of the Ammer once stood the monastery where, undoubtedly, the Passion Play had its origin. At the foot of the mountain we see the village of Ober-ammergau. It is a long, straggling village, the houses being built on both sides of the street. We see one of the spurs of the Bavarian Alps, and farther off we see the main range. It was by the side of the parish church that those people knelt in 1633. It is at this cross that from time to time the parish priest takes the vows with his parishioners. You see what kind of force must be continually at work upon these peasant people, a force that leads them to live continually better lives, until it is a fact that there is no community on the face of the earth that is so beautifully Christian as these peasants at Ober-ammergau; and it is also a fact, that those who take part in the Passion Play do so from the highest motives. It is their warmest wish and most earnest prayer that they may be characterized by true Christian spirit. If in any case there is the slightest deviation from an ideal life, the offender is at once ruled out from taking any part. You can see what uplifting forces must rest continually on their hearts.

The homes of the peasant people are very humble. They are stone houses, covered by red tiles. There are two homes in this village before which we will stop. The first is the only ornate structure in the village, and is the home of the Burgomaster, Johann Lang, Sr., who takes the part of Caiaphas. the High Priest. It is also the home of his gifted daughter, that wondrous girl twenty years old, Rosa Lang, who assumes the part of the Madonna. Stop for a moment before the extremely humble home of Joseph Mayer, who assumes the part of the Christ. From the histrionic point of view he is the most wonderful man on earth to-day. I wish I had time to tell you of many instances where he has been offered large sums, and even blank checks to be filled out by him, provided he would go to the royal theatres over Europe, and take some part — not the part of Jesus, but any part whatsoever. But he is absolutely above temptation; and it would seem almost as though he was seeking to imitate Him who, while here on earth, had no place in which to lay His head which He could call His own.

The hour of eight o'clock in the morning is at hand. We'are starting for the theatre, where we are privileged to have reserved seats, and sit under the immense canvas roof, though we

are looking right out of doors. We see the mountains yonder. There are 2,500 seats, all open to the sky, to be rained upon frequently by the thunder showers that roll along the valley of the Ammer, and then when the clouds roll by, they will be shone upon by the fierce rays of the August sun. Looking toward the further side of the platform, you notice arched entrances, and through those entrances always come the chorus. And there, too, is given the recitation in solo, trio, quartette, etc., of the story of the tableaux, and the most important features of the chief acts of the drama. These form quite an important part in this representation. They are taken chiefly from Old Testament subjects, giving the organic connection between the Old and New. On a near view of the platform you notice a street scene of Jerusalem, and these scenes change from time to time to meet the demands of the drama. Here is the arch of Ecce Homo, and there is represented the Field of Golgotha, where Jesus is to be crucified.

I confess, in common with many others, that coming from a community where I have been privileged to witness the leading histrionic characters of the last generation, from Edwin Forrest and Charlotte Cushman, to the present day, I anticipated that I should behold in this exhibition many things that would be amateurish and disappointing. But I saw nothing from the beginning to the end but what seemed to me to be absolute perfection in art. And what is perfection in art? I hardly dare venture a definition; but I am going to do so, and I will say that absolute perfection in art is right along the line of being absolutely true to nature. (Great applause.) And I felt this before Rosa Lang, who takes the part of the Madonna, had been before us five minutes. We had been listening to the wonderful tones of her voice, when there

came to me this question, Where did this peasant maiden get this wonderful conception of the finest characteristics of the human or the divine motherhood? I replied, The woman is in her heart giving herself first of all to her best beloved, and then, at last, she will yield that best beloved to the call of God.

I am going to give you two photographs of Joseph Mayer, who has assumed the part of Jesus for three successive seasons, 1870, 1880, and The first photograph, taken when he was 22 years of age, is disappointing. But have you ever thought what it means to have in your heart, and active there for a series of years, a force that can be lodged there only through your living a Christian life? Have you ever realized that it means a transforming power, changing you in face and in form, and at last fairly transfiguring you into something almost, if not quite, divine? If you have ever had any such conception within, prepare for a revelation when you turn from the Joseph Mayer of 22 to the Joseph Mayer of 42. (Applause.) This illustrates purpose, for this man was told when he was twelve years old that in the coming years he might be a representative of Jesus. For a score of years his eye has been single to the exalted purpose, that he was to reveal the Life and Teaching and Sufferings of Iesus of Nazareth.

These characters are chosen by a purely natural selection, and those who are in the habit of recognizing the order and the leading of a Divine Providence in the ways of this world, recognize that same Providence in the method of choice adopted by these people. Over yonder a little child comes into the community, and it is rumored from house to house that Joseph, if he grows in grace and goodness, and manifests the same divine characteristics as a young man that he does as a child, shall be our Jesus.

Another child comes into that community, and it is rumored that Rosa, if she grows in grace and goodness, and manifests the same charming characteristics as a young woman that she does as a girl, shall be our Madonna. So you see it is purely a process of natural selection, or as we might say, of *divine* selection.

"How," you ask, "is the necessary culture possible in these peasants so far removed from centres of refinement?" May I remind you of what Matthew Arnold has told us in effect,—that the highest culture which men and women can possibly attain is not of the head but of the heart? It comes from love, the love of Jesus of Nazareth.

There are no very large hotels in Ober-ammergau, and so we are distributed among the homes of the people. And this man, Joseph Mayer, this marvellous personage who carries us away by his wonderful presentation of the divine life to the highest realm of exalted religious experience during those morning hours, is our host, we go to his home. We are seated about his table. With girt napkin he comes in and serves us with our food with the same gentle Christian grace, the same Christian courtesy and divine dignity as when in the Passion Play, and there and then came this wonderful revelation of what it means to have the spirit of Jesus Christ incarnated in the breast of him who serves.

After an eloquent description of many of the scenes in the life of Jesus, and the exhibition of a series of beautiful illustrative views, the audience following the words of the lecturer with most intense interest, Mr. Lewis narrated the manner in which the great Passion Play enforces the lesson of the crime of Judas.

The apostate disciple is rushing out into the night, evidently with the imprecation upon his lips, "My God, my

punishment is greater than I can bear." And when the curtain rises, you are steeling your heart against that terrible despair. He comes into the council chamber. He is bringing in the money. He was your hypocritical Jew. He was all obsequiousness and cringing before that sanhedrim as he approached the stand upon which the thirty pieces of silver were lying. You could hear the cluck of his lips as he put them into his purse. But it has dawned upon him that he has mis-read the mission of Jesus. What can he do to atone for this fearful deed? Holding that silver in his hand, he appears before Caiaphas, pleading for the life he has sold. What a transformation has taken place. "Give me back the life of my Master and my friend, and take your silver." When it is thrown backward into his face, a spasm seizes him. What will he do? What can be done? There is one thing more. "Take my life. Only give me in return the life of my Master and my friend." When that supreme gift is also flung backwards his pitiful face is filled with ghastly pallor, sorrowful beads of perspiration form upon his brow. Throwing the silver at the feet of the High Priest, he rushes forth to death, bearing your forgiveness with him, for he has done all he could to atone for his fearful act.

Jesus is now before Pilate. indeed is a revelation, for standing before you is your embodiment of that spirit of twenty centuries, the Roman officer, the wide world over. What will the Roman Governor do? "This man shall not die." . Then the howlings grow louder than before. "This man shall die." "This man has committed no crime worthy of death." But what more natural than that he should have committed some slight misdemeanor. "He shall be flogged." We hear the blows falling upon the shrinking shoulders. Never a murmur. I need not

tell you that there is a thrill of sympathy running along the nerves of that vast audience. Will scourging ever satisfy bigotry, sectarian spite, and hatred this side of death? Nothing will satisfy it until the gentleness and toleration of Christ himself shall be incarnated in the heart of every Chris-A letter comes. The Governor reads it. You know what it means. He tenderly folds it, and places it about his heart, and stands firm as the everlasting hills. That man shall have no real harm come to him. What can I do? Happy thought. Here at the Passover Time the citizens of Jerusalem have the privilege of reprieving one condemned criminal. I will have the dungeons searched through and through, and I will bring the worst-looking prisoner before the citizens of Jerusalem, and they will not make a mistake. you not see the purpose in that Roman Governor to save the Master? But do you not also perceive the fatal mistake that he is making? When Jesus shall come under the gracious reprieve he must be a condemned criminal. See the Governor sends him away. comes a new experience, for he is handed over to the Roman soldiery, and we see them pressing the thorns into the sensitive flesh, and down over the pallid face there begin to trickle little rivulets of blood. Then the thrill of sympathy that runs through that vast audience deepens into a positive agony. I never heard such a sound.

The curtain rises upon Barabbas, that self-accused murderer, who has been dug out of the loathsome dungeons as a foil for Jesus. Have the members of the sanhedrim been idle? No. They have conceived the purpose of thwarting the Governor. They have been around through Jerusalem, and wherever they could find men, women, and children, they have cried out, "Hasten to the great square, and when you are there, you are to consent to the death

of Christ. When you come into the great square this shall be your incessant cry: Crucify Jesus, release Barabbas." Do you not perceive what the result will be? This people, ignorant utterly of whom they are sending to the cross, only that they may have an hour of excitement, will cry as their leaders have instructed them.

When the curtain rises the streets of Jerusalem are fairly alive, and pouring into the square there is that throng yelling, "Crucify Jesus, release Barabbas." In that howl you can detect the shrill voices of the women of the town and the stentorian tones of the laborers from the quarries. O that fatal shout! The doors of Pilate's palace swing ajar. Clad in the magisterial robes of his high office, he comes through the open door, and, as that shout meets him in the face, for a moment he staggers back. Now has come the supreme moment. "Citizens of Jerusalem, what means this unseemly tumult? You are making a fatal mistake. You are sending to Calvary an innocent man. shall send there the self-confessed murderer. Be still. Rome orders you. Hear and obey." But above the wonderful utterance there rises that deadly yell, "Crucify Jesus, release Barabbas. It is Jesus we condemn. Barabbas we reprieve."

Just at that moment Caiaphas speaks. That moment the priestly hand is lifted in air, silence falls. "Roman Governor that you are, you dare not resist the verdict that you yourself have invited. If you dare to interfere in this, we have one great criminal whom we propose to try. That criminal shall be yourself. But we will change the Tribunal. If you free this traitor we will summon you before the bar of Cæsar himself on the charge of being a traitor to your own state. Hear, Sir, and beware." The moment these fatal words are thrust into the Governor's face, he staggers backward. All is lost. No, no! All is gained.

For a singular combination of feelings convulses your heart, — Pity and Adoration. Pity for Jesus? No, no! You pity Caiaphas. You pity Pilate. Most of all you pity that deluded people. But Him, Son of God, and Son of Man, you adore, you worship. Could you but climb to the heights where his feet are pressing, you know it would be well for you here, and it would be well for you forever. You are ready now for the consummation.

Quickly it comes, for when the curtain rises, it rises upon a tableau of sacrifice. The lamb is at hand, ready to take the innocent victim's place. The Lamb of God is approaching, and you see surrounding him two of the helpless, hopeless victims of that terrible mob. And the mob are hurling not only every imaginable epithet, but every missile that they could seize at those three men. When they come opposite where you are sitting, the heaviest cross is born by the one who now is the least able to bear it; it presses the victim into the street. The man has The soldiers rush forward. They lift the cross, and they seize Jesus and send him staggering down the street. He gradually recovers, and a peasant woman, Veronica, holds her handkerchief to him. You remember the sweet story of St. Veronica. sees the face and the blood flowing down the face of Jesus. She takes her handkerchief and hands it to the Master, and when he passes it back to her there is imprinted upon it the image of his sovereign sweetness. Your eye goes across the street. Can it be possible the mother shall see her son? She does not know what is transpiring. You sit there not only breathless but pulseless.

Never will you forget Mary's cry. The iron has pierced the mother's heart, and she falls apparently lifeless into the arms of Mary Magdalene; and that pitiless procession passes on, not even

allowing the son to gaze into the face of his agonized mother. The curtain falls.

But the scene changes, and the cross begins to rise. There is being enacted before you the last scene in the Tragedy of all time. The thieves are dying here upon their crosses. But your eyes are fixed upon the One in the centre. They are resting upon the Master. Is it possible that he must endure the age-long sorrow that we have been told must pass before the end? What means this wonderful sustaining power that seems to pulsate through the very air, and reach our hearts? "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." The head bows backward. There are two persons just at the feet of Jesus. He speaks, "Mother, behold thy Son. Son, behold thy Mother." Then is heard the sound of weeping and wailing. "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me. Weep for yours selves and your children." Then it seems as though a wave of weakness was sweeping up from the depths of darkness below, and there comes that cry. of despair, "Eloi, Eloi, Lama, Sabachthani." Then there sweeps down as from the heart of the Eternal the answering wave of strength. The words come slowly, but calmly: "Into - thy — hands — I — commit — my — spirit.' All is over. The worn spirit is at rest in the Everlasting Arms.

Then there is a transformation scene. Loving forms are there. They are speedily at the front. Joseph of Arimathea, with the agility of youth, has climbed to the top of the cross; he has drawn the nails; with his strong arms he is lowering the body first into the arms of Nicodemus, then into the arms of Peter, and at last into the very bosom of Mary. O these ministries of love! They were so pitiful, so tender, so divine; they rob that awful tragedy of its gloom. You would not have it

otherwise. You are in the very vestibule of the Most High.

After describing the scenes of Jesus' reappearance to his disciples, Mr. Lewis said: We come to stand once more on Bethany's hill-side, watching the Master as he disappears within the clouds, and as at first we gazed at Mary, so once more we look into her angelic face as she watches her Son disappear in the heavens as he still looks back upon her.

Does not that just express the attitude of heart and mind and soul with which we are to turn away from the Divine Tragedy? What have we been seeing? "The Old, Old Story of Jesus and His Love," "That Story that has transformed the World." At last may we all come into the unity of the perfect man, into the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, and may God grant to hasten the happy day, and may you do a great deal to hasten it yourselves.

THE LIBRARY COMMITTEE.

The following is the detailed financial report of the receipts and expenditures of the Library Committee:—

the Library Committee: —								
Received from sales of tickets for lieu Entertainment From Southwick Literary Society								
Total receipts			\$269.25					
EXPENDITURES.								
Books		۰	\$117.05					
Hall			50.00					
Costumes			30.00					
Make-Up			17.25					
Printing								
Orchestra			20.00					
Century Dictionary (Feb. 22) .			5.00					
" (Mar. 15) .								
Scenery (J. B. Sullivan)			10.00					
Calcium Light			6.00					
Expressage and Properties		٠	5.90					
Total Expenditures			\$269.25					
March 22, 1894.								
Respectfully submitted,								

FREDRIC A. METCALF, Sec. and Treas. Library Committee.

STUDENTS' PRODUCTION OF HAM-LET AND MACBETH.

The students' production of Macbeth Friday morning, April 6, and of Hamlet Friday, April 13, caused Odd Fellows Hall to be crowded to its utmost capacity on both occasions. The new roll curtain went up at o o'clock sharp, and without a break or intermission the plays went on to the grand finale. Space does not permit us to speak of the individual merits of the actors, but if tremendous rounds of applause from eight hundred pair of hands mean anything, Professor and Mrs. Southwick have reason to feel proud of the manner in which their pupils have carried out their instructions. No attempt was made to costume or give proper staging to the plays, though in many cases a slight bit of apparel or some military accoutrement served as distinguishing marks of the prominent characters.

Earnest and careful preparation, enthusiasm and progressiveness, were very marked features of both productions. The new roll curtain and added bits of scenery were much appreciated. The Macbeth performance differed from that of last year in that the caldron scene and the battle scene were added and "lay on, Macduff" omitted. Professor and Mrs. Southwick are receiving congratulations all around on the success of their efforts. These student productions of Shakespeare's tragedies increase in interest each year, and as every participant is likely to have friends or relatives in the audience, they provide added inspiration for earnest work both in the preparation and presentation of the plays, which unmistakably advance the general standard of excellence in the regular college work.

CAST OF CHARACTERS. HAMLET.

ACT I.									
Scene I. Elsinore. A	Platform before the Castle.								
Horatio	Edna Dolloff								
	Mary E. Merriman								
	Mabelle Ruth Burbank								
Francisco	Florence G. Woodruff								

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Scene II. A Room of State in the Castle. King Claudius	
Scene III. A Room in Polonius's House. Polonius	
Ghost	
Scene II. A Room in the Castle. HamletEthel A. Hornick PoloniusWaldo T. Worcester ACT III.	
Scene I. A Room in the Castle. King Claudius Mabelle R. Burbank Queen Gertrude Louise Allyn Hamlet John B. Weeks Polonius Belle M. McDiarmid Ophelia Maud L. Gatchell Rosencrantz Abbie Kelley Guildenstern Edna C. Martin Scene II. A Hall in the Castle.	
Hamlet	
King Claudius Ola Esterly Queen Gertrude Alida W. Brooks Hamlet Walter B. Tripp Polonius William E. Chase Ophelia Gertrude Jones Horatio Emanuel L. Swigert Rosencrantz Gertrude A. Leavitt Guildenstern Lettie M. Kingsley Player King Eleanor L. Sullivan Player Queen Addie P. Jackson Lucianus A Ardelle Nourse Prologue Everetta K. Wellington Scene IV. The Queen's Closes	

Queen Gertrude Mabel C. Snow

Hamlet......Clinton B. Burgess

Ghost..... Ben. C. Edwards

ACT IV.

Scene V. A Room in the Castle.

King Claudius ... E. Gardner Crane
Queen Gertrude ... Katherine Sullivan
Ophelia ... Lola Purman Tripp
Laertes ... Charles I. Schofield

Horatio Edna Dolloff
First Gentleman Caro E. Wyman
Second Gentleman Ida M. Page

ACT V.	Scene IV. Without the Castle.
Scene I. A Churchyard.	Macduff
Hamlet Margaret Powers Horatio Grace A. Lockwood	Ross
First Gravedigger	ACT III.
Scenes II. A Hall in the Castle.	Scene I. Forres. A Room in the Palace.
King ClaudiusE. Gardner Crane	Macbeth Blanche C. Martin
Queen Gertrude Ruth B. Holt Hamlet Albert M. Harris Laertes Geo. E. Tracy Horatio Frank J. Stowe	Lady Macbeth
Osric Charles I. Schofield Pages Rosamond A. Brockway Lettie M. Kingsley	Attendant
	Rilla F. Robinso
масветн.	Scene II. The Same. Another Room.
ACT I.	Macbeth Eloise H. William Lady Macbeth Sara Adele Nei
Scenes I. and III. Scotland. A Heath.	ServantNellie A. Woo
Macbeth	Scene IV. Banquet Hall in the Palace.
Ross	Macbeth
First Witch	Ross May Whi
Second WitchFlorence C. Sherwood Third WitchEdith L. Munger	LennoxBessie N. Randa CupbearerMaude Gatche MandagerMark H. Wee
Scene V. A Room in Macbeth's Castle.	Murderer
Lady Macbeth Lillian A. Clark	Gertrude Hopkin
Macbeth	ACT IV.
Scene VI. Before the Castle.	Scene I. A Cavern.
King DuncanAnnie M. Morse	First Witch Ethel A. Hornio
Banquo Ida May Remick Lady Macbeth Marion K. Dean	Second WitchRuth B. Ho Third WitchLola Purman Trip
Attendants	Macbeth Gertrude Beel Macbeth Genevieve Pug
Lord Mabel C. Snow	Lennox
Scene VII. A Room in the Castle.	Scene III. England. Before the King's Palace
Macbeth Albert D. Upham Lady Macbeth Mary E. Noone	Malcolm
ACT II.	Ross Edith M. Smir Doctor Alice A. Baldw
ACT II. Scenes I. and II. Court of Macheth's Castle	DoctorAlice A. Baldw
Scenes I. and II. Court of Macbeth's Castle.	Doctor
Scenes I. and II. Court of Macbeth's Castle. Macbeth	ACT V. Scene I. Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.
Scenes I. and II. Court of Macbeth's Castle. Macbeth	ACT V. Scene I. Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle. Lady MacbethDaisy Carroll Ho Doctor Ellen M. Andre
Scenes I. and II. Court of Macbeth's Castle. Macbeth	DoctorAlice A. Baldw
Scenes I. and II. Court of Macbeth's Castle. Macbeth	ACT V. Scene I. Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle. Lady Macbeth
Scenes I. and II. Court of Macbeth's Castle. Macbeth	ACT V. Scene I. Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle. Lady Macbeth

LADIES' DEBATING CLUB.

At a meeting of The Athena, held March 26th, the following officers were elected for the term, viz. Miss Belle McDiarmid, president; Miss Edith Aldrich Irons, vice-president; Miss Blanche Estella Foster, secretary.

Following the business meeting a very pleasant hour was spent by the club and friends in listening to an extemporaneous story led by Miss Cameron, also extemporaneous speeches by Misses Jones and Cassett. Several readings given by Mrs. Johnson and Miss Sanborn were very heartily enjoyed.

Later, Mrs. Hutchinson, in an interesting talk on dress reform, exhibited the Boston Rational Dress for girls and women and also some tiny garments for infants; she was accompanied by an assistant, who wore the reform dress and showed how simply it is made.

SOUTHWICK LITERARY SOCIETY.

At the first meeting of the present term, held March 22d in Berkeley Hall, the following officers were elected:—

Mr. F. A. Metcalf, President. Miss Maude Gatchell, Vice-president. Miss Bertha Cassatt, Secretary. Mr. W. G. Caskey, Treasurer.

PROGRAMME.

Music — Selected.
Reading — "Behind the Curtain."

Miss Rosamond Brockway.
Music — Selected.

Reading — "Jean Valjean," . . Victor Hugo Miss Zitella Englentine Ebert, Comedietta — "St. Valentine's Day."

Eleanor Miss Clare Plummer Letty (her niece) Miss Rosamond Brockway

The above was the programme as arranged, but the music was unavoidably omitted. However, the young ladies royally entertained the audience, each one doing

entertained the audience, each one doing her part with such artistic taste and naturalness, as to call forth the plaudits of all in

the audience.

ALUMNI DAY.

At the last annual meeting of the Alumni Association it was unanimously voted that the Emerson College ought

to have an Alumni Day, and the executive committee were accordingly instructed to meet with the Alumni Club to decide upon a suitable date. conference was held, and Saturday, May 12, is the appointed day. exercises are to begin at 9.30 A. M. and and continue in open meeting till 12.30, after which there will be a business meeting of the two societies to be followed by the usual banquet. In the open meeting a series of papers will be read upon the following interesting subjects: The Relation of Dramatic Art to General Education; Physical Culture; Voice; The Relation of Oratory to Literature. The speakers will be announced in due time. We are pleased to note this advance which must of necessity increase both the interest and attendance at the annual meeting and solidify the interests of the old and new graduates of the College.

CLASS DAY.

The Post-graduate class at a recent meeting voted to have class day exercises, and the following participants were appointed:—

Orator — A. M. Harris. Poet — J. S. Gaylord. Prophet — T. A. Curry.

Prophetess — Miss Maude Gatchell.

Historian — W. E. Atwater. Presentation to Senior class — W. T.

Worcester.

Music in charge of Albert S. C.

Music in charge of Albert S. Conant. General Manager — G. E. Tracy.

PERSONALS.

Briggs . . .

Miss Florence E. Briggs is teaching in Philadelphia and suburbs.

Barden . . .

Miss José Barden, a pupil of last year, who is travelling throughout the South and West as reader with the Swedish Quartet, is having great success. She wishes to be very cordially remembered to all Emersonian friends.

Carey . . .

Miss Laura M. Carey, '93, assisted by Mr. Frederick Mahn, violinist, and Mr. Albert F. Conant, '93, pianist, gave a unique recital in Berkeley Hall, the afternoon of April 5th, the arrangement of the programme being similar to that of a symphony concert.

THE PROGRAMME.
Energico:
Sonata in D minor Gade
Messrs. Mahn and Conant.
Romanza:
The Door MatAnon
Miss Carey.
Adagio:
From the Sonata op. 7Beethoven
Mr. Conant.
Scherzo:
An Object of Love
Miss Carey.
miss carej.
Gypsy Dance Machez
Mr. Mahn.
Appassionato:
LouisianaF. H. Burnett
Miss Carey.

Much credit is due Miss Carey for her fine work, attested by the beautiful bouquet of roses she received. Her assisting artists also reaped their share of deserved praise. Each number was so heartily applauded, that, if the words "No encores" had not occupied a conspicuous place on the programme, they surely could not have resisted.

Davis . . .

Mrs. Gertrude Davis, '93, has a class in physical culture and oratory, in addition to her private pupils, at her home in Jamaica Plain.

Dean . . .

Miss Marion Dean is conducting three very successful classes in Physical Culture at her home in Hyde Park.

De Vol . . .

Mrs. Alice White De Vol has been engaged by the Browning Club of Columbus, Ohio, to give the final reading for the year, May 17th. The group of pieces consists of the interpretation of those poems relating to love and death - "May and Death," "In a Laboratory," "Confessions," "Porphyria's Lover," "A Forgiveness," and "Evelyn Hope."

Freeze . . .

Miss Frances Freeze, for some time member of the Freshman Class, is to be married on Wednesday, April 25, to Mr. Wm. Anthony Clark, of the Andover House. The wedding will take place from the home of Mrs. Charles Dudley Warner, Hartford, Conn. Mr. and Mrs. Clark will make their home in Boston. With all our hearts we wish our friends great happiness.

Gaylord .

At the invitation of the junior class, Mr. Joseph S. Gaylord, of the Post-graduate class, is giving a course of lectures on educational topics. The following are some of the subjects which have been discussed: "The Four General Principles of Education." "The Emerson Philosophy of Education in Oratory." "The Principles of Voice Culture and a System, Built on These Principles." "Comparative Methods of Teaching Elocution, Expression and Oratory." "The Emerson System of Education in Oratory." "The Emerson System of Physical Culture."

These lectures have been quite largely attended by members of all the classes, and in some cases members of the Faculty

have been present.

Mr. Gaylord recently gave an informal address before the students of Yale Divinity School on "The Preacher as an Orator.'

Hackett . . .

Mrs. Sadie Hackett, '93, in addition to her work at Cornell, is filling engagements through Iowa, and has been conducting an enthusiastic class each week, in Cedar Rapids, composed of public school teachers and clergymen.

Hall . . .

Mr. Willis B. Hall, '96, read before the Second Nationalist Club, of Boston, the evening of March 18.

Hopkins and Banks . . .

One of the coming events of this season for the Emerson students, is a recital to be given at Cotilion Hall, Saturday, April 21, at 2 P. M., by Gertrude Marion Hopkins and Maude E. Banks. As the proceeds are to go mainly to the Children's Hospital, the young ladies have worked very hard to make the entertainment both a financial and artistic success, and have secured the valuable assistance of Mrs. Tripp, John B. Weeks, E. G. Crane, and the Euterpe Banjo, Mandolin, and Guitar Club, thereby promising a most pleasant and enjoyable programme. We are sure that this charitable project will meet with a hearty response from our Emerson students, who have from the first and now always cried: "Let the good work go on."

Gardner . . .

The many friends of Mrs. Eleanor M. Gardner will be pleased to know that after some humorous and some trying experiences in travelling, she is now comfortably settled at Raleigh, N. C., where she has made a number of pleasant friends, and where her health is much better than when in Boston. She desires to be kindly remembered to all of her Emerson College friends, and will be pleased to hear from them at her above address.

Kingsley . . .

Miss Lettie Kingsley, '93, is meeting with much success in teaching at her home in Brockton, and has received endorsements of her work from the leading physicians of the city.

Miller . . .

On Tuesday, March 20, Miss Zibbia C. Miller read at the Methodist Episcopal Church, Egleston Square, to a very appreciative audience, and was called out after each reading. She has read several times this winter about Boston and suburbs, receiving a gratifying reception each time. Her recital at Steinert Hall, April 17, will be well worth attending, as the musical programme will be given by the best artists, and she will bring out two new readings.

Morgan . . .

Miss Minnie, L. Morgan, '93, who is teaching at Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., is meeting with the most flattering success. Elocution at last is popular in that college and town. She has been invited to double her courses of instruction next year, and has consented to do so. In addition to her work in the in-

stitution, she has private classes of about fifty pupils, and applications to form still other classes. In a recent letter to Professor Southwick, she says she has just begun to realize the value of the Magazine. It is like a letter from a friend that she reads from cover to cover, and then back again. That's the kind of a subscriber we like to have.

Newton . . .

The Misses May and Clara Newton, of '93, have spent the winter at their home in South Pasadena, Cal. After a good visit with their parents, they hope to return to Boston next fall to take their post-graduate course. They send kindest regards to all their friends at the College.

Nichols . . .

Miss Edie L. Nichols, '92, is teaching in the Freehold Seminary, Freehold, N. J., where she has several classes in oratory, physical culture, and rhetoric. She is at present preparing for an entertainment in which her pupils are to give selected scenes from As You Like It, Hamlet, and The Spanish Student.

Nicholson . . .

Miss Carrie E. Nicholson, '92, has a large school in Balto, Md.

Oliver . . .

Miss Katharine Oliver has dramatized Barrie's "Little Minister," and is giving it as a monologue throughout Iowa. She is receiving flattering press notices, and has been pronounced by one journal as second only to the great Leland T. Powers.

Randall . . .

Miss Elizabeth L. Randall, of the Junior Class, gave a most successful recital at her home in Attleboro, March 29. She was ably assisted by Claude Fisher, violinist; Miss Dean, pianist; Miss Parker, soloist, and Mr. W. T. Worcester, of this College, reader.

Raymond . . .

Miss Glenn Raymond, '92, is now making her home in New York City, and on Tuesday, April 10, read with great success at Chickering Hall, in company with several distinguished metropolitan artists.

Shapleigh . . .

We are pleased to announce the marriage on Tuesday, April 17, of Mr. Bertram L. Shapleigh to Miss Adrienne Marie Johnston, of this city. Our heartiest congratulations are tendered to the happy pair.

Stowe . .

Mr. Frank J. Stowe, '95, gave his interesting and instructive lecture on Wendell Phillips, at the Y. M. C. A., Tuesday evening, March 27, to a large and appreciative audience. He portrayed the character of Phillips in an artistic manner, speaking of his youth, schooling, early, social, and public life.

Stetson . . .

Miss May Frances Stetson, '86, is teaching in northern Maine, in the towns of Caribon, Presque Isle, and Fort Fairfield. Having the management and drilling of a number of young ladies for "The Chaperon," in the last named town, the local paper says: "She has done a work for these young ladies which is truly wonderful, and which will be of great advantage to them all through life."

Taylor . . .

Mrs. B. F. Taylor, who was a member of the class of '93 during their Freshman year, and whom all will remember for her own sake as well as for her late lamented husband's beautiful poem, "The Isle of Long Ago," is teaching a large number of enthusiastic pupils in Cleveland, Ohio, and desires to be warmly remembered to all her friends in the Emerson College. In a recent letter to Mrs. Sherman, '93, she says "the Magazine is a welcome guest, and makes me feel homesick for the dear friends at the E. C. O."

Taylor and Whitehead . . .

February 17, Misses Taylor and Whitehead read before the U.O. of Q.O.L. of Cambridge. An interesting feature of the programme was the presenting of the Emerson system of physical culture in Greek costume by the two young ladies, assisted by Miss Nellie Wood. They also gave the literary portion of an entertainment in the Congregational Church, North Cohasset, which was most highly enjoyed by the large audience. Miss Taylor is conducting a class in physical culture in Medford.

Walker . .

Miss Susan Mae Walker, '03, is teaching with much success at North Bridgton, Me.; besides these duties, she is filling numerous reading engagements to the delight of her audiences.

Ward . . .

Mr. James H. Ward, '95, has met with much success as a teacher in Expression. He has had a class under his instruction this winter, in West Roxbury, in which the members have made good progress, and have become thoroughly interested in the work.

Whitmore . .

Miss Whitmore, of the Post-graduate class, has a large number of private pupils in Lynn, West Newton, and Boston; her own words are, "I have only to present the principles of the physical culture and the oratory, and people see the application to every-day life and art, then they want to take lessons." Miss Whitmore's lecture will be printed and ready for distribution when these lines are read. Here is an extract from her letter to the editor, "I'll agree solemnly and solidly to get ten new subscribers for the Magazine next year. I have told one of my pupils that there was talk of discontinuing it, and she said, "I'll pay three dollars gladly for a subscription, rather than lose it, and she never went to the College." Well done, Miss Whitmore! May others go and do likewise.

Woodruff-Noone . .

On Wednesday, April 4, Miss Florence Woodruff and Miss Marie Noone gave a recital in Berkeley Hall, which was a success in every way. The selections were well chosen to bring out their talent and strength, thrilling and delighting the appreciative audience. They were assisted by Miss Bertha Cushing, contralto; Mr. G. Everett Tracy, reader, and the Svendsen Trio, Miss Edna L. Woodruff, violin; Annie L. Tolman, 'cello; L. Emelie Waitt, piano. Miss Cushing's singing was thoroughly enjoyed and she kindly responded to several encores. Miss Woodruff as Helen and Mr. Tracy as Modus, in the two scenes from The Hunchback, pleased as much, and did as artistic work as many having world-wide reputations. The violin solos of Miss Edna Woodruff were rendered with the skill of a master. The music by the trio was especially fine.





Jour sey indially June R. Smerron

EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE

VOL. II.

MAY, 1894.

No. 5.

EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED BY THE

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY

Cor. Tremont and Berkeley Sts., Boston, Mass

An Authorized Exponent of President Emerson's Philosophy of Expression.

CECIL HARPER		۰				MANAGIN	G EDITOR
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No Advertisements Received.

Mrs. Emerson's Portrait.

In compliance with the desire of a large number of the students, we furnish our readers this month with a very fine portrait of Mrs Emerson, which we feel sure they will highly appreciate.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

This is the last number of the EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE under the present management. Hitherto the Magazine has been published by the faculty of the College, and has been an authorized exponent of President Emerson's philosophy of expression. Next year the enterprise will be conducted by an association of students who will assume its entire financial and

literary responsibility. We take pleasure in calling attention to their announcement.

Change of Management.

After this number the Emerson College Magazine will be published by an association of students called the "Emerson College Magazine Association." The following are the officers of the association:

President, Joseph S. Gaylord. Vice-president, Bitha Cassatt. Secretary, Blanche E. Foster. Treasurer, William G. Caskey. Auditor, William E. Chase.

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A. M. Harris.

Assistant:

F. J. Stowe.

Six numbers will be issued during the coming year, one during each of the following months: November, December, January, February, March, and May.

Articles on interesting subjects connected with Oratory and Physical Culture, have been promised by the following:—

Prof. Henry Lawrence Southwick. Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick. Prof. Walter B. Tripp.

- " Fredric A. Metcalf.
- " Silas A. Alden.

Miss Lilia E. Smith.

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Prof. Albert Baker Cheney.

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Mr. Charles T. Grilley.

- " William E. Atwater.
- " William E. Chase.
- " Joseph S. Gaylord.
- " F. J. Stowe.

Miss Ola Esterly.

Mr. A. M. Harris.

The aim of the management shall be to conduct the Magazine in such a way that it will supply in many ways the needs of students and graduates of Emerson College, and present to all who are interested in education and oratory a summary of the principles and progress of the "Emerson Philosophy of Education in Oratory."

Graduates are invited to send short articles on Oratory or Physical Culture to the Editor in-chief for publication.

Subscriptions one dollar (\$1.00) per

year if paid in advance.

A limited number of approved advertisements will be received for this magazine, beginning with the next number. For rates, or other information, apply to the business manager.

All communications in regard to subscriptions or advertisements should be

addressed to

A. M. HARRIS,

Business Manager Emerson College Magazine, Cor. Tremont and Berkeley Streets, BOSTON, MASS.

INDIVIDUALITY.

BY HENRY IRVING.

The following extract from an address recently delivered by Mr. Henry Irving, is in such perfect accord with the principles taught in the Emerson College of Oratory, that as the utter-

ance of so eminent an artist it cannot fail to be an encouragement and an inspiration to readers of the Magazine:

Need I say what pleasure it is to be among you to-day, and to have the privilege of addressing you once more? I would hardly call this an address - more a sort of conversation — a few desultory reflections on an interview which I had with two or three young . . . friends; and it was something concerning individuality, which seemed to me to be a matter of much importance. That the individual may reach the highest expression of his power, he must develop that which is part of his own nature. To find the best expression of the voice of power which is within us is the destiny which every man should work out for himself.

Each and all of you should learn to value and to use your own individuality; that is the purpose of my talk with you to-day. It is a priceless gift, and comes next in sequence of value to honor and health. It is the one power which you all possess, and which may lead to permanent renown; and if in your youth you try to put it from you, so as to pare yourselves down to a sort of common denominator, you come as near as may be to the intellectual standard of that "base Indian" who "threw a pearl away, richer than all his tribe." The fable of the fox who lost his tail, is not merely a nursery myth; it has its analogue in those persons of to-day who try to persuade the men and women of stronger gifts of individuality than their own, to voluntarily deprive themselves of this superiority.

In the course of conversation with one of my young friends, . . . I had the temerity to ask him what his ambition in life was to be. "An orator," said he; "I should like to be an orator." "Oh!" said I, "an orator—a Daniel Webster?" His eye sparkled with a delightful enthusiasm, "Ah, yes!" said he; "yes, if I could, I should like to be a Daniel Webster!" "Yes," said I, "a great ambition; don't you try to be anything of the kind. You

Be Yourself;

cultivate your own power; you have not the physique ever to be a Daniel Webster."

I had been coming across so many young Daniel Websters, and Edwin Forrests, and Phillips Brookses, that I began to think, that if things continued to go on at the same rate, the supply might ultimately exceed the demand. Daniel Webster was a great man and a great orator, but he did not become great by merely imitating some one else. He had great gifts of certain kinds, and he knew them and used them to the full. With him the ore rotundo must have had a special value, for the greatness of his voice lent new power to his eloquent words. Edwin Forrest had a somewhat similar gift of voice and bearing, and he, too, made a distinct impress on his time by the exercise of his art. Unluckily, however, it is too often the case that such examples tend to mislead the rising generation. These aim at the result, but do not place a just value upon the means by which such a result is obtained. What is the common sense of a youth with little lung power, trying to imitate the method achieved by the special gifts of an Edwin Forrest? Every man may have within himself the electrical or psychic quality necessary to impress other men, and such does not depend on girth, or stature, or avoirdupois. Napoleon and Nelson, Garrick and Kean, were little men, but who shall say that their individuality did not find a suitable means of expression, each in its proper fashion? So may each one of you, if you will only use the means with which God has thought fit to endow you. But you can no more trim the natural power within you to a pattern, than you can increase or diminish your stature. For myself, I cannot understand why any man should want to formulate himself to the identity of some one else. Each man is different from his fellows, just as are the leaves of a tree; and at best a perfect simulation can be but an imperfect substitution. I belong to a calling where our first endeavor ought to be to assume identities not our own. We actors have to study, either as a whole or by parcels, from living models; for our craft is to present appearances other than our own, and to do things which all men who see and hear, may recognize as not impossible typically. This study must be both intellectual and physical, for if an identity is to be presented, all its

component parts must hang together with a proper cohesiveness. In this study one cannot help arriving at some high opinion of the worth and value of identity.

It was said, wisely enough, by an experienced writer, that no man could well succeed in public life who could not be easily caricatured. There is just sufficient essential truth in this to make us ready to apply its wisdom. Indeed, there are many men who, not having been endowed by nature with any sufficiently distinctive individuality of their own, try to beget a singularity which may serve them equally well. Some will even try to present the appearance which some one else has made familiar. A story is told of a certain Mr. Smith, in London, who, fancying he resembled the great Duke of Wellington, used to dress so like him and so carry himself that people to whom the duke was not well known used to salute him. The duke, on being told that Mr. Smith had said that he was often taken for him, remarked: "Dear me! - odd, is it not? but I have never been taken for Mr. Smith." It was only a very short time ago that a gentleman wrote to me from Paris, asking for a little temporary assistance, his life, he said, having become a burden to him from his painful resemblance to myself. He was an Englishman, he said, and the people in the streets and cafés, and wherever he went, pointed to him - I hope not with the finger of scorn — and said: "That's Irving, the actor." In consequence of this persecution he solicited from me the loan of a hundred francs. I replied to his letter, and suggested that his misfortunes would come to end if he would take the first opportunity of having his hair cut.

I need not tell you that there is

A Vast Difference Between Character and Caricature,

and too many there are who, while they think that they are holding the former in their clasp, have only lightly grasped the latter. Voice, face, manner, bearing, and accent are all easy of imitation; but it is when the higher qualities belonging to an individuality have to be reproduced that the imitator's difficulty begins and his weakness is exposed. For the purely

monkey arts of life there is no future—they stand only in the crude glare of the present, and there is no softness for them, either in the twilight of hope or of memory. With the true artist the internal force is the first requisite—the external appearance being merely the medium through which this is made known to others. There is hardly any individuality which is not worthy of the closest study.

Every Character has its Own Atmosphere

and I always find it embarrassing when requested to name certain stage characters that I may be especially fond of. As an actor divests himself of one personality, and invests himself with the spirit of another, a sort of intellectual transmigration goes on, and for Hamlet, Richard, Lear, or Iago, the true actor will not only change comparatively his voice and manner, but even his pronunciation, believing, as Cicero tells us, that pronunciation must vary widely according to the emotions to be expressed, serving for the actor the purpose of color to the painter. For instance, if one had to illustrate a passion, "confused, strange, outrageous, variable," how ridiculous it would be to illustrate it with the graces of sonorous elocution! Nearly ten years ago I said: "Beware of any servile dependence upon traditions which, robbed of the spirit that created them, are apt to be purely mischievous. What was natural to the creator is often unnatural and lifeless in an imitator. No two people form the same conception of character, and, therefore, it is always advantageous to see an independent and courageous exposition of an original ideal." That which is common to all men finds so many ways of conveyance, all different and yet all suitable, that the possibilities of expression become widened and multiplied with every new experience. Goethe says: "The really high and difficult part of art is the apprehension of what is individual, characteristic. And why? Because no others have experienced exactly the same thing, and you need not fear lest what is peculiar should not meet with sympathy."

The artist of experience, to whom is intrusted the proper means of expressing an emotion under given conditions and limitations, has so wide a choice of means that his task becomes almost an unconscious one, and his own instinct can perhaps best direct him in his task. All you young men will have in your lives to deal with men. There are others to whom things, not men, form the purpose of their lives, but you are to

Essay the Higher Planes of Life.

And the study of mankind must be an important one with you, whether you have merely to keep your fortune or to make it does not matter; in either case, your own individuality must be pitted against that of others. In a celebrated case in England, a certain expression was traced to the prisoner and became historic: "Them as has brains and no money should get from them as has money and no brains." Here is the struggle of life, criminal and civil, in a phrase. I mention this because it deals very pertinently with my subject, for in the struggle of individualities a knowledge of one's own, with its strength and weakness, is of the first importance. You will even find that, in the working of your lives, to be able to conceal emotion, or to make your wishes known without the aid of words - in fact, the mastery of expression generally—is no unimportant branch of social knowledge. I am told that, even at university examinations, there are those who conceal for the time the secret perturbation of their hearts, superinduced by the consciousness of inadequate study, in the hope, not always realized, that their examiners may be less fatally gifted with the powers of observation than they fain would have them.

In my calling there have been men of genius who possessed great gifts of reproduction, but whose success lay always in the limitations which they set for themselves. When they grasped at bolder efforts and tried to imitate a method rather than an individual who used it, they now and again made a lasting success. For instance, the actor Robson had studied the method of Edmund Kean, and, being gifted with a momentary power of passion, could so work on the feelings of an audience as to make them forget, in the suspense of his power, the comedy in which he was engaged. But he could not long sustain the effort; had he been able

to do so he would have rivalled the great masters of his craft. In the same way the methods and devices of orators may at times be employed with passing effect.

There is usually, if not always, a general, as well as a special, truth or excellence in every great and spontaneous effort, and the result which sprang from the power and genius of Daniel Webster, or Patrick Henry, or Abraham Lincoln, is to be won by others, in greater or less degree, by similar means. But it must be always borne in mind that merely to imitate is not to apply a similar method. If any one of you have great thoughts, or burning passion, you will need to copy no style or to limit yourself to no method. Your thoughts will find their way to the hearts of others as surely as the upland waters burst their way to the sea. In fine, the greatest of all the lessons that art can teach is this: That

Truth is Supreme and Eternal.

No phase of art can achieve much on a false basis. Sincerity, which is the very touchstone of art, is instinctively recognized by all. There never were truer and wiser words spoken than those of old Polonius:

"To thine own self be true, And it must follow as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man."

But how can a man be true to himself if he does not know himself? "Know thyself" was a wisdom of the ancients. But how can a man know himself if he mistrusts his own identity, and if he puts aside his special gifts in order to render himself an imperfect similitude of some one else?

Do not try to wrest from the future the birthright of some other, by the trick of Esau's fairy hands. The blindness of Isaac was a type as well as a reality, for the world may be blind to one sense, as that father was, but to it, as to him, there remain other senses which blindness cannot mar. The voice will betray though the touch may deceive. Therefore I ask you to weigh well the advantages which may present themselves to you before you try to part with, to minimize, or to forego in any way your own individuality. Study it without being egotistic, and understanding the weak places shun their temptations and try to protect

yourself by added strength. Knowing yourself, you may learn to know others, and so in process of time you will both consciously and unconsciously learn those abiding principles of human nature and of human character which add to the knowledge and the progress of the world.

A TALK ON COLOR.

By Professor Bayley.

As we look at this subject of Color this morning, we will see that it is not a separate thing, distinct from all the rest of the world, but that it is related not only to everything in the physical universe, but possibly to many things in the world of Without further introduction, I want to give you this definition of color which is free from all technicalities and which you can easily remember: Color is incomplete sunlight. Sunlight itself, white light as it is called, is complete. That white light falling upon everything upon the earth, is of such a nature that the different objects upon which it falls absorb certain parts of it and reflect other parts.

Color to be Studied as a Whole.

If we are to study color, I think we ought to study it as a whole. But the question arises, How can we have color in our minds as a whole, when the carpet manufacturer, for instance, has something . like 3,500 different shades of color, which he can remember by number? And when we remember that every spring there are new colors with unpronounceable and unallowable names? (Laughter.) And when we remember that in nature there are infinite numbers of colors that we have never been able to imitate, the question arises, How then can we know all colors at once? By the solar spectrum, which is the unit and contains all colors potentially. If we study the spectrum to find its parts, even untrained people will readily distinguish four or five different colors, unless they are color-blind. If they are colorblind, they will see only two or three. Most people will be able to find that these colors range from red to violet. And

those colors are called the Standards. Later, as the pupil's color sense becomes a little more acute, he will be able to distinguish between these certain other colors. In the green for instance, he will discover that there are various hues. The colors of the spectrum may be arranged in a series, like this: Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Blue, Violet.

Values and Tones.

Now looking at the spectrum, we find three colors at the top which may be called red. There are, then, a group of reds, a group of oranges, a group of yellows, a group of greens, a group of blues, a group of violets, with three tones in each. The yellow above the standard partakes a little of the nature of orange, and so it is called orange yellow; the yellow below the standard partakes a little of the nature of green and so it is called green yellow. When we come to consider the relations which exist between these colors, we find them arranged in groups of three; and we may classify them first according to the values which they possess. Let me illustrate what I mean by that. If this red disk were placed where the sunlight would strike it — apparently a new color has arisen, much lighter than the other. It is nearly pink. If the red disk is held where the light is cut off from it, we find a darker color. So the same color appears different under different degrees of illumination. The value of the color, therefore, is according to the illumination. Now that may be illustrated by means of disks. Suppose we have a' violet disk combined with black. will notice a different color on the outside from the inside. If we add more black to the outside, the color becomes darker. If we substitute white for black the color becomes lighter, and we should be able to imitate another part of the series. Take a violet disk with a very little white first; then a little more white and again still more white; the outer color will grow lighter as the white is added. changes form a scale very much like the scales in music. The parts of this scale are called Tones. The tones which fix the scales are called keys or Key-Tones. The tones which contain white are called Tints; those which contain black are

Shades. These scales correspond somewhat to the scales in music—there is a High Tone and a Low Tone.

Qualities of Color.

Colors may be classified according to Qualities. Some colors are naturally warm, and others are cold. The warm colors are what the artists call Advancing colors and the cold colors are the Retreating colors. Colors are modified by their environment just as people are. A good environment will improve a color; a bad environment will degenerate a color. There is an acquired quality which a color may have. Now in proportion as colors acquire qualities, or impart qualities, they are called Active or Passive. They are active when they impart qualities readily, and passive when they receive qualities readily. An Active color shows force; it is complementary upon the neighboring color. Turner saw a sunrise over a flat beach at the ocean's side. He painted it. Some gentlemen went to see the picture and were surprised at the beautiful gray coloring. The color of the gray in the sky was the gray that you sometimes see over the ocean: it may be gray, it may be green; for you call it one moment green and the next, gray. But to call it green would be to over-state the truth, and to call it gray would be to come short of the truth. So they studied the picture to find out what he had done. At last they discovered that he had painted the pure gray, and then put violet clouds over it, which, by forcing the complementary colors into the gray, had produced the wonderful colors of sunrise.

A man bought two kinds of silk, pure black and pure blue. They were woven up into ribbons, in alternate stripes. "See here," said the purchaser to the dealer, "I did not buy those colors of you. I bought light blue and black, and these ribbons are brown." The silk manufacturer said, "I sent you the colors you ordered." There was a law suit over it, and the expert on colors proved to the court that the active color, blue, had forced its complementary upon the black and made it a clear brown. So this must be taken note of.

Harmonies of Color.

Just a few words about the Harmonies of Color. As soon as one begins to talk

about the harmonies of color, some one says: "Of course there are harmonies of color, 'but there is no law governing them." The artist asserts that there is, but the woman puts any and all colors together. (Laughter.) No law of color? If it is true that there is no law governing color in nature, then color is the one thing in nature without law. I wonder if this is possible? Let us see about harmonies. The first and simplest harmonies may be illustrated by this: we have a pure white light, we have imperfect light and color; now when we combine the color of white light with a partially reflected color, everybody agrees to call that one color. But in reality you have there a contrasted harmony, for you have color contrasted with non-color. White clouds in a blue sky give contrasted harmony. Do you ever wonder why the rocks at the sea-shore turn orange, and inland rocks, in the green pasture, turn gray? Why, that, you say, is the chemical action of the salt upon the rocks at the sea-shore. No; it is simply that the rock is made to harmonize with its surroundings wherever it is.

Look for Beauty.

Professor Bayley here spoke in a most interesting way of the different forms of harmony, complementary harmony and dominant harmony, and then went on to say: Just this word in closing. It seems to me that we ought to look for the color found in the world, because it is put here. for us. Color is pure grace. Let us study the colors around us in nature. We shut our eyes to it. Very little of it ever attracts us at all. You say, "Oh! Did you see the sunset last night?" But what of the sunset the other nights; do you remember them? Yet there was a beauty which was put there for you to see. Have any of you ever seen a sunrise? (Laughter.) The colors in the morning are infinitely pure. Ruskin says we do not know what tenderness is until we have seen the sun I think that the constant study of color will refine a person's character. Some people always look for something wrong. If the sky is clear, they look for a cloud and expect rain. That habit grows tremendously. In the teacher there are two erroneous tendencies, fault-finding and

being dogmatic. Those two tendencies we must guard against. If we get into the habit of looking for beauty, presently our mind will change. Ruskin says:—

"Let me go where'er I will, I hear a sky-born music still. It sounds from all things old, It sounds from all things young, From all that's fair, from all that's foul, Peals out a cheerful song. It is not only in the rose, It is not only in the bird, Not only where the rainbow glows, Nor in the song of woman heard, But in the darkest, meanest things There alway, alway something sings. 'Tis not in the high stars alone, Nor in the cups of budding flowers, Nor in the red-breast's mellow tone, Nor in the bow that shines in showers, But in the mud and scum of things There alway, alway something sings."

Now what is that something beautiful? It will reform all our teaching. God made everything beautiful in its time. Think of it, He, God — made everything, including the commonplaces — beautiful in its time; then the most commonplace thing has a supreme moment when it is clothed upon with a beautiful garment. The artist catches that supreme moment. Any of us may see that if we will. Emerson says:—

"The brook sings on, but sings in vain, Wanting the echo in my brain."

If language means anything, there are two things which we know about in this world which will survive the shock of death and be found in the next world, and those two things are Music and Color. While studying the beauties of the earthly, we may be preparing ourselves for the heavenly.

THE HUMAN VOICE AS A REPORTER OF PERSONALITY.

By Dr. James R. Cocke.

In the January number of *The Arena* there appeared a most interesting article, by Dr. Cocke, entitled "The Voice as an Index of the Soul." The gentleman was at that time an entire stranger to the methods of teaching in the Emerson College of Oratory, but his attitude was in such perfect accord with the principles upon which the College has stood for years, namely, that the voice is a reporter of the individual, that he was invited to visit the College and address the students. At the conclusion of his address he made an examination of the voices of several of the pupils, the examina-

tion consisting of about one minute's conversation, followed in a few cases by the recitation of half a dozen lines. Then, at the urgent request of the students, he made a similar examination of several members of the faculty, commencing with Pres. Emerson. The educational value of both the address and the examination hinges upon the following points, which should be clearly borne in mind by the reader:—

I. That, as an independent investigator, Dr. Cocke has reached a conclusion which has for years formed the basis of voice culture in the Emerson College of Oratory, namely, that *the voice*

is a reporter of the individual.

2. That Dr. Cocke had no previous acquaintance whatever with any person whose voice he examined.3. That Dr. Cocke is totally blind, and has been

so from infancy, and consequently has only the

voice by which to judge of the character.

4. That the characteristics which he announced were all perfectly well known to many persons in the audience; the marvellous thing being, that a knowledge, which, in many cases, was the result of prolonged acquaintance, was acquired by him almost instantaneously.

5. That he is a practising physician of acknowledged ability, and a voice expert of international

reputation.

On being introduced by Pres. Emerson, Dr. Cocke said:—

Ladies and gentlemen: I am pleased this morning to have an opportunity to address you upon a theme which has occupied so large a portion of my life. Our mind consists of the reasoning faculties, of the emotions, of the desires, of the passions, and these faculties are all the children of our senses. Nature recognizes this even in the lower forms of creation. Flowers bloom and are bedecked with gorgeous colors and give forth a fragrance, not simply because they wish to be beautiful, but because this odor has a divine place in their physiology. The winds that moan and sigh through the trees, the sunlight that falls on the green grass and upon the hills, and upon the mountains, each and every one of these things, appeal to the senses of the members of the vegetable kingdom, as well as to the senses of the different classes of the animal kingdom. It is true that everything in nature, so far as I know, which appertains to sense, has to do with one or two primary functions. It is for the purpose of self-defence, or to enable the creature to reproduce its kind, or for the purpose of sustenance. With these few tremendous principles, it is indeed wonderful to what an extent evolution has been carried.

Listen, if you will, to the one piping note of the little bird as it comes forth from its shell. It has had no previous experience in a past world to indicate to the little downy creature that it would develop into a feathered angel which would deluge all nature with music. Listen again, if you will, to the cry of the infant. It has in it no passion, no emotion, -- only a strange, blank, piteous wail. Again, listen to the beautifully developed voice of a great singer, and we see the emotions, the intellect, the passions, as it were, doubly distilled and given to us in a concentrated form. Again close the eyes, and, if it be possible, absolutely put away from you all memories that you ever knew of light and shade and color, and listen to the mighty tumult of the multitude, and study their voices (and you will soon acquire the ability), and I think you will find as great a play of tone-color as you find in the world of sight. What does this tone-color mean? What do we mean by these varied tones, varying not only in pitch, in timbre, but varying in infinite styles, which it is impossible to describe in language? They mean that they portray before you all the faculties of the mind. Again, let us look at the voice from a standpoint of evolution. We know that in the lowest forms of vegetable and animal life the five senses are merged into one protective sense. As we go higher in the biological scale, we see other senses developed, until we reach Man, and while certain of his senses are not as acute as some senses of the lower order of beings, all those five senses make a beautiful whole; they make one grand form. They carry to the mind all of its knowledge of the outside world.

Now it is with one sense, the sense of hearing, and with the Voice that I have to deal to-day. Voice! You are all doubtless familiar with its anatomy and physiology. You are all familiar with the various qualities of voice laid down in books; but let us consider the voice as we hear it from the stage. It has been my privilege to hear something like seven of the great actors take the part of Hamlet. Now I have read and studied Hamlet very carefully. I read it with my fingers, when I was nine years of age, and I was struck with one thing in the reading of it,—the

possibility of making Hamlet's voice portray all that Hamlet felt. I have never heard an actor yet whose conception of the voice of Hamlet satisfied me. Those who are usually heard to read it have baritone voices. Mr. Booth had a rich baritone voice, but a voice wanting in color; it was a cold, studied voice, a voice that revealed the man Booth better than it did the character Hamlet.

It may be interesting to you to know what my conception of Hamlet is. To me he was a young man in whom the passions and emotions of life were just beginning to open; a man of highly wrought, sensitive temperament. He was personally astonished at the phenomena of the outside world, and the various phenomena of human life. Hence a man of fifty years of age reading as a calm, cold student of human nature and of human passions, seemed to me preeminently out of place and inartistic. Now again, I heard Madam Janauschek take the part of Marie Stuart. I wonder what conception you have of Marie Stuart's voice? I imagine it to be a liquid voice, a mezzosoprano, warm, passionate, and having that quality of tone characteristic of the Italian, of the English, and Scottish races. Then imagine the harsh, jarring effect produced by Madam Janauschek. A voice of an old woman, of a strong old woman, of a passionate, fiery old woman, but a voice essentially old. This was the voice that I heard read Marie Stuart, and it was like listening to an organist who had pulled all the stops on the organ and then extended his arms over the key-board and putting his feet on the pedals gave one tremendous blast! (Laughter.)

Recently I heard the voice of a young actress who has not yet attained fame. She was about nineteen years of age. She played in some light comedy — I do not even remember her name. No matter. The part of this girl was that of an American heiress, supposed to be a Vassar graduate, highly cultivated. What sort of a voice did she have? It was a kindly, pretty voice; it was a girlish voice; but in no sense was it the voice of a well-bred young lady. It was the voice of a country girl from some of the farms down East, only she did not say "goin" and "sawin'," as some of our country girls from the East

do. (Laughter.) But it was not the voice of a refined young lady. It was not the voice of a society miss. By the way, perhaps you would like to know my conception of the voice of a society miss? Leaving out all sectional characteristics, there are certain qualities peculiar to the voice of the average society young woman. In the first place, it is weak. (Laughter.) It is passionless, rather childish. It gives one the impression that she is intellectually poor by nature, and has been exhausted by cultivation. (Cheers and laughter.)

Let us draw a strong contrast. Some years ago I was out in Michigan. I went to Albion, I went to a college there. They had a conservatory of music, a sort of music-box attachment tacked on to the college. (Laughter.) And there I met a great many young ladies. I had a feeling of strength. I should not have liked to box with one of those girls. (Laughter.) I felt there was character there. Those were girls who could exercise municipal authority, or even state suffrage (laughter) and do it well. (Applause.) They could think, or they could mend a sock. They were capable of doing something. And you felt that those girls would make society something besides a weak, namby-pamby

Again, let us go a little further. I have studied very carefully the voices of the modern factory girl, not the Armenian, not the Italian, not the Irish girl, but the characteristic Yankee voice of the city factory girl. Here is a strong contrast. In that voice you hear care. Even the children's voices seem to have been robbed of their beauty. They are cold, selfish, stubborn; at the same time, they are quick, mental, and active. But they lack that fine tenderness that we imagine in the voices of children, or beautiful young women. Take the girl, and you feel as though you wanted to give her a dish of baked beans and a plate of ham. I do not mean that she is starved, but I mean that her voice, while giving a certain quality of intelligence, gives forth an idea as though the coarser side,—not morally, if you please, but the rugged side of her nature had been developed by the long life of hard work. have thus given you'in a general way a few outlines of the voices as I have heard them. Now I am going to ask some of the students to come up here; I am not going to tell you whether they are handsome or not. (Laughter.) I am going to tell you perhaps whether they are good, and if good the question is, Good for what? (Laughter and applause.)

Pres. Emerson then rose and said: I will call the names of some who are from different States and States wide apart. Therefore the characteristics of the States will possibly appear in the voices of those who may recite a paragraph, or a stanza of

some poem. I will first call

Miss Hollingshead.

After Dr. Cocke had conversed with her for a moment he said: This voice we might call a mezzo-soprano. The lady has a cold and therefore it interferes with the flexibility of her voice. She impresses me as capable of taking an emotional part. She has a good home voice, a pleasant voice. She is naturally even-tempered and gentle. It is the voice of a Western girl. She has not the extreme pronunciation of the r's of the Michigan girls. She has not quite the liquid voice of the Californian. I should judge now that she is not robust or rugged. (Cheers.) I should say she had a delicately organized nervous system. Now I will ask her to recite two or three lines.

After Miss Hollingshead had recited Dr. Cocke said: I am agreeably disappointed in that voice. It is warmer than I thought it was in conversation, and capable of more expression than her conversational voice shows.

Mr. Harris.

After a few words in a low tone with Mr. Harris Dr. Cocke said: I have asked the gentleman if he were not twenty-four years of age. He says he is twenty-six. His voice is younger. I put him as old as I thought he was. If I should judge him simply by the voice, I should place him at twenty-two or twenty-three. His voice will mature a great deal more. Do you know it is a very peculiar thing, — this matter of the voice maturing? Voices settle a great deal more from twenty-six to thirty than they do from twenty-two to twenty-six. He has a baritone voice. He speaks like an Eastern rather than a Western man.

He has a bass-baritone in speaking, and in his reading I would judge that he could read much more effectively in comic and light reading (cheers and laughter) than in heavy reading. He tells me that he is taking up the heavier side. If he were going to be an actor (which he tells me he is not) I should advise him to avoid tragedy. He would not do well in it. It is a voice with rather more shyness in it than he ought to have for a public man. (Great laughter.)

Miss King.

I do not know how familiar you are with this lady's speaking voice, but to me it is a curiously interesting voice. In the first place, if she were taught to sing (I do not know whether she does sing or not) you would find the chest notes excellent. speaking with me she impresses me as a very sympathetic person. She is a person whose emotions are very strong indeed. It is a warm voice. There is something else about the voice that is very difficult to express. There is a certain undertone of pathos that shows the young lady to be capable of very deep feeling, together with an adoration of the sublime. I imagine that the feeling of reverence and an appreciation of the beautiful in poetry is in her nature.

It is a better trained voice than I am accustomed to hear. She has an intense nature, but she has it well in hand, as she has her voice. If I were going to place her, I should say she was of Scottish descent. It is not the voice of the English girl. It is not the voice of the American girl. It is a warmer voice. It is one of the liveliest voices I ever heard.

Miss King Reads.

I wonder if you heard those chest tones? This lady ought to go on the stage. I do not know what she is going to do. (Applause.) Of course I do not know how large a hall this is, but it is one of the most effective voices that I have ever listened to in my life, and I have heard a great many. (Applause.)

Miss Lamkin.

There is a curious thing here. I was introduced to this lady in the parlor, and I was struck by her voice. This voice is

a voice in some respects similar to Miss King's, and yet there is a difference which I hardly know how to express. It is perhaps more girlish. If I were going to analyze it, I should say that Miss King's life has had a larger range. This voice is exceedingly kindly. It is a warm voice, but it does not have the diapason so large. Much of it is lost by the severe cold from which she is suffering.

Let me say a few words about the Voice. If I should step up to one of you gentlemen in the room and tell you that you had stolen my watch, your voice would change according to the way you took it, and that would be according to your temperament and disposition. If you took it seriously you would probably be angry with me, or if you thought I was not quite sane you would laugh at me or pity me. And so the voice evinces your every mood and your every emotion; and yet it, like the face, like the mind, like every quality of the human body, is capable of obeying its master, the will, and the will, in turn obeys its master, the intellectual conception. Now if you can conceive of the sound of a voice which represents a certain part, even of your own voice, made by another not to it so well adapted, you can compel that to obey you. But I have found in every department of my own life that the mental conception which I was trying to change must precede, not go hand in hand with, or follow, every change I was making. (Loud applause.)

President Emerson.

We want to nail a point while it is here Not only by his article in the Arena, but by what he has said here this morning, Dr. Cocke has confirmed the statement that he regards the voice as a reporter of the individual; therefore, for the reason that we work on the individuals to change their thinking, methods, and purposes, I saw at once that if we could go on with the classwork for two or three hours, he would discriminate between your experiences in life, and the degree of education you have received in this college. This is at present a mystery to him. He says you have larger experiences in life, when you have had only a large experience in education here. We work not on thought alone, but

on the character here, and we trust to the voice to report it. And that accounts for one or two things that he has said, for instance in regard to Miss King's voice; for he says it comes from life, large experience in life. So it does, but that life was developed by education, not by experience in the world.

We have often said that education should advance one's experience in life. It is not the acquirement of certain knowledge; it is the development of character itself. Now you can see from this test given this morning what some of you have perhaps doubted, as you have been studying here but a short time, that if you change your thinking you change your expression; deepen the experiences of the soul, and you deepen the expression of the voice. Now I want to have you consider whether what you have been taught since you came here, is true or not in the light of the experiments you have seen so successfully tried here this morning. (Loud applause, and calls for "Pres. Emerson next.")

I noticed that each one who came up here to talk with Dr. Cocke blushed when talking with him. They felt they were on trial. Well, the Doctor cannot see me blush; perhaps you can? Do I blush? A request has just come up from one of the students that the Doctor shall say what he thinks of me.

Dr. Cocke.

Ladies and gentlemen, I sometimes take this method of making my test. Suppose I should meet Pres. Emerson in the horsecars, or on the street, and I should want to cross the street, and I should say, "Pardon me, sir, but will you kindly help me across the street?" And he would answer me. I would then form an idea as to his profession, or business, as to whether he was a working man or a professional man, a lawyer, or a minister, or a newspaper man. If I had met Pres. Emerson anywhere but here, I should say that the gentleman was probably Judge of the Supreme Court of the State. In other words, his voice reveals the mind of a man capable of drawing fine distinctions. (Cheers.) He is a man who can analyze, draw things down and take them apart, and after he has done so, he puts them together and draws his conclusions. (Loud applause.)

Professor Southwick.

This gentleman's voice is the voice of a sensitive man. He is a man that I would like to have for a friend. (Enthusiastic cheering.) If I should meet him in the ordinary walks of life, I should be inclined to take him for a painter or an artist. He has the voice of a man who ought to have a fine preception of music and color. The artistic temperament is predominant in his voice. I should never take him for a lawyer, an actor, a newspaper man or a doctor. Never! (Laughter and applause. Cries, "Mrs. Emerson, Mrs. Emerson.")

Mrs. Emerson.

I at once placed Mrs. Emerson in my mind as belonging to the Middle States. She speaks very much like a person from Delaware or Maryland. She tells me that she was brought up in Boston, but that her early home was in Pennsylvania. Her speaking voice is warm and sensitive. It is a slightly shrinking voice. You feel that you are dealing with an intense person. I should at once place her as an introspective person. . (App ause.) she never did write poetry she ought to. (Applause.) There is the poetic nature. It is the voice that children would be drawn to at once. (Loud applause.) I should meet this lady on the street, or anywhere in the ordinary walks of life, I would not place her as a professional per-I never heard a voice that was more kindly, more sympathetic, and I never heard a voice that I would go to in trouble quicker than I would to Mrs. Emerson. (Enthusiastic applause. Cries, "Mrs. Southwick.")

Mrs. Southwick.

This lady has been a resident of either the Middle or Western States, or has been a good while in the West. She tells me that she spent ten years in Ohio. Now Mrs. Southwick's voice is the voice of a person of exceedingly highly wrought, keen, nervous temperament, and if she were my patient, I should say, "Look out and do not overdo." Now in studying the characteristics of the lady, I would say that she is somewhat reserved. She would have to nerve herself to meet an emergency, but when thoroughly nerved would meet any

emergency. (Loud applause.) If I should meet her in society, I should be inclined to take her for an authoress, possibly a novelist. She is a person whose power of imagination impresses me as being very strong. (Applause. Cries for "Miss Blalock.")

Miss Blalock.

I stated to this young lady that hers was the voice of a South-western girl. I do not say this from any accent which she has, for as far as I can detect she is perfectly free from any accent. It is a well-trained voice. This lady impresses me from her tones as an energetic person, of a strong will. (Applause.) It is a voice which in reading could take very strong parts, but a voice that in speaking does not show all there is in it. I would like to hear her read for me some time. With reference to the sectional characteristics, she has too much energy for a Georgia girl; it is a voice which shows a person who could on occasion defend a principle, and would. (Applause.)

Mrs. Fallon.

Let me have your attention for a moment. I want to bring a matter out; I do not think I can do so, but I will try. This is one of those gentle, kindly voices of the South-western ladies. It is shrinking, sensitive, and, at the same time, passionate and intense. Now can you group those qualities in your minds? She is naturally nervous, and yet full of the most intense feeling. I felt as I listened to her voice that at some time in her life she had had a great deal of care. If I were sick, I would like to have her take care of me. It is a voice that I should place in the Virginias, and she tells me that she was born and brought up in Virginia, that for several years she has lived in Ohio — but has spent the greater part of her life in the South. (Applause. Calls for Professor Tripp.)

Professor Tripp.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have made the following observations in regard to this gentleman's voice. I told him that he was originally a Westerner. He says it is true. I told him his voice is best suited to emotional parts of reading; he says he likes it best. Again, if I were to meet

him in the ordinary walks of life, I should be inclined to take him for an actor. (Applause.) The personal characteristics of the man do not stand out as strongly in his voice as in many. He is a man who would be a very good student, but a man fond of social life, and a man in whom the sense of sight and appreciation of the beautiful is a dominant characteristic — a man that ought to be fond of art without being an artist.

President Emerson.

I know that we would like to stay here all day and continue these experiments, but there is other work waiting for us. I am sure that you feel under great obligations, as I certainly do, to Dr. Cocke, for the revelation that he has given us of psychology through physiology. And I know that I voice your feeling when I say, We hope he will come again. (Applause.)

Dr. Cocke.

I certainly never spent a more pleasant morning in my life. I never found myself in more congenial society. My days of study have been not only the happiest days of my life, but they have filled my life. During the whole of my life, since early childhood, all the pleasures that I have known have been pleasures of study. The world exists for me as a world of study, as a metaphysical rather than a physical world. So you can readily understand that I am in deep sympathy with all of your work here. And I hope that every one here, in his and her chosen line, may make a success! (Continued applause.)

AN ADDRESS BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS.

I am very glad indeed to be here for a moment this morning and look into your faces. I am always glad to talk to students. In the large sense, we are all students. When we cease to be students, we cease to be a force in the world. All life that is worth having is student life—a life that is full of hunger and thirst. One of the most terrible reproofs in the

Bible is that one in the book of Revelation—a word of pity to those who think they are rich, abundantly filled, and clothed, yet they are poor, starved, and naked. The most pitiable life is the life that is satisfied with itself, the life that comes to feel that it does not need longer to strive, the life that has lost its hunger and its thirst, the soul that ceases to have a longing, outreaching after something that is

better and higher and nobler. How natural the desire in all of us to express ourselves. There are so many ways of doing it, that it is possible, by the love of God, that every one of us shall have something to do in making the world better, greater, and nobler. But it always resolves itself back into what Carlyle says is personal righteousness, that is, personal character. A man cannot make the world better than he is himself. (Applause.) You cannot lift another soul higher than you are yourself. Frederick Maurice, among the many things he has said, said this, that we never take advice very hungrily. We are not out hunting examples, but that sometimes an example comes upon us and fascinates us and charms us, masters us, gets control of us, and almost unconsciously leads us. That is the personality within a soul, the real life, the real being. It is not the deed that we are doing so much as it is the vital personality within, that fascinates, charms, masters, and finally controls us. To build up a divine personality, then, is the highest work of all education. It is that which can be of value to us in business, in school, in politics. All life is a school to all people who are reaching out to take hold of something that is rich to add to their own personality.

Mr. Gladwin sings a sweet little song, and if you, like myself, were born in the country, you will appreciate it the more.

Bounded by field fences and ever stretching onward,

It is God's own garden. For it, give him praise.
'Tis gay with golden-rod,
There blooming grasses nod,

And sunflowers small and yellow turn ever to the sun;

[&]quot;All along the wayside is everybody's garden!

There the wild rose blossoms through the summer days;

Quaint darky heads are there,
And daisies wild and fair.

In everybody's garden, each flower's the loveliest one!

All along the wayside is everybody's garden!

Come out and gather posies; the very air is sweet.

Come out with hearts of gladness, ye big and little children,

Into our Father's garden, made for our strolling

The flitting butterfly,
The fragrant winds that sigh,
The tiny clouds that hover above us in the blue,
The bird's song, high and clear,
Make heaven draw more near.
In everybody's garden the world once more is new."

And I wish that I might leave the impulse on some heart this morning that all these prosaic duties, all these people that seem to be so commonplace, are everybody's garden; and each flower is the loveliest one, if we have a sympathetic soul; and you may draw out of them what may constantly sweeten and enrich your life. We grow strong and enriched in character, in many cases, from those very things that seem to be for the purpose of impoverishing us. But if we wish to grow strong through difficulty and through affliction and hard places, it must be because we believe that "all things work together" for our good, and that the great heart of God is beneficent toward us.

I have out in my study, in Hyde Park, a diamond willow cane. Have you ever seen the diamond willow? It was not known to the world until a few years ago. It grows, I believe, in what are known as the "Bad Lands," in Dakota. It is a peculiar little tree. It starts up well, with a straight shoot; it looks as though it was going to be a splendid tree, but after it has grown up a little way, it bends and breaks, and by means of surplus sap it builds a diamond cup around that little broken bough, until all along the way there are the records of the places where the boughs died. It never comes to be more than eight or ten feet high. There are a good many people like that. They are just wooden calendars of the places where they died. (Applause.) It is many times so in student life. You may have certain difficulties that you did not anticipate, and the bough breaks and you die there. A person meets with some opposition and be dies there, and other oppositions die down in

other places, until after a while when middle life has come, he seems to have shrunk and shrivelled until he is like the diamond willow, a wooden calendar of defeats. And, on the other hand, these difficulties and oppositions are only wings. Or, to keep the illustration of the tree, there are other trees beside the diamond willows which find in their broken boughs that which enlarges them. Take the pine tree. Here a bough dies on the pine tree. It sets to work to put a bit of pitch on it - to light up some hearth some time, and make somebody glad. It sends its broken bough up towards heaven, and outward wide and strong.

Amelia Bolles, I think it is, who sings this sweet little song:—

"World-worn and sad I one day stood Within the shadow of a wood, Whose lacing limbs entangled, spread Their netted curtain o'er my head. I sighed, 'O balmy breathing pines, Must you, too, feel the vexing lines That limit growth, that strangle life, And make of effort endless strife? Your branches die, all brown and bare, With battling for the upper air. Those broken boughs so closely prest, Your hard imprisonment attest.'

Then fell the answer sweet and low, 'We grow as Love would have us grow; Our heaven-aspiring height attain By crowded ranks and wrestling strain. The lower life but gives its grace To find a higher, freer place. The hindered sap must yet return, Must still with life's strong purpose burn, -To heal of broken bough the smart, To send its fire through the heart Enlarging girth, extending root, And breathing from each tender shoot -Till, in close fellowship we rise To meet the blue of bending skies. And thus, through ministries of good, Is grown the monarch of the wood.'

Sing on, O pines, your song of peace, Sing on, till every doubt shall cease, That I may trust the perfect plan That works by Love in tree and man."

But I have detained you long enough. I am very glad to meet you and to look into your hopeful faces, and I can covet for you in character nothing better than this,—that you shall try to be the largest, the brightest, the noblest servants of God, working out the destiny that He gives to you. (Applause.)

Mr. Banks on being recalled said: you

are very kind. I have been asked to say a word about temperance. You may regret it. (Laughter.) I feel it is a good day to say it. To-day, Neal Dow is ninety (Applause.) Wonderful years young, Neal Dow! Just at this moment I can think of only three men who, sixty years ago, were famous in the world, who are still living in touch with the world's affairs -Louis Kossuth, Gladstone, and Neal Dow. There may be some others; I do not know. In some respects, Neal Dow will live in as distinct a part of history as any of them. Neal Dow will live forever! He belongs to the class of dreamers. Long ago he dreamed that there might be a State in the country without a liquor saloon in it. He went on dreaming it, until, like Joseph's dream, it came true. Grand old Neal Dow! We wish we might catch the inspiration of his dreams, not in temperance alone, but that prophet spirit that made him believe that if anything was good, if anything was true, it would be true in God's world. We need that. I have no more doubt of the prohibition of the liquor traffic and the utter banishment of the liquor saloon in the next century and in a good deal less time than that than I have that I stand here this morning. (Applause.)

Roderick, who gave his life for liberty, said, just before the war that slavery was a great evil to be overthrown in this country: "Slavery is a disgrace, a shame, a crime. It is weak and decrepit and staggers to its death. Liberty is young and brave, and has the sunshine of immortality on its face. It must conquer." So I say to you this morning, the liquor traffic is old and decrepit, in spite of its bravado and boasting. It is covered with shame and with crime. There are tears on it, and blood on it, and everything that is filthy and vile and wicked on it, and it staggers under its accursed damnation to its dying! (Applause.) Prohibition is young. The man that first dreamed of it still lives to-day. Prohibition is young. It has the promise of happy homes in it. It has the sunshine of material and moral and religious prosperity shining upon it. It has the strength and vigor of all the powers of God and manhood in it. It will go to victory. (Applause.)

SHAKESPEARE.

[Notes of an address delivered before the Emerson College of Oratory by Mr. A. Charlton Black.]

By EDITH M. WHITMORE.

In speaking of Shakespeare the man, Mr. Black said that in Shakespeare we find an example of the sanity of true genius; it is only to lesser genius that insanity is allied; in the great genius soul and body are in perfect equilibrium, and the two are in unity with universal law. Shakespeare was at home with all the universe. It is true he had little Latin and less Greek, while Ben Jonson had large Latin and much Greek; but Shakespeare was all alive with vital, living thought, a spirit like lightning, and he lives to-day as much, yea more than in the days when he and Jonson wrote to amuse their contemporaries, while Jonson, the scholar, the pedant, is read only by the student. What actor to day could draw a full house, even for one performance, of Ben Jonson. His characters present no life problem for us and he is forgotten, while Shakespeare's characters live with us every day and the plots of his dramas are the plots of human life to-day under slightly altered environment, and it is the soul, not the environment, which holds our interest. Shakespeare did not conceive his thoughts in words; the thing he looks at reveals not this or that face but inward spirit; he sees the thing so intensely that the words fit in, and he drives them together with a voice like thunder.

Respecting the Shakespeare-Bacon theory Mr. Black said: We find in the Novum Organum an entirely different order of intellectuality from that found in Shakespeare's works. The external evidence that the two were ever written by the same author might be ten times as great, but the intellectuality is totally different; as with the paintings of Titian and Valasquez, they may treat of the same subject

and use the same figures, but the spirit of the two is not even similar. Bacon sees things, but Shakespeare sees into and through them.

The Poetry belongs to the poet and must reveal him; by his use of cause and consequence we see his high order of morality and intellect. His conceptions of nature and life were very intense; to no other poet was life ever so real, so vivid, so distinct; never was a physical world in literature so rich, so real, so varied; it was a sensuous world filled with life, the Greek combined with the Gothic strength. Every passion is given at its strongest and purest. He has given us a world of supra-human and infra-human beings, a world of witches, ghosts, fairies, all fraught with deep significance, and this supernatural world is a peculiar power which Shakespeare holds as his own, and by means of this supernatural world, he proves to us that what is seen is not the measure of what exists.

To him all time is synchronous; the Greeks and Romans are men and he makes us to know it; humanity is the same through all time, and the changes are but those of form and costumes.

His sympathies are always with virtue and good; his conception of moral order is unbounded, and through all his characters we get an upward glance toward heaven.

In determining the chronological order of his plays, Dowden has given us four distinct periods, but Mr. Black makes five periods or stages of development in the poet's life which may be traced by the prevailing tone of the dramas. First period from 1586–1597 when he was 32 years old. In this period of his life Love was the prominent figure, and he worships Love as a goddess. During this time he gave us Romeo and Love's Labor Lost and Venus and Adonis.

The second period extends from the age of 32 to 39; his Jacques-Hamlet

age. During these years his mind is dominated by the spirit of universal inquiry, the scene of the mysterious breathe everywhere. In his sonnets this same spirit of brooding wonder, this longing for the unknown home, is the keynote of his thought. From 1603 to 1609 he had retired from London to Stratford; life storms had burst and swept over him, and we find his mind occupied with the lofty and tragic elements. The world of his thoughts was filled with living wonders, and he gave us Julius Cæsar, Measure for Measure, Macbeth, Othello, Lear, Troilus and Cresida, Antony. In 1609 came Coriolanus, one of his most tremendous plays, and Timon of Athens. This later marks his "misanthropy age." Lastly comes the age of thought, his "Prospero age" and he wrote Cymbeline, Tempest, and Winter's Tale. Now he has arrived at a state of greater tolerance and calmer contemplation than ever before in his life. Benevolence is the keynote of his character, his ethics are most Christian.

It is only 60 or 70 years since the sonnets of Shakespeare were studied; but in them we find more of his mind's history and growth than can be found elsewhere; they are a sort of autobiographical diary.

In closing Mr. Black said: "Study Shakespeare with love and reverence; it will give you moral strength. Seek truth in Shakespeare and you will always find it. His creations are like the works of God where all is designed and predestined harmony."

AN HOUR WITH BROWNING.

BY ANNA L. WHITEHEAD.

During the last half of the spring term, Mrs. Alice De Vol, by request, gave a talk on Robert Browning's poems before the Junior Rhetoric class. She introduced her theme very beautifully, saying: "In attempting my subject this morning, a sentence from Montaigne comes to me: 'I have gathered a poesy of other men's flowers, and nothing but the string that binds them is my own." Then followed a short account of Mr. Browning's life, travels, and the effect of his residence in Italy on his works. Mrs. De Vol then read parts from some of the best criticisms of him, and "Rabbi Ben Ezra."

The arbitrary divisions of his works are: Introductory group — "Pauline" (1832), "Parcelsus" (1835), "Sordello" (1840), "Dramas" (1837–1853), "Dramatic Monologue" ("Ring and the Book," 1872), "Translations from the Greek" (1871-1877). Argumentative poems, — special pleadings, divided into two classes, one in which speaker is defending a preconceived judgment, an antagonist implied; and those in which he is trying to form a judgment, or to accept one, the supposed listener being only a confident. This group contains some of Mr. Browning's noblest dramatic work, and throws the strongest light on his distinctive intellectual quality, the rejection of all general and dogmatic points of view. "Aristophane's Apology" (1875), Fifine at the Fair," are included in this class.

Didactic poems published in the book entitled "Dramatis Personæ," (1864).

Critical poems—significant for insight into Mr. Browning's conception of art, music, painting,—and poetry. "Old Pictures in Florence," "Popularity," all dramatic lyrics published in "Men and Women," (1855). Emotional poems. The majority of the love poems are introduced by the title dramatic, and describe love as bound up with such varieties of life and character that questions of life and character are necessarily raised by them.

Historical poems.

Romantic poems - "Boy and the

Angel," "In a Gondola," "The Last Ride together," "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came," "The Flight of the Duchess."

Descriptive poems — "The Englishman in Italy," etc.

Humor is a constant characteristic of Mr. Browning's work; it sometimes takes the form of direct and intentional satire, but his sympathy was too great for the development of this trait.

Finally there is a large group, the prevailing mood of which is too fugitive and complex to be designated by any term but poetic. "The Lost Leader," "Herve Riel," "Count Gismond," "Youth and Art."

Mrs. De Vol closed her talk by kindly offering to give suggestions or aid to those who wished to make a study of the works of Browning. It was, indeed, a rare treat to listen to one who is such an earnest student and lover of Browning's works.

Abstract of an Address delivered by Rev. Isaac J. Lansing, at the Graduating Exercises of the Emerson College of Oratory.

In addressing the graduating class Mr. Lansing in substance said:—

Though I am not an orator, as Brutus was, I am ready to give the benefit of my experience in public speaking to others, that they may start further on, and so terminate their career much further on than I could have ever done.

And one thing that I have found out, and a most important thing, is, that we should have a good deal to say, and so be compelled to leave out a good deal worth saying. In order to have something to say, it seems to me that if one is a Reader, he ought to have a large range of knowledge, and make his selections from the entire circle of standard literature. I have in my mind readers who are beyond middle life, whom I have heard for 20 years, and

with very few exceptions they always read the same selections, and they do not read them any better than when they first read them. And when we come to extemporaneous speakers, there are certainly a few who do the same

thing.

In order to get something to say, it is necessary not only to think, but also to acquire knowledge from many sources. Years ago I raised the question in my mind, What ought a man to know if he is to be a public speaker? Everything. And I formed an Analysis of all possible truth, and I commenced the study of that Scheme of Universal Knowledge. It is useless to say that I have not acquired "Universal Knowledge," but I have steadily consulted that Analysis, and believe in it. Therefore, do not assume that with a limited amount of knowledge you can safely undertake the great work of life. have always thought this College ought to be a Post Graduate Course of the University, because of the great amount of information that is needed for the fullest exhibition of the truth which you are taught to express. And I congratulate all of you who have had the advantages of training in schools of liberal learning. If I were to advise you all, I would say, Get the advantages of the widest culture, if you have any means whatever to do it with, and if you have not means, I would do it anyhow. (Laughter.)

The next thing I have learned is that it is necessary to adapt what you have to say to the people to whom you say it. The truth is that your people are alive and not dead, and while cut and dried things may do for some audiences, on some occasions, things not so much cut and dried are on the whole better. After having made a large preparation, a margin should be left for saying what belongs to place and time. To illustrate, you may remember that I spoke to you a year

ago, and on that occasion I had a special theme, fitted to educational work. Being suddenly called to the Bridgewater Normal School for an address, I thought I would give them the same address, and I began after the following manner: "Thirty years ago I was a student in a Normal School in Rhode Island," and then spoke of the associations of Normal Students and Normal Graduates, and of the quality of the Students I had known. was a connection established between myself and that audience, and they received it as kindly as though the address had been prepared exclusively for them; but it was not prepared for them, and it was not prepared originally for you, but for the Alumni of the Academy at which I graduated before I went to College. (Applause.) But, owing to my recollection of the surroundings and the living quality of the audience, on either of these occasions it had a fitness. The great thing is to blend what you have to say with what your audience already know; to bring what you are thinking about into connection with what they are thinking about. And to do this you have to be very much alive to your audience; you must feel and see through their eves and sensibilities.

Another thing I have found out is that, in order to have a "good time," it is well to make a thorough prepara-For I have found that good times are about in proportion to the carefulness of our preparation, and poor times about in proportion to our lack of preparation. While this involves a great amount of detail-work, it need not necessarily be slavish. But for every work that we have to do it is worth while to prepare with extreme care. You must go over the thoughts that you are to present again and again. You cannot become too familiar with them, nor too carefully gauge and measure them, nor too thoroughly fix

them in your mind. And after that preparation is made, very carefully made, drop it for a little in order that your mind may be freshened by the recollection of other things.

Another thing I have learned is this: That audiences like to have you succeed. They always like to have you succeed. You never go before an audience but they would rather you would succeed than otherwise, unless you get into debates where the subject goes by feeling. But, for the most part you will go before audiences that want you to succeed; and will feel mortified if you do not. You need not tremble before your audience, for if you think highly of your audience, the audience

will think highly of you.

Another suggestion, of practical value. Don't take anybody's estimate of you, for your own measure of yourself, either the estimate of a friend or of an enemy. Now some of you have friends who think you are the grandest reader they ever heard, and if you start out into the world, and all the world does not accord you the same meed of excellence, they will be disappointed. It is pleasant to have such friends, and their praise is certainly very delightful and encouraging, but if you are going to take the judgment of your friends, you will be most marvellous and wonderful,—and vain. But, on the other hand, do not take your enemies' judgment of you. They always criticise because they are hostile. On entering into the work of life you are going to do something more than mirror their beliefs. You are going to try to do something for humanity. You are going to influence them strongly, and in an earnest, vital way. Do you want real power and real character and real strength? Recognize the fact. Don't let any hostile critic turn you away from getting a sound judgment of yourself. You look to the newspapers not a little. The newspaper reporters are here and

they ought to be. This certainly is a scene which they should describe and report; but there is a good deal of news to put into the newspapers, and there are a great many people to be written up, and newspapers are not infallible, and you cannot always base your judgment of yourself on what the newspapers say. Know thyself, understand your capacity sufficiently, so that you will have a fair idea of whether

you have ability or not.

Another thing that I have learned is this: Always try to do the very best you can. Train for it, work for it, and feel that in doing it you have done the very thing worthy of yourself. One time when I was a youngster, I was at a-Sunday school concert in a far away village, when a rather curious but interesting man got up to make an address. Standing in the presence of us all, he said, I would like to have you all repeat what I say. Of course we were all ears. He said, Say this: "Little Mary Wood." And all the children piped out "Little Mary Wood." He said, I want the Visitors to say it, the Officers and the Teachers, all to say And so we all sent up the cry, "Little Mary Wood." He said, Now say this also, "Did all the good she could." Now let all say it. He said it, and we said it again, and with ardor. And he said, "That's all that anybody can do." That was a great sermon in a very small compass. The best you can do is the best anybody can do. And one reason I have never trembled before an audience is because I always desire to do the best I can. I am not responsible for doing better than some one else, but I want to do my best every time. (Applause.) 'Train for your best, and keep yourself in hand for the best, to do all that you can when you have work to do. The other day I heard of a very distinguished minister whom I know very well, a man of great sociability, and who sometimes

He had preaches wonderful sermons. an important congregation to address on a given night, and his congregation were very much dissatisfied, and he was even more dissatisfied than they were. What was the trouble? Why, in the large, social generosity of his nature, he had gone off on that Sunday morning preaching and got tired out. And when he got back he talked all the afternoon instead of going to sleep, and when he came before his distinguished auditory in the evening, his vital forces were low, his mind became diverted from his line of thought, and he made a conspicuous failure. He had no right to do that. No person has a right to do that. Bend to the work you are to do your utmost strength. For they who hear you have a right to your best. You can sometimes afford to be unsocial, but you cannot afford to fail before an audience. You can sometimes afford to be silent and eccentric, but you cannot afford to lose your opportunity. You can sometimes afford to be different from other people, but you cannot afford to be less than your triumphant best when great audiences are dependent upon you.

May I give you an item of personal experience? Not long ago I went to Minneapolis to attend the meeting of the great Christian Endeavor Convention. The Christian Endeavor Conventions have grown so large that one of the difficulties is to find men who can address them. Plenty of speakers have fine voices, but a majority of them cannot be heard. I found myself in Minneapolis, and found there a large number of magnificent men, most of whom could not be heard in the immense hall. It would seat fourteen thousand people; and while the properties for hearing were fair, they were not of the best. Having to deliver an address there, I felt my obligation to the audience. So, I listened for one day to everything that was said. On the next day, as I

was to speak at night, I went into the great auditorium and watched the speakers. I noticed how they faced when they were well heard, and which way they stood when poorly heard. noticed that when Mr. Sankey sang, he was heard everywhere; and some of those great-shouldered men were not heard fifty feet from where they stood. I said to myself, For the honor of the Emerson College, and for the good of humanity, I am going to make every person hear; and having gotten the whole situation in my mind, and found out the faults that the others may have fallen into on the afternoon of that day, much as I desired to hear the good things of the afternoon, I went to my room. I practised the Emerson exercises for an hour, (applause,) and when I had done that I felt like a rubberball. Then I went to bed, and slept for two hours and a half. It was a slumber as perfect as I could possibly make it, (applause,) and then I got up like an athlete training for the struggle. I took a bath, and took the exercises again, and then I was ready. was a company of gentlemen present, among whom was the Mayor of the city, whom I had not seen for fifteen years, but I did not talk with them much. I was reserving my strength for that supreme hour. The speaker before me was an able man, but spoke so that perhaps only a third of the audience could hear him. My time came. And not one word that I spoke before that audience failed to reach everybody in it. Fourteen thousand people in the house, and a thunder-storm outside. (Great applause.) Now Minneapolis can get up a thunder-storm. And there were Minneapolis men away down in the corridors outside of the doors who said they understood every word said. I had sufficient nervous energy to give something to every person in the house. I did not intend to be defeated; I could not be defeated. So I say it is

well worth our while to do our best, and though many a time your ideal will be far above what you have done, that you will be sorely distressed that you have not done better; yet I say to you that, after having done your best, let it go, and strike for the next thing

ahead. (Applause.)

Now my final word. Keep growing, keep increasing in all the things that go to make up what seem to you to be a noble manhood, and fitness for the work which God has given you to do. Not a few who are before the public deliberately make arrangements to stop growing, and their deliberate arrangements are very successfully carried out. They cease to grow; their thoughts cease to be living thoughts. I have in my mind a man in the pulpit, whom God has blessed with a magnificent presence and form. He has a very sunny, sweet face, is of a very fine social quality, and has what used to be known as an "orotund" voice. When he preaches, he casts all his thoughts in the mould he learned in the theological school, and his thoughts are so old that, like the orange laid up behind the stove, there is not a speck of juice in them. What he says is good, extremely good, awfully good, but it lacks the pressing out of the growing life. I do not say he is not growing, but his growth does not get into what he says. This thought of enlargement is worth considering. Some of you are to graduate. I will not suggest that any of you think that you have learned all that there is to know. You know that you have started; that is all. Sometimes people speak to me about a college course, as though it were not necessary for the enrichment of the mind. The school of Liberal Literature, I care not how liberal it is, whether a University or a Post Graduate University, in America or across the sea, is but a Primary School. Oh, if there is anything in us, we have got at our graduation a start, an impulse, a momentum, and it is our power to grow, to enlarge, and go on. How far? As far as God can see. How long? As long as God lives. Nothing seems more characteristic and full of promise of success.

And now, although the things which I have spoken are but a fragment of those I have in mind, I leave them with you, hoping that their suggestiveness may have some place in your lives. As I stand in this presence, I see again a few familiar faces. I remember with pleasure the day of my own graduation, its familiar voices and loving faces; but between me and that day there hang clouds that can never be parted in this world, and yet I trust that they are abounding in rain that will enrich my mind for others' use. You will go forth; some of you in rain. The darkness, the cloud, and the sunshine will overhang you. The advice you have heard, the teaching you have received, will be needed in some supreme struggles of your life; but let me say to you, as a friend, and a brother, that, whether it be cloud or sunshine, darkness or light, the eternal future will be eternal brightness. (Great applause.)

THE TEACHER.

Extract from Stenographic Report of President Emerson's Address to the Graduating Class.

I cannot help being interested in teaching. It is my life-work, and it seems to me that teaching is the grandest work in the world. I look around upon you, thinking that a majority of those who are to graduate to-day are going out to teach. While you came in apparently in a short procession, you are in reality connected with a very long one.

What are the great names of which you have read, and in which you are interested? They are the names of the great teachers of the world. You look

into Sacred Writ. What persons are most conspicuous and nearest the Divine Author? They are called prophets and apostles, but they are teachers; and the Great Head of them is "The Teacher." You belong to a company that is glorious and glorified. I want to say a few words to you about teaching, and I shall try to make them as few as I can, and yet arrive at the points I wish to present.

Personal Knowledge of Subject.

I would say, first that a teacher must have personal and not merely a theoretical knowledge of the subject he proposes to teach. It must be so nearly a part of himself that he does not know it from himself. An experienced teacher is utterly vacant as to what he is to say. He begins to teach, and he finds he cannot help teaching; he and the subject he teaches are one. The things he teaches are not things he remembers. They are himself. And until they are himself, he cannot communicate them to others. He may talk about them to others; but he cannot blend the subject with the lives of others unless he blends them in himself; and unless he does so blend them, he is not teaching in any high sense.

Knowledge of Human Mind.

Again a teacher ought to possess a scientific knowledge of the activities of the human mind. How can you deal with the mind when you know nothing about it? You may have a great deal of truth on the subject which you desire to teach, but how are you going to communicate to other minds if you do not understand the human mind? To teach wisely it is of great importance that we should know the human mind, as far as it is yet understood. Shouting truths in the ears of others does not mean anything. You must do more than that. You must know the natural order of the mind's development in itself, and in relation to the subject it

would study. The true teacher knows persons sympathetically. After you have received all possible knowledge of the human mind, all that you can glean from psychology and pedagogy, you are not then prepared to teach with any great success. You must know the minds of others sympathetically, and to be able to enter sympathetically into the minds of others, is the study of a life-time. What do you really know of your next neighbor? have watched him from the outside. Have you ever lived with him in the interior of his being? If you stand as a cold critic of your classmate, you do not learn anything of him. If there is one, — I don't suppose there is, — but if there is one here who has not entered sympathetically into the struggles of others, has not lovingly watched the mental action of his class-mates, that person cannot teach. He may suppose that he knows the entire subject of the human mind, all the great writers on the subject from Plato down. You can tell him nothing. He thinks he has it all; but he cannot teach so as to influence other minds, for he has not sympathized with them. We do not know what light sympathy gives the intellect, especially the critical intellect. You cannot possibly criticise any work of art unless you are in sympathy with the spirit of the artist who wrought it. You must enter into his life, and see what he was trying to do, and get his point-of-view. Then you can see how nearly he came to realizing his ideal. You thus learn human nature through sympathy, and not because of the learning that has been given to us in scientific works on psychology, for the best things there have always been learned in that way. At best we can only get hints from what others have done. Much of the lore of the human mind we have to learn for ourselves. Now I look around the class, and see a person with a cold look in his eye. A classmate

comes up before the class. That class-mate depends upon what he does; it is his life-work. He is dead in earnest, and that one unsympathetically looks at him, and says, "If you are going to be an orator, move me." (Laughter.) Well, he may be an orator, but you will not hear him until you repent, and "bring forth works meet for repentance," too. "You," I say. I know "you" are not here. Thank God there is no such one among you, though there were some in the beginning (Laughter.)

Atmosphere of the Teacher.

I will pass on, touching point after point lightly. The teacher should teach by presenting the right objects of thought, surrounded by their proper atmosphere. I cannot influence you unless I make your mind act. The human mind is not a great empty pitcher into which you can pour anything you please. The human mind acts before it can take in truth at all, and it is the teacher's business to bring such an atmosphere around the thought that the mind of the pupil will act.

Christ had watched fishermen. He made them fishers of men. Now there is something to be learned in watching people fishing. The fish won't bite unless they have a mind to You must produce some act in the mind (shall I say,) of the fish. Before you can catch that fish, you must open its mouth to take in the bait. You cannot catch him unless he choose to act. So you cannot put truth into the mind of an audience, or into a pupil's mind, unless you can cause his mind to act; and unless you do that, you are not teaching anything. That is the first thing to do, — to cause his mind to act. This was not always understood, but great progress has been made in teaching within the last twenty-five years.

A person has not the genius of the teacher if he cannot cause the mind of

the pupil to act better from being in his presence. All the things he teaches are not found in books. He must cause the mind to act by being thrown into contact with the mind of the pupil. Some of the best Orations, as they appear on the printed page, fail utterly of producing an effect on the audience because the speaker has no power to make the mind of his audience act. Therefore they do not receive the charming truths that he would otherwise give them.

You have met people in a social way that have called out the best things in you, have you not? In the presence of that friend, you speak in a way that surprises yourself. You wonder that you have said such good things. In fact you have met such angels sometimes that would call you out, (as you expressed it,) and make you say things better than you ever said them before, and they made you see things that you never saw before. You are drawn to that person. And others, when you came to them, froze you up. And you could not put forth a single thought in such a frigid zone.

Clearness and Suggestiveness.

The teacher should teach by statement clear as crystal. He should teach carefully, and continue to study. You have not studied anything clearly till you can state it. You can think the thought more clearly by trying to state it more clearly.

Much depends upon the ability to state one's thought clearly; but in addition to that the accomplished teacher should teach by suggestion. Take, for instance, a pupil who is reading. You are trying to help that pupil to express the thought. He has almost expressed it. Now if you can by a look, by a word, by a tone, by a gesture, suggest the thing he has not said, and which he would not reach at that time, you have helped his mind

to get a little further out than it ever did before. How many times I have watched a pupil, and have seen that his mind was working at its best. It could almost reach the desired point. Start right in with him there. By a single look, you can start him right off; and then he can think right on. It requires only a suggestion; and there are a thousand ways in which that suggestion can be conveyed.

Principles and Examples.

Again, we should teach by example, with reference to a principle. I have often said to you that imitation, in the sense of mimicry, is not educational. Yet I have always said that imitation has its place, and its power. To some extent, man is naturally an imitator. All education *begins* in imitation. trouble with the imitation is not that it is used, but that it is abused. It is often used in the wrong way, and out of place. We do not learn rapidly in any art until we have seen some exhibition of that art. We are thus saved the necessity of re-discovering familiar processes. We have the helps of the past, and we can avail ourselves of them. A man becoming a sculptor needs to see a sculptor's work. If he is to be an architect he must see architecture. If he is to be a great musician he needs to hear music, but that alone is not enough. You must establish a principle in his mind. But how are you going to establish it? If I say to you, "Now I will read this passage, and I want you to read it as I do," I should make a great blunder. But on the other hand, suppose I read in your hearing a passage for the purpose of illustrating a principle, then it would not be imitation in and of itself, but the illustration would be so harmonized with the principle that you would forget all about the way I read, and your mind would act upon the principle. So we study principles in all forms of learning, and then illustrate those principles. If the pupil's mind is noting only illustrations, he has learned comparatively nothing. For instance, if you are teaching Style, and you read the works of the greatest authors, that will not help your pupils very much. But if your illustrations are given you for the purpose of demonstrating the philosophy of what you are bringing out, then it will be helpful. But with no reference to the principle the mere illustrations will help you very little.

Should then a teacher ever read before his class? Yes, he should. He will not be a perfect teacher unless he does. I say this very strongly, because some graduates have gone out from the College with the idea that because I have spoken strongly against mimicry, and mere imitation, they were never to read in the presence of their class. But I would like to correct that impression. You may read in the presence of your class; you should do so but you should be discreet about it. not read before them unless the mental condition of the student makes it necessary for you to do so. If you find that reading a passage is going to help him, do it by all means.

Teaching Tested by Results.

The true teacher aims for right results in his pupils, and obtains them. What is he teaching for? No true teacher is teaching for the sake of telling how much he knows on a certain subject. While he is teaching, he is working on the minds of his pupils. He discourses on their minds as the musician discourses on the instrument. But he must constantly look for results in the minds of those he is teaching. When pupils have graduated here, and are going out to teach, they often come to me for some advice. "I am going now to teach," said one of the members of this School. "What would you now

suggest to me in regard to teaching?" I have always said this one thing Get results with your pupils at al hazards. Think of nothing less. Forget me, forget about the principles, or anything else that you are conscious of, but work for results in your pupils, sparing nothing to obtain those results.

If I were selecting a teacher say for this Institution, I should select him not merely from his knowledge of the subject, nor from his ability to illustrate what he had studied here, but first of all because of his power to secure results. I want him to go out and work with other minds, and then I want to see the fruit of that work, want to know several things with regard to results. Have you succeeded in awaking their intellects? Has your influence on them been physically healthy? But, above all, I want to know the higher results in the soul. Are your pupils more kind? Are they less severe and less prone to fault-finding than they were before? Are they more receptive to truth? Are their souls more open? Are they more selfdenying? Are they more spiritualminded than they were before? I have watched for these things. "Many will prophesy in my name," said the Great Teacher, but "by their fruits shall ye know them." Jesus tested his teachers in the same way. He kept them with him for a time, but then sent them out before his face, to go into the world and teach, "teach the good news." By and by they came to report. And they said "the very devils are subject to us" Now that is the test of the teacher. (Applause.) Results are the everlasting test of the teacher. (Great applause.) When Christ had satisfied himself of that, he felt perfectly safe about his disciples. I have satisfied myself in regard to every teacher here, and I feel perfectly safe to trust them. I know that "we do not gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles," and if

figs have been gathered be sure there is a fig-tree upon which the figs grew. (Applause.)

The Test in Religion and in Oratory.

There are a number of clergymen present. I am always glad to have them here. They are always the best kind of people to talk to if you only tell them the truth. I presume there are a number here from different religious denominations. Now, really, I would ask of you, what are the best tests of a Christian? That he believes your Creed? You are a Congregationalist, and another sitting beside you is a Methodist: Do you think that that man beside you is not a Christian because his theory is a little different from yours? — though it is pretty hard to find it in these days. You don't test people by creeds in these days. Three hundred years ago they tested each other by doctrine. Did I say three hundred years ago? It was true two hundred years ago, one hundred years ago, fifty years ago. And in some dark quarters of the mental world some are still to be found holding that old test. But what is your test to-day? You would say that he is the best fitted for preaching who has shown that he is the instrument in the hands of God for saving souls. Has he-saved many souls? Has he, according to the number of years he has been preaching, turned many to righteousness? Not by their theory, but by results do men judge both in religion and in oratory. That is the great universal test in heaven, and by heavenly men on earth. You can test people in no other way.

Freedom as to Method.

But in looking for results you must not go out handicapped. I do not demand of you that you shall use only those methods I have told you about. Go to your work. Use your own wisdom, and your own discretion. But save that pupil. His soul is under

your care. And you must bless him. You must help him. That is what I demand of you.

Personality of the Teacher.

Now I will say a few words, in closing, about the Personality of the Teacher.

First let me speak of propriety. Propriety in manners is a delightful thing. We cannot praise it too highly. If a person thinks he is going through life successfully without obeying what are called "the proprieties of life," he will be disappointed, and he will fail. There are some persons who think they are so strong that they need pay no attention to the proprieties of life. If you study the history of this subject, you find that good manners are rooted in something honest, in something true, in something good.

The teacher must always be Conscientious. You say, That is a truism, and so it is. But it is not always easy to practise that truism. The teacher will have his trials on this point, and his success or failure is going to be largely determined by his obeying his conscience. You want to please those you teach; but you cannot violate your conscience to do it. You must be rigid in your obedience to conscience. I have sometimes been obliged to hurt pupils or else hurt my conscience. I dare not hurt my conscience because my conscience had the ultimate welfare of that student in charge. Sometimes we are obliged, for conscience' sake, to be cruel that we may be kind. Many times you are called upon to do the very opposite of what your pupils ask you to do. When the pupil begins the work, he feels somewhat as the person who goes into a store and sees many things that the merchant could furnish him with for money. And he thinks, if he pays his money he has the right to take his choice; and so he has in the store. But when that pupil comes to you, he does not know what he wants

so well as you do. Stand solidly on your convictions. In doing so you may sometimes lose a pupil. He will go somewhere else. Let him go. You cannot afford to keep him in that case. What if he does go? If you are true to your conscience, when one pupil goes more will come to take his place. People don't seem to realize that righteousness is always safe; and that it is

the only thing that is safe.

You must forget yourself for the sake of your pupils. You belong to your pupils. If you seek your own aggrandizement, you can do nothing for them. There is no impulse that should send us out to teach but love for the welfare of those we teach. Can you remember that under all circumstances? When you feel that you must have a situation; when you feel the call for money, and you must have it; can you stop and say, What is my impulse? Is it that I may earn money? Is it to gain a position? Or is the impulse the desire to benefit my pupils?

Character.

I want to speak of one thing more, it embraces all I have said, — *Character*. Remember that, whether you choose to do so, or not, you teach what you are. You communicate what you are. You communicate nothing else. If you are false in heart, though your words may be the words that came from the lips of the Holy One, yet under the words there is a more potent power, namely, your character. What is Character? No analysis would be satisfactory and I shall attempt none. If your character is noble, you are going to ennoble your students whether you say anything about nobility, or not. Wherever you are people will grow more noble in the ratio of their susceptibility and of their frequent communication with you. you are ignoble, they will have the weight of your meanness to carry. realize more and more, as I observe life, that the Great Teacher teaches by the

grandeur of his own character. Your talents may be small, and your learning meagre, yet, if you have a royal character, you are called of God to teach, and you will teach whether you claim to teach or not, and you will teach in a way to elevate all with whom you come in contact.

In all the pupils who have gone from this school the measure of character has been the measure of their success in life. If there is one who has not succeeded, (there are very few who have not,) it was due to the lack of weight of character. When you began this study, you did not think much of character; you thought of developing talent. That is good. You thought of developing brilliancy. That is good. But, oh, that is not the end. The end is character. What are your ideals? I will not define an ideal in any language of my own. If you want to study ideals in character, I can tell you a book that is devoted to the development of ideal character; and if any of you are poor at remembering names, I want you to write it down, - that book is the New Testament.

I have read a good many Essays, on Character, but never one that reached the heights of the New Testament. The last and best suggestion I can make is to study the New Testament for ideals of character. You will find a mine of gold there, a mine that will furnish you with something that will not perish. Gold, - you may lose it. But a man without a dollar is more sure to succeed in this world if he has character than a Crossus is without it. I mean that, too, in a financial sense. It is character that, in the long run, brings wealth, and the history of the world proves it. Notwithstanding the contrary opinion, the men who have had long and successful mercantile careers have been the men of character. If you would reach the highest power,

you must reach it through character. (Long continued applause.)

The following is the program:—

Prayer Rev. E. O. Jameson. Address Rev. I. J. Lansing. Address and Presentation of Diplomas, Pres. C. W. Emerson.

Applicants for Diploma Curriculo Superiore Honoris.

William E. Chase,
Maud L. Gatchell,
Ethelynd Gould,
Blanche C. Martin,
Emily Robinson,

Ola Esterly,
Emma D. Gibbs,
Grace Mae Lamkin,
Mary E. Noone,
Mary L. Sherman,

Applicants for Diploma Curriculo Honoris.

Nellie L. Baker, Lena Curtis,
Bitha Cassatt, Angie B. Hardy,
Minnetta Canney, Belle McDiarmid,
Clara B. Woolson.

Applicants for Two Year Diploma.

Alice A. Baldwin, Maude A. Berney, May H. Biaisdell, Mabelle R. Burbank, Linda M. Curtis, Annie G. Davis, Lydia J. Durham, Mary E. Hollingshead, Annie W. Kidder, Hattie M. Dennison, Zitella E. Ebert, Alice Dana Keyes, Annie F. Kingman, Mary H. Killiam, Mary E. Merriman, Anna H. Lovell, Bessie A. Plummer, . Katherine Sullivan, Clarice Tait, Annie G. Taggart, Anna L. Whitehead, Caro E. Wyman. Louise Webster. Mary H. Wood,

EGYPT.

Notes from an Address by Ex-Congressman Russell before the Emerson College of Oratory.

Ladies and gentlemen: I have great pleasure in coming here to-day, though I confess to some embarrassment because I find the occasion more important than I had expected. I was requested by Professor Southwick to speak to you to-day upon Egyptian travel, and being in the middle of the day, and before a class, I certainly did not expect quite so portentous and important an assemblage as this seems to be. I have nothing written on the subject, and it has been some years since I travelled in the East. I have only some memories that I have used informally once or twice in the past two or three years, but I will endeavor to recall as much as I can of one of the

pleasantest episodes in my life. Five years ago, wishing to take a vacation from public and private matters, I visited Egypt in the fall of the year and spent the winter upon the Nile. At that time access to Egypt was not so easy as at present. Within the last four or five years the steamers of the North German Lloyd and Hamburg lines have been turned from New York to the Mediterranean, so that the traveller from the United States can now reach Alexandria by rapid and commodious steamers, within eleven or twelve days, and have an opportunity to visit Cairo, see the pyramids, and view the lower Nile; and, by waiting over a steamer, and taking one of the rapid steamboats that now ply up and down the Nile, can get a very fair view of the antiquities of Egypt. Hundreds of people are now going and coming over the sea, and you scarcely take up a newspaper without finding long letters and whole pages of illustrations of travel upon the ancient Nile.

Five years ago it was somewhat different. I will begin what I have to say with the city of Cairo itself. Arriving from Alexandria, one takes railway - somewhat to his astonishment, a very good railway — to Cairo. having reached Cairo, one is at once in the very heart of the East. The Western world seems almost to have disappeared, and what was once the glory of the East, the Capital of the caliphs and the sultans of the Middle Ages, is revealed to you in almost exactly the same condition that it was when these Monarchs were upon the Saracen throne. To be sure, a large part of the city of Cairo is now under control of the Frankish people, as all foreigners are called in that country. That part of Cairo lying towards the Nile is covered with such villas and residences as are found all over the southern part of Europe, and with

large houses built in the Italian style, situated in beautiful gardens, that for the greater part of the year are glorious with flowers produced by irrigation, and by water carried in goatskin bags upon the backs of Egyptians. But old Cairo, the Musselman Cairo, is in exactly the same condition that it has been in from time immemorial. It opens no new streets; it erects no new buildings; it scarcely repairs those that are left, the splendid homes of the Saracens and sultans. All is the same as it was a thousand years ago. rodotus, himself, might be on the throne; and the people whose adventures are related in "A Thousand-and-One Nights," seem to be living and acting before your eyes. All this is implied in the wealth of gorgeous color in which the East excels all other parts of the world; the flowing robes of priests, which bring back to us the antiquity of the patriarchs of two or three thousand years ago; the turbaned heads; the veiled women; the imperturbable character of the race,—is exactly what you would have expected. It is a people that is entirely unchanged.

Walking through their streets you see their out-door life; in their shops, you see the inner life of the people entirely revealed to you. You see them seated upon their divans, or upon carpets directly in front of their little shops, cross-legged, in their red or yellow turned-up-toe slippers, bargaining, as if a thousand years were as yesterday, and as if time had no interest for them. "The air is laden with the perfumes of Araby." (Unfortunately the odors are sometimes created for the purpose of concealing others that are not as agreeable.) But you see the inventions of the people in this way. The story-teller, with his group of listeners, seems to be relating what is never tiresome, though probably what is never new, the barber shaving people's heads, the letter-writer, with his importunate clients, the voice of the man on top of the minaret, who cries "Prayer is better than sleep." And wherever the people can lay down a bit of carpet, you will see them go to prayer, notwithstanding what may be going on about them. And among this crowd, great, heavily loaded camels go along, pushing people on to each side. White asses, such as the great of ancient times rode upon, go along, the servants pushing the way for the great man, who may be approaching the Pasha. It is a continual rush of Musselman life, and you realize that there is one part of the world that has not yielded in the least to progress, and that has brought the East into the garish light of the Western day. This is Cairo,—a place where one could stay for three or four months of the year in perfect delight, — that is through the whole of the winter months until the spring comes on, when it grows very hot and the flies of Egypt swarm, — one of the plagues of Pharaoh that I should judge has never been in the least abated. Then, too, you have an idea that possibly the plague may be lurking there, and you have the evidence of your senses that if the plague is not lurking there in all that dirt, and among all those bad odors, it ought to be.

There is one object of great interest outside of Cairo, and that is the river Nile. It flows by the great pyramids that stand on the other side of the river, only five or six miles from the centre of Cairo. The Nile is crossed by a suspension bridge. This bridge is exceedingly useful. When I was a much younger man and visited Egypt, we used to cross the river by ferry boats; but now this bridge is the scene of the most splendid activity, crowded with the life of the East, especially in the early morning when the camels come in from the country loaded for Then we get the most splendid display in flowers, and green grass

alive with the richest colored clovers. Nothing could be more beautiful than the dark green of these grasses with clover as brilliant in color as the red Jacquemenot rose. The Nile is the great object of interest. It is the most interesting river in the world, both in its history and in its physical characteristics. It is the most beneficent of all the streams on the earth. It has been the wonder of all mankind from the beginning. It is, in the old phrase, the "Parent of all Egypt." No human life could exist in that part of the earth, except for the river Nile. It comes through the prodigious expanse desert without a tributary.

This rainless country is complete desert, and when we speak of desert, we do not mean merely a vast expanse of sand; this is a prodigious expanse of absolutely rainless country. No rain falls, practically no rain, and there is no moisture. The rise of the Nile is never violent. It comes by easy and beneficent stages. It remains full almost exactly the same length of time each year, and then gradually subsides, not only having quickened and revivified the whole earth with moisture, but also added by the silica, which it has brought down from the mountains and plains of far-distant Africa, an enriching deposit, which has maintained the fertility of Egyptian land for probably, who knows? — twenty, thirty, or possibly fifty thousand years. Who can tell us? We, the creatures of yesterday, here in this country, look upon anything that has passed within a few hundred years, as something that is ancient.

Take the Bible and open it at the first chapters of Genesis, and you there read almost the oldest of human records. Probably the book of Genesis is not absolutely the oldest book in the Old Testament; I believe commentators and scholars think that the book of Job antedates Genesis. There was a time when Abraham was compelled to leave

the land of the Canaanites and go down into Egypt. He was a man who became the father of the whole Jewish race by his wife Sarah, and the father of the whole wandering tribe of Ishmaelites, by his wife Hagar, and he was the progenitor of a people that, in Eastern phrase, were to be more abundant than the sands of the sea. That seems to us to be almost the beginning of human affairs. But when Abraham and Sarah came into the land of Egypt and saw the great pyramids up at Cairo, and stood in their shadow, he became acquainted with a race of people that were as old to him, as he is to us to-day. He was standing among monuments that were as obscure to him as they are to us. They had cast their circling shadows in obedience to the rising and the setting sun for more than two thousand years, and when they were built they were erected by a people who had a complex form of government at that time. Two thousand years previous to that time a complex form of government, founded upon law and justice, could call to their assistance the power of mathematics, the might of engineering, the skill of architecture. They could measure the degrees of the earth's surface, its revolutions about the sun, and they had a more correct calendar then than we have to-day. This gives us an idea of the great antiquity of Egypt, when we compare it with what seems undoubtedly to almost every person here present the most ancient human records with which we are acquainted. Now so much for the antiquity of this country. (Applause.)

Before I forget it I want to tell you about going up the Nile. The river Nile is now, as I have told you, ascended by steamers crowded with tourists. When I went up the Nile, I concluded it would perhaps be the only opportunity of my life, so I took one of the old-fashioned Nile boats. This boat had a cabin that contained dining room, parlor,

bath-room, and everything convenient to make a comfortable journey of from three to four months, all being in charge of a dragoman. The dragoman is an institution of the East. He is general factotum; has charge of everything, and becomes "guide, philosopher, and friend." The first good quality for him to have is that he should be a good There are two or three kinds of liars. The good liar, as distinguished from the disagreeable liar, is the man that tells you lies for the purpose of making you feel more comfortable and happy than you would otherwise feel. The dragoman is one who has a wellconstructed and logical lie to pop on every occasion, to make you feel better. He is trusted to make purchases and do work for you where you do not know the language or the customs of the people. Then, too, he must be able to exercise control over the body of Musselmen on the boat. This dragoman was recommended to me by some people in New York. I found that he had travelled with some of the most distinguished people in the world. endeavored to convince him by my manners and style that I was far superior to any of them. That is the way to deal with the dragoman. That is the way he deals with you. He speaks all languages in some way or other. Any one using the Frankish could travel all through Asia Minor. dragoman was the glory and splendor of the whole business. He was dressed in complete Eastern costume, which was an unfailing delight to us all. wore the long petticoat trousers, plaited and gathered in no end of folds — the ladies know how much stuff may be used when this is thoroughly done. Well, it was done very thoroughly in his trousers. Then he wore a splendid scarf about his waist. Then above that a rich vest, coming to his throat, of some highly-colored silk, scarlet or yellow, for he particularly affected

rich and strong colors. Then his jacket, which corresponded in cloth with his trousers, was beautifully braided on the seams with black arabesques. On his head a turban, which was always a Damascus handkerchief, of very beautiful colors.

Proceeding up the Nile we left the splendors of Cairo behind us. The next morning found us in the midst of scenes of the very greatest interest. There is in Egypt the most astonishing facility for understanding, and knowing about, the Egypt of the past, from the fact that their records are written upon enduring stone and from the character of the Egyptian cerements, and from the fact that they prepared and preserved their mummies and records where they could never be reached by frost or damp, which are the two worst destroyers of material things — this has given us the opportunity of knowing the secrets of Egypt as we know those of no other country. It may seem somewhat remarkable to you to have me say that we know more about ancient Egypt than we know about the doings of our forefathers in Plymouth four hundred years ago. We know the very minutiæ of the people. We know by the records that are left on their tombs how the great lived, how their kings looked; the furniture they used; the thrones upon which they sat; the manner in which they received the people who came to them from foreign countries, how they looked, whether they were Semitic people, or whether they were Nubians; how they entertained one another at their dinner parties; how they drank wine. We know what their sports were, and we know how the humble people lived. We know how the affairs of the lowest people were carried on. Take, for instance, in the branch of agriculture, the raising of flax to make linen cloth, which was the universal cloth of all that part of the world. We know how

they prepared the ground for the seed: how they put it in; when it came up, how it was harvested; how the thread was spun from it and how that was then woven: and more than that, we know that their cloth is finer than the cloth that is made in France to-day. If you wonder how these people looked in effect, all you have to do is to go into the Museum of Art in Cairo and look into the face of Sesostris himself lying in his coffin. There is his father and his grandfather and his wife and some of his children, and the people that lived before Moses was born. What more could we learn of a people than we can learn of Egypt and the Egyptians? I cannot say that we know the spirit of their religion. That is something that must elude us, something too evanescent for us to determine in the way we have of judging.

The Nile country of to-day is a country that is exceedingly comfortable and pleasant to live in. The air is delightfully agreeable at all times. Practically no rain falls. The nights are beautiful, sweet, and cool. On our trip the mornings were cold. Many times in the morning we would have a measure of coals brought in to heat the cabin, to make it more comfortable for us until the sun had come up and warmed the air. We never saw anything like frost. The extreme dryness of the country prevents it. I think this is the reason why there seemed to be no suffering from frost even when it is quite cold. The Nile is the winter aviary of Europe. It seemed as if all the birds of Europe had congregated in and about the Nile. Thousands of aquatic birds infested the shallows, and on the farther shore snipe, quail, and other game made plenty of sport for marksmen. The people on the banks of the Nile suffer exceedingly from the depredations of the birds. Little boys stand upon mud towers, like youthful Davids, where they throw mud balls

to frighten away the birds and keep them from taking the seed from the

ground.

There were a number of other boats on the Nile and we used to get together and have a good time. I do not think I ever had so many dinner parties, breakfast parties, and tea parties as I had on the Nile. We had a continual round of society and delightful times, from Cairo to the first cataract. Above Cairo the Nile runs six hundred miles to the first cataract, and the average width of the whole country of Egypt is only ten miles; part of that country is only a few miles wide, and a great deal of it not wider than this platform. Sometimes the sand mountains of the desert come so close to the river that you have to crawl around the edge to get on to the land again. That means that Egypt is a long street on both sides of the Nile and eight or ten millions have lived on that narrow strip of country, and do live there now, so that no traveller is ever alone, nor is it ever silent or quiet. You hear the noises of the street from one end of it to the other. I had an idea that the Arabic language was sweet and dulcet, that it was composed of love sounds and whisperings in the dark. Not so. I found out that the Arabic language was used in the desert by people that were as far away from tune as they could be. I never heard such a noise in my life. Two Arabs discussing would break up the peace of a whole square mile of country. The noise, and the grunting and growling of camels, the braying of asses, the crowing of cocks, the squawking of all sorts of other animals, the shouting and bawling and noises of the inhabitants was something at first intolerable, but at last music. (Laughter.)

I will not try to say anything of the great temples and the monuments of Egypt, or the wonders of the country, except to say that the great wonder in

regard to Egypt is how they handled the enormous blocks of stone. For instance, an obelisk, 1,700 feet high, is standing upon a base cut out of rock, that must have been brought from the rich quarries above the first cataract. It is set up in a court-like building much older than itself. We know how it was put up, when it was put up, and all about it. They brought it into that court-yard and set it up there, and brought it several hundred miles to do Now the Egyptians carried things forty times as large as that, as if they had the power of divesting them of their weight. Instead of building the arch of small stones, their stones were brought full size and thickness and and laid on top of those high walls, and then an arch was cut out simply as a matter of ornament. There was one piece on which I paced 78 feet as near as I could measure.

The energy with which these great things were erected is only parallel with the energy and force of the men who have tried to destroy them. I can give you some idea of the size of one of these great monuments by telling you that the toe was about the size of a man's body. The whole thing has been broken to pieces, without demolishing these huge rocks, and some of them, weighing 30 tons, are lying scattered about the sand, as if they not only had the power to erect them, but that they had the power to rend them. It is small wonder that for thousands of years the ignorance of the people led them to believe that these things were the works of magic. We know that Herodotus did not tell half, because it was too wonderful to be believed. Now we know that it was true, and that these things did exist and were done; but up to that time we could not believe that human power was so great as manifested in Egypt.

I think the most effective of all the monuments in Egypt must be said to

be those that are so familiar to every one of us — the Pyramids of stone on the banks of the Nile. Yet you are at first surprised that you are not more affected by them. Here are the Pyra-Is that, after all, all there is to them? Why! dear me, they look just as I expected they would. But after a while you begin to observe them and see what their figures mean. covers thirteen acres of ground. When you begin to pace up and down, you look up its sides, scarred and seamed by time, and you reflect that it is 500 feet high and that it was built thousands of years ago, and the face and rugged sides still remain. It must have been a wonder to Abraham when he came at the beginning of human affairs and saw it. It shadowed Moses as he pondered upon the cruelty of the Egyptian taskmasters and the hopelessness of his people. After that they saw the flight of the Israelites by night. They heard the scandalous story of Helen and her flight from her husband, the Trojan war and all that came from it. They saw the rise of Roman power. They marked that night, when, in the distant province of Judea, whence the Israelites had fled, the shepherds, humble men upon the plain, heard the glorious, pulsing music in the heavens with the new evangel singing, "Peace and good-will toward men." And when, after that, the holy virgin mother sought safety and peace, she found it there in Egypt amid the solemn temples on the banks of the river Nile. These, with all the passing events in the life of the Pyramids for sixty centuries — and to-day the people go like red ants about its giant knees and measure its sides as others did three thousand years ago; and the ages to come, as they pass by, shall still propound the enigma. (Long continued applause.)



A LETTER FROM PROF. KIDDER.

Luxor, Upper Egypt, April 9, 1894.

To the Emerson College Magazine. The request has been made that I should tell you something of the experiences of our trip, and I know of no place more fitting to respond to the invitation than by the shadows of the great Temple of Karnac. To say that the time has been valuable, even beyond our expectations, would be entirely within the bounds of truth. Those who cross the ocean to visit foreign lands for the first time are very apt to

likely to be an exception to the rule.

The experience of an ocean voyage, as for days the steamer tosses and rolls in obedient response to the will of the waves, or, perchance, is driven, as ours was, by the hurricane, adds a something to one's life that cannot be gained while land is in sight. One feels as never before the vastness of the world, the

become enthusiastic, and we are not

might of nature's power. And then the sights and scenes, the characters, manners, and customs of these lands are so entirely different from those at home. From the moment you are greeted by the jostling, yelling, eager Spaniards, at Gibraltar, that make you think bedlam has been let loose, you find yourself in the midst of a new world. In the morning you are awakened by the unearthly yells of the street-venders calling in unintelligible Spanish. From the window you see the demure little donkeys bearing all sorts of burdens; fruits, vegetables, eggs, water barrels, jars, or simply enormous heaps of refuse, or, perchance, a load for market carried in two large sacks, and, sitting complacently between, a Spaniard, in broad-brimmed hat, long cape, and red sash, smoking an enormous cigar. The queer, plain stone houses, covered with cement and built upon the steep side of "The Rock,"

almost tier upon tier in places, and the many narrow, crooked lanes or flights of steps for streets, and the Spaniards, with the sprinkling of Moors and Jews in their native costumes, go to make up a scene so strange that its resemblance to anything American cannot be discerned.

Gibraltar is said to be as densely populated as any city in the world, its habitable area being very limited owing to the rock formation. How twentyfive thousand people could live within its narrow borders passed our understanding, until we paid a visit to a number of houses on a little avenue and learned that as many as twelve or fourteen people not unfrequently find a home within a single room about fourteen to sixteen feet square. the general expression of face and voice was of happiness, contentment, and good-nature, and the home was generally neat and in good order. That this would be the condition in all the houses, I could not, judging from street scenes, affirm.

Leaving Gibraltar we had a most delightful run through southern Spain, stopping first at Ronda, a quaint old town as yet but little visited by travellers, where glimpses of native life can be had in all its purity. From the moment we entered the town until we left it not a person that we met could speak a word of English, French, or German; and, as we were about as proficient in their language as they in ours, many amusing incidents arose from the efforts to carry on negotiations.

The view from the Alameda Garden at Ronda is one of the finest in Spain. A sheer wall of rock, nearly a thousand feet high, is between the garden and the fertile fields below, so that as you stand by the railing the men, like Lilliputians, move among the green rows at your feet, while for miles stretch the rolling fields, watered by the gently flowing stream and dotted by trees,

houses, and orchards, and framed by the distant hills. The other great attraction of the town, aside from the inhabitants themselves, is the old Castle, the last of the Moorish strongholds to be yielded to the armies of Ferdinand and Isabella in 1485. Entering the ancient portal, you pass to the rear of the building, and then, by winding, broken stairway, cut partly from the rock and partly formed of heavy masonry, you descend (by the aid of a light, and a rope to keep you from slipping) to the stream that here winds between walls of rock some three hundred and fifty feet in height.

From Ronda we went to Granada to see "The most romantic ruin in the world." It was evening when we arrived. Impatient of delay, we strolled up the broad avenues to the heights overlooking the city.

"Beautiful was the night."

We paused to see the scene so clearly outlined before us, then passed on to view for the first time the watchtowers of the Alhambra. The full moon shed its most brilliant rays upon the scene; and, as we went down the broad avenue, where the overhanging trees met above our heads, and the little stream made music as it danced so merrily along, we could but feel a keen appreciation of the beauties of the present, and let imagination call up pictures of the past.

I shall not attempt to describe the delicate and marvellously beautiful stucco work of the Alhambra; the Court of Lions, with its white marble columns; or the architectural beauties of that old ruin. They are familiar to you now.

As we wandered through those halls we seemed to see them peopled as in the days long since gone by. From the Battlements we saw the Spaniards storm the stronghold and the Moors in desperate defence. In the Throne Room we saw the Court of Isabella,

and heard Columbus receive the pledge

of the Queen's support.

The Mosque of Cordova, which we afterwards visited, with its eight hundred variegated marble columns supporting the long rows of arches, impresses one with the grandeur of Moorish architecture; the Alhambra with the delicacy of their work. The Alhambra is romantic; the Mosque is imposing, vast. One can but regret that Charles V. marred the Mosque by removing four hundred columns to make room for the Chapel which he built there. We would like to see the Moorish work unmixed with that somewhat incongruous addition, yet, as it is there, let us admit its one great redeeming feature and from it take pleasure. Around the Chapel are decorations in massive wood carving, of most excellent workmanship, representing, among other things, the principal incidents of the Old and the New Testaments.

Time and space will not allow me to describe all that has charmed us. A word must suffice for even the so called rival of the Alhambra, the Alcazar of Seville (with its somewhat coarser but better preserved stucco work), and for Murillo's gallery, where the great master's sermons in oil speak to the mind and heart.

In a few hours, after leaving Cadiz, we landed in Tangier. Although within a few miles of European civilization, a place more purely oriental can hardly be imagined. As soon as the steamer anchored, a crowd of noisy Moors clambered on board, fighting scrambling for first position, each one determined to take possession of our baggage, row us ashore, and pilot us to the best hotel in town. And such a town! No wonder that Mark Twain thought that he had been "set down in the middle of the Old Testament," or somewhere else, several thousand years behind the present. The streets many of them so narrow that you can span them with outstretched arms; the little houses with whitewashed walls and a plentiful lack of windows; the shops or booths open broadside to the street, and barely large enough for a few wares and the merchants, sitting cross legged in the midst; the turbaned men and veiled women each with costume as little suited to our taste as it would be to our climate; the open market with its tangled maze of camels and donkeys and people, strange wares and stranger men, Riffians and Nubians and Moors, hakems, snake charmers, and fire eaters - all go to help make up a combination in real life that it would take the imagination of Rider Haggard or Jules Verne to surpass.

Leaving Tangier we returned to Gibraltar and took steamer for Algiers. Here we tarried several days studying social and religious conditions. We were fortunate in being able to attend service in the Mosque of Djama el Djedid at the beginning of the Mohammedan fast of Rhamadan. Then on through the picturesque north African country (stopping at Constantine, the city built upon an isolated rock) to Tunis. In Tunis we viewed some of the most pleasing types of Oriental life

which we had yet seen.

The island of Malta, the scene of Paul's shipwreck, was our next stopping place. Here we spent a most delightful week viewing the battlements, and the rich old cathedrals and castles built by the Knights of St. John who occupied the Island for about two hundred and fifty years. One of these cathedrals, the Church of St. John, is worthy of more than a passing notice. It is said that until Napoleon stripped it of its treasures, at the close of the last century, it was one of the richest ecclesiastical edifices in Europe. The floor is made up of about four hundred marble sections, each one a richly inlaid mosaic, bearing the coat of arms,

and marking the resting place, of some illustrious member of the Order. The large vault of the roof is divided into seven zones by bands of sculptured stone. Each zone is covered with paintings of much artistic value, relating to the nativity and incidents in the life of John the Baptist. The High Altar is formed of lapis lazuli and other costly stones, while in the chapels, on either side of the large central room, are many beautiful works of art in marble and in bronze.

We paused but two days in Alexandria, once the repository of the greatest library in the world, but now a city of secondary interest to the traveller and student, and hastened on to Cairo. I should be glad to speak of the crowded bazaars, the superb mosques, and the ever changing panorama of Egyptian life; but I will confine myself to those points which are of special interest to students of Pres. Emerson's philosophy. Everywhere we have found the perfect confirmation of that philosophy which has been of ever deepening interest to us all. Nothing could set forth more clearly the lesson of the colossal than those monster monuments in stone, the Pyramids, that have defied all natural forces for so many thousands of years.

Not only the Pyramids: every temple and tomb, almost every statue, is an expression of strength.

Our keenest pleasure has been derived from the great Temple of Karnac, so vast that many cathedrals the size of St. Peter's at Rome could be built within its area. What tremendous proportions! I will call attention to but one room, the famous Pillared Hall. The walls at its sides are some sixteen feet in thickness. Each pillar in the central row of columns is so large that it requires six men with outstretched arms to span it, while the remaining columns (more than a hundred of which are now standing) are but little smaller. With Lepsius we must say: "It is

impossible to describe the impressions experienced by every one who enters this forest of columns for the first time, and passes from row to row, amidst the lofty figures of gods and kings, projecting, some in full relief, some in half relief, from the columns on which they are represented." It is imposing, grand, vast. But amidst these enormous works, where the first step is so strongly emphasized, we see the dawning of a later period of art. The columns show a gracefulness of curve and outline not manifest in the severe walls of the Pyramids. Artistic decorations, with which the columns are covered. present an assembly of parts: arms, heads, legs, well represented; but scarcely ever a suggestion of true relationship. In their gods, with heads of birds or beasts, but with human bodies, we find another expression of the effective period in Art. Although we know that gods of stone are no gods, yet we cannot but bow with a spirit of reverence in the midst of these creations of a truly wonderful people.

CHARLES W. KIDDER.

THE ANNUAL PICNIC.

BY WILLIAM E. ATWATER.

The last day which for the past three years has been spent at Pres. Emerson's is always looked forward to with a great amount of interest. And the announcement that we were this year to go to Professor Southwick's and see Baby Ruth was enthusiastically received. Monday, May 5, was an almost perfect day, and about fifty more than had intended came flocking to the special train which pulled out of the Union Station with five cars at 9.05 A. M. and arrived at Danversport about 10.15, where four large barges were in waiting.

Every one was delighted with the scenery, grounds, and house, its atmosphere outside and inside, but especially

delighted with Baby Ruth, and at the appropriate time she was presented with a silver plate, knife, and fork from the students.

The excitement of the day was increased by a remarkable game of ball between the Post Graduates and Juniors on one side, and the Freshmen on the other. The score was such as to convince all that the Freshmen could play ball.

As the time came for departing, every one left with a feeling of regret, but also with pleasure at the delightful day spent there.

When the train started for Boston, College yells ending with Emerson, Southwick, and Ruth were freely given. Not an accident happened during the day, and though somewhat tired, all felt that the occasion had filled them with new desires to go forth and do nobler and grander work.

CLASS DAY OF '93.

By Edward Gardner Crane.

The afternoon of May 2 witnessed the first class day in the Emerson College of Oratory. Ninety-three has been the leader in many movements in the College, and a class day is among them.

During the morning preceding the eventful afternoon, the committee on decorations was hard at work, and when at two o'clock the doors of Berkeley Hall were opened, the platform and auditorium were transformed into a suggestive picture, representative of the class and colors of '93. The class motto, "Servants of Humanity," hung at the back in lavender letters on a purple ground. A fine photograph of President Emerson was placed on an easel at the right and on the opposite side hung the class picture. draping of the colors about the stage, aided by the palms and pretty furniture, added beauty to the scene.

At 2.30 the doors of the Annex were thrown open, and the class marched in couples, lead by the ushers, up the two aisles, and took the seats reserved for them in the centre of the hall.

Miss Brockway, chairman of the day, opened the exercises with a few characteristically witty remarks.

Mr. Atwater, as enthusiastic as ever, touched many dear memories, sacredly preserved in the hearts of his classmates, in the History. He showed with pride the advance of the College during the three years Ninety-three has been within her walls. Much was expected of Mr. Harris in the Oration, and he was equal to the occasion. The ease and appreciation with which he handled his subject showed much study, as well as a firm belief in the truth of it.

Enthusiasm as the foundation of all success was Mr. Harris' central idea, and the examples and beautiful illustrations, that came thronging to the audience, seemed conclusive proof of the truth of the statement. Mr. Gaylord's poem was a beautiful inspiration to his classmates. The Prophecy was read by Mr. Curry, though jointly written by him and Miss Gatchell The fabric of the fiction was extremely original, and the suggestive way with which each member of the class was alluded to was unusually laughable.

The Juniors received as a legacy from the departing P. G's a trowel which, as Mr. Worcester eloquently told them had its many uses and methods of applications, but that love should always be the impulse to its actions. Miss Esterly closed the exercises with a short but beautiful farewell. The beauty, the pathos, and the love carried the listeners far beyond the petty affairs of the day.

By request President Emerson graced the occasion with a few words, making the exercises of the afternoon indicative of the work of the class during its years of preparation, and of the work it was destined to do in the world.

Mention should be made of the music which was under the charge of Mr. Conant, and was most excellent. The program as presented was as follows:—

- Class History . . . William Atwater "There is a history in all men's fives."
 Soprano Solo, "Thou Brilliant Bird, (David)

 Mrs. Edith Perkins
- Mrs. Edith Perkins
 3. Oration, "Enthusiasm" . . . A. M. Harris
 "My Lord, but a naughty orator."
- 4. Poem J. S. Gaylord
 "The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
 Are of imagination all compact."
- 5. Contralto Solo, "He was a Prince" (Lynes)
 . . . Miss May Greenwood
- 7. Presentation . . . W. T. Worcester
 "I have brought him a present."
- 8. Farewell Ola Esterley
 "I'll bid farewell to every fear
 And wipe my weeping eyes."

"The unlucky manager of this fatal brawl."

Music in charge of . . . Albert F. Conant
"For you sweet music this last night."

OFFICERS.

President. WILLIAM ATWATER.

Vice-Pres.
Mary L. Sherman.

Sec'y and Treas.
T. A. Curry.

Ushers.

E. G. Crane, *Chief*.
Florence G. Woodruff, Emily Lick,
Ruth B. Holt, Mabel C. Snow.

SOUTHWICK LITERARY SOCIETY.

By Fredric A. Metcalf, President.

The Southwick Literary Society has held the required number of meetings during this school year with success and profit.

The programs have been of the usual high standard and interest, and the membership very satisfactory. The treasury is solvent, and altogether the members "have cause for honest com-

placency" in the result of the year's work.

Much useful work has been done by the Society, especially in regard to its protégé, the Emerson College Library.

But not alone in this direction has its influence been felt, for the educational value of its fine programs has been far reaching among our students as well as among the general public, who have attended our meetings in large numbers.

Following is a brief résumé of the

year's work:—

At the first meeting, the library was presented to the College, and the program was filled by Mr. Leland T. Powers, who read Dickens' Christmas Carol, and other selections.

The second meeting was held on Nov. 23, 1893, and the program consisted of cornet solos by Mr. D. Albert Ives, a former student of the College, music by an octette of E. C. O. students, extemporaneous speaking, and a short farce, also by students.

The third meeting was held on Dec. 14, 1893. Music by a quartette from the Freshman Class, and Mr. F. M. Blanchard, a debate by students, extemporaneous story telling by students, and impersonations by Mr. Homer Eaton made up the afternoon's enjoyment.

The next meeting came upon Jan. 16, 1894 The entertainment included readings by Miss Daisy Carroll Hoyt, of the faculty, assisted by two members of the "Boston Rivals" Company.—Miss Berry in piano solos, and Miss

Hamlin in songs.

The fifth meeting was held Feb 9. 1894, and the entertainment consisted of the play, "Still Waters Run Deep," given by Mr. John Burgess Weeks. Music was furnished by the Svendsen Trio, Miss Edna Woodruff, Violin, Miss Annie Tolman, 'Cello, Miss Louise Waitt, Piano.

The program for the sixth meeting, on Feb. 22, consisted of scenes from

Sheridan's "Rivals," presented by College students, and also soprano

solos by Miss Grace Walker.

At the seventh meeting on March 22, 1894, the Library Committee presented its financial report, showing \$273 expended for books for the Emerson College Library. The entertainment was as follows: Readings by Miss Brockway, Miss Plummer, and Miss Ebert, all students of the E. C. O.

The eighth meeting was held in Odd Fellows Hall, April 11, 1894. Readings by Mr. Thomas A. Curry, Post Graduate Class, a paper on Australia, by Mr. White of the Freshman Class, and vocal numbers by Mr. Phillips Tomes and Miss Helene Dukehart made up the afternoon's entertainment.

The last meeting of the school year was held in Berkeley Hall, April 25, 1894, and the afternoon was devoted to a paper, by Prof. E. Charlton Black of Edinburgh, on "The Study of

Shakespeare."

The play of "Richelieu" was also given during the school year at Union Hall, on Boylston Street, by members of the faculty, assisted by students. By this means the library committee were enabled to purchase about \$125 of books for the library.

We most heartily thank all who have contributed in any way toward the suc-

cess of the past year's work.

It will readily be seen that a society consisting of more than three hundred members, and working in the spirit of helpfulness, must be a great power both in and out of the College. It is the only society in which all members of the College are eligible to membership, and to which members can always invite their friends. Its programs are of high order and educational in character, giving a large number of the students an opportunity to appear in the entertainments, and its object is to further the good work of our beloved institution.

We earnestly desire the assistance of each member of the College, and cordially invite all to enter the society with us next year, that we may join hands and hearts in the good work, and make the Southwick Literary Society stronger and more helpful than ever.

THE SOUTHWICK DEBATING CLUB.

BY BAYARD C. TULLAR.

The Southwick Debating Club has just closed one of the most successful years in its history. It has been of the greatest interest to watch the increase in effectiveness made by each member as he was called upon to speak. The objects of the club have been principally to attain to excellence in debate and to acquire the power which enables a person to *really* speak extemporaneously. Toward the perfections of these ideals each member has worked faithfully, with the result that the vital questions of the day have been discussed in an intelligent, interesting, and effective manner.

The advocates of numerous policies of social reform have lectured before the club, and were listened to with both pleasure

and profit.

One of the most interesting meetings occurred April 13, when the Ladies' Athæna Society met with the club to discuss the advisability of legal prohibition. After an earnest argument on that vexed question, a parliamentary drill was engaged in, and no speaker of the House of Representatives was ever more energetically bombarded than was President Worcester on this occasion. But his rulings were so far above criticism, that at the close of the meeting he was heartily congratulated by all on the wisdom and skill of his decisions.

The work of the club ended April 20, with a lecture by Mr. Legate, on "The Financial Difficulties."

So interested did those present become, that at the close of his remarks he was surrounded, questioned, and cross-questioned, until it was long after the usual time for adjournment.

It is impossible to tell to what heights the club will mount in the future, but certain it is that the work accomplished in the college year of '93-4, will stand a memorial of pride and profit to those who were fortunate enough to be enrolled among its members.

A REPORT OF THE "ATHÆNA" FOR 1893-4.

BY THE SECRETARY.

Early in the year a few young ladies of the junior class, realizing their deficiency in their ability to debate and in their knowledge of Parliamentary Law, laid before their class-mates the plan of forming a society to develop their latent powers in those lines. The first meeting was held at seven o'clock on the evening of November 20, with seven persons present. At the next meeting in the following week a constitution was adopted which stated that the society should be called "The Athæna," and that its object should be "the development of clearness and force in thought and speech." Officers were elected and the Athæna was ready to start on its course of usefulness.

The membership of the society has grown from the ten charter members to the present roll of twenty-three members. The questions discussed have had wide range, being chosen from educational, political, and religious fields. Extempore speeches have held their place on the programme of each meeting, and have been voted helpful by all participants.

Much thanks are due to the Southwick Debating Club for their feeling of interest in the success of the Athæna. Many pleasant and profitable evenings have been spent listening to the talks given by eminent lecturers at the meetings of the Debating Club, to which the Athæna was invited. On one occasion the two societies met in joint debate and parliamentary drill, thus strengthening each other in the work.

It is the desire of those who have been connected with the Athæna that it may continue on its helpful career, and that it may be well sustained by the earnest workers who take the places of those who leave the college for work in the broader field of life.



PERSONALS.

Atkins . . .

Miss Mattie Josephine Atkins, '92, of Denver, Col., is meeting with large success in her readings through Colorado and Utah. In most places she has been requested to give a return entertainment. In addition to her public work she is also engaged in teaching. One of her pupils took the Demorest medal this year. Miss Atkins sends kind remembrances to her E. C. O. friends.

Atwater . . .

Mr. William Atwater, '93, our librarian, has lately completed arrangements for conducting a summer school of oratory and physical culture at Prohibition Park, Staten Island. His work commences on Wednesday, July 11.

Brown . . .

Miss Nellie Brown, '93, is teaching "Hygienic Oratory," or "The New Philosophy of Expression," at the Wooster University, where she has an interesting class of several hundred young men and a few young ladies. She also reads quite often to crowded houses. At the last entertainment at Galion, Ohio, a few days ago, galleries were used that had not been occupied for years; a floral tribute was given her by the audience; and a prominent minister of the place said he would give a year's salary to be able to read one chapter from the Bible as it was read during the program.

Caskey . . .

Mr. W. G. Caskey, '95, expects to attend the Theological School of Chicago University during the coming summer.

Choate . . .

Mrs. Helen M. Choate, '92, recently read in the Opera House, Manchester. Regarding her work *The Mirror* says:—

The bright particular star of the occasion, however, and this is said advisedly, was Mrs. Helen M. Choate. Mrs. Choate, who is one of Manchester's fair daughters, and who has been perfecting herself for a considerable period in Boston's best schools along elocutionary and dramatic lines, made her debut in "My Lady's Oath," a selection calling for the most careful treatment, an abundance of reserve energy, and at times great dramatic force in order to bring out its true meaning. Mrs. Choate presented the

selection with a fidelity of expression that was truly remarkable. Much had been expected of her by her friends, but she easily rose above the standards and ideals they set for her. She was very heartily encored, and during the course of the evening was seen in many varying roles, and the verdict that must be passed upon her, after considering them all, is, that she has talent of a high order.

Crawford . . .

Miss May Crawford, '88, was married to Mr. Murdock Merrill Clark, on Wednesday evening, May 23. The ceremony took place in the First Universalist Church, Cambridge, Mass., and was followed by a reception in the church parlor.

Curtis . . .

Miss Linda Mabel Curtis, '94, gave a most successful dramatic recital in the parlors of the Universalist Church, Newtonville, on Tuesday evening, April 10, assisted by Mrs. Tripp, Miss Blaisdell, Mr. Pierce, and Mr. Weeks. The program included "Come Here," "The Little One of the Army," and "In Honor Bound." The Newton Journal speaks in warm praise of the entertainment as a whole, and of each of the artists in particular.

Dennison . . .

On Monday evening, April 9, Miss Hattie M. Dennison gave a recital in Grace Church, Cambridge, which is highly spoken of by the *Cambridge Chronicle*. She was assisted by Mr. Fred Marston, baritone, Mr. William Atwater, and Mrs. Alice De Vol of the College. In her rendering of a New Comedy of Errors, embracing six different characters, Miss Dennison held the close attention of her audience, and showed careful study and much natural ability.

Dow . . .

Our old and genial friend, Mr. Mart Dow, writes Mr. Assistant Secretary Sherman, from the S. S. Maasdam, Atlantic Ocean, April 29, when eight days from New York, and 800 miles from Holland, that his health is good and he seems to be improving. Ere long he expects to be as well as ever, and doing business at the old stand. His summer trip to Europe will be a regular thing after this. His residence for the next few weeks will be near the historic Bingen on the Rhine.

Freeman . . .

The engagement is announced of Miss Edith Estelle Freeman, '92, of Lansing, Mich., to Prof. Howard Evarts Weed of the Mississippi Agricultural College. The marriage will take place in September.

In a note to the Editor Miss Freeman says: "I would like to urge you to do all in your power to keep the Magazine for us. I would willingly pay three or four times the present subscription fee, in fact, I think it invaluable. It is certainly of infinitely more benefit to the ex-students than those at the College, for they have the good fortune to hear the talks and lectures. I am giving private lessons in oratory and physical culture, and every one thinks the Emerson system the finest there is.

"I wish all Emersonians might be here in September. Remember me to them all, and raise the price of the Magazine but *don't* let it die."

Gaylord . . .

Mr. Jos. S. Gaylord, '93, preaches at Hudson, Ohio, Sunday, June 3. From there he goes to Chicago before arranging his summer work.

Hackett . . .

Mrs. Sadie A. Hackett, '93, is just about finishing her work at Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Ia. She will spend the summer in the East.

Harris . . .

- Mr. A. M. Harris, '93, our future Business Manager, is now engaged in teaching oratory at the Commercial College, Waterbury, Conn.

Hasie . . .

Mr. Geo. E. Hasie, '92, has been engaged in conducting classes in physical culture and oratory through Texas and adjoining States during the past winter, and has met with deserved success in the prosecution of his work, which is largely among the teachers and educators of the State.

Johnson . . .

Mrs. M. Florence Johnson, '86, read at the Normal Teachers Banquet, which was held at the Thorndike on Saturday evening, May 12. Mrs. Johnson has kindly furnished us with the class-call of the class of '86 which we were unable to procure for insertion last year. It is as follows:—

Eighty-Six, Eighty-Six, Ever faithful Eighty-Six.

Kingsley . . .

Miss Lettie M. Kingsley, '93, has organized classes in physical culture and oratory in Brockton, Mass.

Little . . .

On Monday, April 23, Miss Edna L. C. Little, '91, was united in marriage to Mr. Edson S. Houck, at her home, Nashua, N. H. Mr. and Mrs. Houck will reside at 10 Liberty Street, Penn Yan, N. Y.

McBrien . . .

Miss Gertrude McBrien, '95, of Waddington, Lawrence Co., N. Y., recently recited at Walpole, Mass. The *Central Norfolk Democrat* speaks in terms of warm praise regarding her work.

McDiarmid . . .

Miss Belle McDiarmid, '93, gave very successful recitals at Troy, N. Y., and at Washington, D. C., on her way to her home in West Virginia. She will spend the summer teaching private classes in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mellen . . .

A very enjoyable entertainment, which attracted a fashionable audience, was given at the residence of Miss Sarah A. Mellen, North Cambridge, Friday evening, April 27. The Physical Culture exercises were given in Greek costume, by the Misses Mellen, Gaylor, Henderson, Neill, and McDiarmid. Miss May Merriman read very pleasingly, and the Tent Scene from Lucile was rendered by Miss Neill and Miss McDiarmid. A handsome sum was netted for the Paddock Memorial Fund.

Mills . . .

Miss Anna Davis Mills, '93, of Milford, N. H., was married on Wednesday, March 27, to Mr. Alexander Van Cleve Phillips, of St. Louis, Mo. Mr. and Mrs. Phillips reside at 3231 Eads Avenue, St. Louis.

Nicholson . . .

Miss Carrie E. Nicholson, '93, of Baltimore, Md., the principal of the Baltimore School of Oratory, has won large and de-

served success in her native city. The Sun and American both publish extended notices of the entertainments given by her pupils. In a social as well as an artistic way her work is a decided success. Miss Nicholson sends greeting to her old friends, and will be pleased to have those passing through the city call and see her. Her address is III West Franklin Street.

Roberts . . .

Mr. J. M. Roberts, '92, has met with marked success in his teaching of oratory, at the Boston University Law School. On May 16, in the oratorical contest at the Law School, Mr. Charles E. Burbank, who has been Mr. Roberts' private pupil as well as one of his class pupils all year, showed to the faculty, as well as to the students and friends of the school, the advantages of the teaching of the Emerson Philosophy Mr. Burbank came off so of Expression. triumphantly with first honors that the students of the school were heard to say that the other contestants had no business to try to compete with Mr. Burbank. Mr. Roberts' only pupil on the contest last year, Mr. G. K. Denton, also won first honors. Mr. Roberts resumes his work there next year.

Taylor . . .

Mrs. Benjamin F. Taylor, who commenced with the class of '93, is engaged in teaching in Cleveland, Ohio. She is working at the Art Institute, belongs to five literary societies, and has classes in physical culture and oratory.

Sawyer . . .

Miss May Gertrude Sawyer, '93, recently had charge of a drama given by pupils of the Cambridge High School. At the close Miss Sawyer read a "Medley," partly original, which was enthusiastically received.

Whitmore . . .

We desire to call attention to the very excellent pamphlet on Physical Culture, prepared by Miss Edith M. Whitmore, '93. It is a comparative view of the subject, showing wide reading and deep research, and is well worthy of an attentive perusal—no, perusal is not the word—an attentive study by every graduate and under-graduate of the college, and—whisper it softly—by a good many outsiders.

